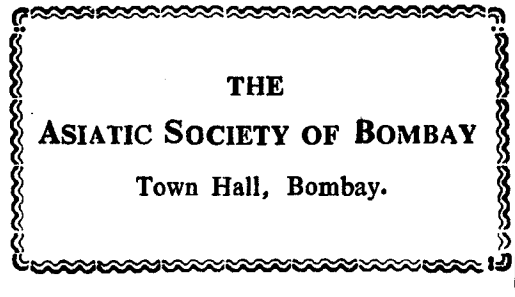
00063724

0
742
Hol/Ske
63724



Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 17 May, 2019

SKETCHING GROUNDS

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

63724

MCMIX
OFFICES OF "THE STUDIO"
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK

O
74-
Hol / Ske
63724

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR.

	PAGE
Winchelsea Meadows. By Albert Goodwin, R.W.S.	9
Distant View of Arundel Castle from the Downs. By Sutton Palmer	17
The Mouth of the Thames. By Charles Pears	35
A Welsh Cottage. By Onorato Carlandi	53
A Liddiesdale Landscape. By Thomas Scott, R.S.A.	63
Tarbert, Loch Fyne. By R. M. G. Coventry, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.	93
Autumn—Glen Moriston. By A. Brownlie Docharty	101
A Glimpse of the Atlantic. By George Houston, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.	111
Cutting Kelp Weed. By W. H. Bartlett	125
New York from Cortland Street Ferry. By Joseph Pennell ...	139
The City of Fez. By John Lavery, R.S.A.	149
The Palace, Avignon. By H. Hughes-Stanton	167
The Convent, Bormes-les-Mimosas. By Walter Donne	179
The Pyrenees from near Fanjeaux. By Gordon Home	191
Approach to the Public Gardens, Venice. By Wilfrid Ball, R.E. ...	201
The Cliffs of Capri. By A. Romilly Fedden, R.B.A.	213
Scheveningen. By Herbert Marshall, R.W.S.	235

ARTICLES.

INTRODUCTION — PAGE

By Alfred East, A.R.A., P.R.B.A., R.E. 1

SUSSEX

Described by Marcus B. Huish. Illustrated by Albert Goodwin, R.W.S., Ruth Dollman, Marcus B. Huish, Sutton Palmer, and A. Wallace Rimington, A.R.E., R.B.A. 5

WAREHAM

Described and illustrated by Claude Hayes, R.I. 21

THE LOWER THAMES

Described and illustrated by Charles Pears 31

ROCHESTER

Described and illustrated by E. W. Charlton, R.E. 39

NORTH WALES

Described and illustrated by Onorato Carlandi 47

THE SCOTTISH BORDERLAND

Described by Alexander Eddington. Illustrated by Thomas Scott, R.S.A., and T. Marjoribanks Hay, R.S.W. 59

EAST LOTHIAN

Described by Alexander Eddington. Illustrated by Robert Noble, R.S.A., and T. Marjoribanks Hay, R.S.W. 69

THE COAST TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF FIFE

Described by Alexander Eddington. Illustrated by Robert Noble, R.S.A., Chas. H. Mackie, A.R.S.A., R.S.W., T. Marjoribanks Hay, R.S.W., and Robert Hope 79

TARBERT, LOCH FYNE, AND THE FIRTH OF CLYDE

Described by J. Taylor. Illustrated by R. M. G. Coventry, A.R.S.A., R.S.W. 87

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

Described by J. Taylor. Illustrated by A. Brownlie Docharty ... 97

IONA

Described by J. Taylor. Illustrated by George Houston, A.R.S.A., R.S.W. 107

THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND PAGE

Described and illustrated by W. H. Bartlett 117

NEW YORK

Described and illustrated by Joseph Pennell 129

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MOROCCO

Explanatory Note (?) by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Illustrated by John Lavery, R.S.A. 143

CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX

Described by James Williams. Illustrated by W. H. Charlton, Ruth Cobb and Florence Lewis 153

AVIGNON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

Described and illustrated by H. Hughes-Stanton 163

BORMES-LES-MIMOSAS—A WINTER SKETCHING GROUND

Described and illustrated by Walter Donne 173

THE PYRENEES

Described and illustrated by Gordon Home 183

VENICE

Described and illustrated by Wilfrid Ball, R.E. 195

CAPRI

Described by Katharine Fedden. Illustrated by A. Romilly Fedden, R.B.A. 205

THE WACHAU

Described by A. S. Levetus. Illustrated by Gustav Bamberger, Oswald Grill, Alois Haeinisch, Luigi Kasimir, Richard Lux, Anton Novak, Emil Strecker, Max Suppantschitsch and Eduard Zetsche 217

HOLLAND

Described and illustrated by Herbert Marshall, R.W.S. 229

STOCKHOLM

Described and illustrated by Count Louis Sparre 239

BOARDSHIP AS A SKETCHING GROUND

Illustrated by Geoffrey Holme 247

INTRODUCTION

BY ALFRED EAST, A.R.A., P.R.B.A., R.E.

IF half-a-dozen people visited some beautiful spot you would find that their appreciation would be expressed in different ways. Some would be moved to express their admiration of one thing, while others would be led to acclaim their appreciation of another; yet all might be agreed as to the general beauty of the place. The beauty of its tone would excite the admiration of one, the conjunction of its colour would raise the enthusiasm of another, while a third would be led to exclaim upon some topical charm—a quality that might be expressed by words rather than paint. And although they all might agree in the main as to the beauty of the place, each would have his own especial reason for his admiration. And so if they were painters, painting the same spot, all their sketches might convey to the spectator the sensations of appreciation of anyone who had seen the place, but they would differ greatly in the manner by which that sense of its beauty was conveyed. One might attempt to realise the facts as presented to his eye; another might treat the scene as the material by which he could express his ideal. One might select only what he felt to be the essentials of the place, and which gave it its peculiar charm; while another might take all that it offered, believing it to be the better way of conveying to the spectator the same truth. It is possible that one artist might soften the contrasts of colour to obtain breadth, while another might enhance them to give his sketch "snap."

Thus the whole question depends upon the personal temperamental attitude of the painter, and the result is much more interesting than if the work were treated with the photographic and automatic indifference of the camera, in which there would be no expression of character. It is chiefly this personal factor which makes art interesting, and in nothing does the idiosyncrasy of the artist appear so much as in the vivid, spontaneous impression of nature, qualities which a sketch should always include.

There is a wide-spread opinion that a sketch is an incomplete picture. Nothing could be more misleading. A sketch is a distinct work of art, separated from, and different to, the deliberate effort of the artist, and should convey, in the fullest manner, the quick, vivid impression of the place. It should mark a moment in which the conjunction of all things reveals the scene at its best; it should show a quick analysis of the materials which build up the scene, and which have made it sufficiently attractive for the artist to paint. But an unfinished picture is merely the incomplete idea of the painter. A sketch should be a complete thing, as individual, as comprehensive, within its limitations, as a picture. Its difference lies in the difference of its aim; and if the aim and object be attained, then it is a work of art. One would not claim for an instant that it reaches the high place a picture should attain, because it expresses only the effect of the moment on the mind of the painter, while the picture combines subtleties of thought, careful consideration of conjunction of form and colour, a charm of composition, and rhythm of line which the sketch may not offer. We look for the impression of the moment in a sketch, but the experience of years in a picture. A fine work of art should include the feeling of spontaneity of a sketch with the satisfaction of the sense of completion of a picture.

Allowing that the personal attitude to nature is interesting, then it naturally follows that it would be interesting to hear from painters their own description of the painting-ground they love best, to know what has appealed to them to cause them to select it as the arena of their work; and we see, and rightly so, the deep influence which the country has exerted upon the mind of the painter. It is obvious in his

work what kind of landscape has been the cause of the formation of his particular style. It is true that retrospective art has been one of the principal factors in the formation of a style of the modern landscape painter. We see the influence of Claude upon the mind of Turner, and of Constable upon the painters of the Barbizon School. That is understood and allowed. But apart from that there is a very deep feeling excited by the neighbourhood in which the painter finds himself. This may not be appreciated by the artist himself, but it does exert an influence which in many cases is profound, and one that has a lasting impression upon his work. If the artist be surrounded by what is dignified and great he will show those qualities in his work, in proportion only to his power of receptivity. One can trace in the work of Titian the influence of the hills by which he was surrounded in his youth; and we see in the works of Teniers and Morland that they had come closely in contact with things that were sordid. Who can doubt but that the courtly surroundings of Velasquez influenced him in that quality of dignity and style which marks his work? If we accept this view, we at once see how important it is for the landscape painter to select a painting ground that will elevate his thoughts and inspire his imagination instead of choosing that which is merely pretty and picturesque.

It is not the business of the artist to express what is obvious to every one; if it were, he would prefer the actual fact to the painted one. We want no imitation, even if it were done to the point of deception; but what we do look for is the strong, vivid and frank impression of a cultivated mind. I can imagine Turner, when looking upon any scene in nature, saying to himself, "What does this convey to me, and what great phase of nature does this material serve to express?" What was useless for his purpose he deliberately ignored, and aggrandized the material which was to justify the purpose he had in view. So that nature to the painter, as well as to the builder, offers the material by which great things can be built; and we can read between the lines of the artist's work the exact mental attitude he held when he painted any particular scene.

I can imagine one artist waxing very eloquent on the charms of a place which did not in the slightest degree affect another; and I can imagine one painter sitting down to a subject that had not the remotest interest to other artists; and as it is of the most vital importance that he should have the deepest interest and appreciation of the place he proposes to paint, it is all the more necessary to select one that is in attune with his own personality. It is often said that a painter paints his own country best, and the reason of that may be looked for in the fact that he loves it most. That is not enough, however; he must know it as well as love it, he must get it all by heart. He must become thoroughly acquainted with the material with which it is composed—saturated with it—before he can express it with that swift sensibility which marks the highest quality of his sketch. He must not read nature to you, he must recite it. If he simply reads it he does not put into it that expression that the words, or rather forms, should convey.

It is interesting, no doubt, to visit the scene upon which the genius of a great man has built up his composition; but it was not merely the scene that led to the success of the work, but the artist who saw *within* that scene those qualities which may have been unnoticed by another. Do not, for one moment, believe that by visiting a particular spot where this or that famous picture was painted you can do the same; that is a very great fallacy, quite as big an one as thinking that if you followed the same system or used the same colours or brushes as Turner or Constable, you could produce the same quality of work. Many believe that the highest form of art can be taught; they do not know that the most direct expressions of painting, simply done, must have behind them years of thought and consideration, combined with the most careful judgment. Painting is a matter of knowledge. If any painter knew as much as Turner he could express as much, but so many do not take the trouble—or have not the capability of

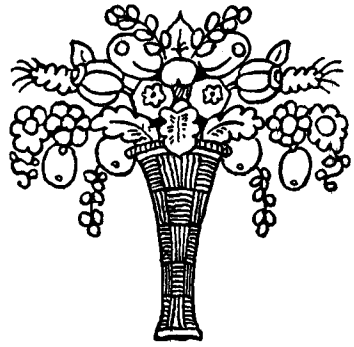
taking the trouble—to get behind, as it were, the obvious, to what after all is the real thing. This accounts for all the tricks and subterfuges by which so many seek to attain their end, which are, in themselves, superficial and inexpedient, and arrest one's attention at the paint, instead of carrying one beyond that material. We have, for example, some of the pigmentary school who believe by a process—learned, no doubt, as a scientific theory—that they can express the sensations of the moving air; and by placing side by side pure colour of the spectrum they can give you the actual sensation of light, which no doubt they do, but without any consideration of the equally important matters which are as essential for the building up of a great work.

One should follow his own feelings in the selection of a subject, and when selected choose to express it in his own way. But we cannot, and must not, think that because we are working in Dedham Vale we can be as great as Constable.

But what is really interesting is to learn what kind of country appeals to well-known men, and to observe how far personal contact has affected their work. This is a question of great and absorbing interest, and the following articles on Painters' Sketching Grounds will be appreciated both by the artist and the layman.

ALFRED EAST.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL
ASIATIC

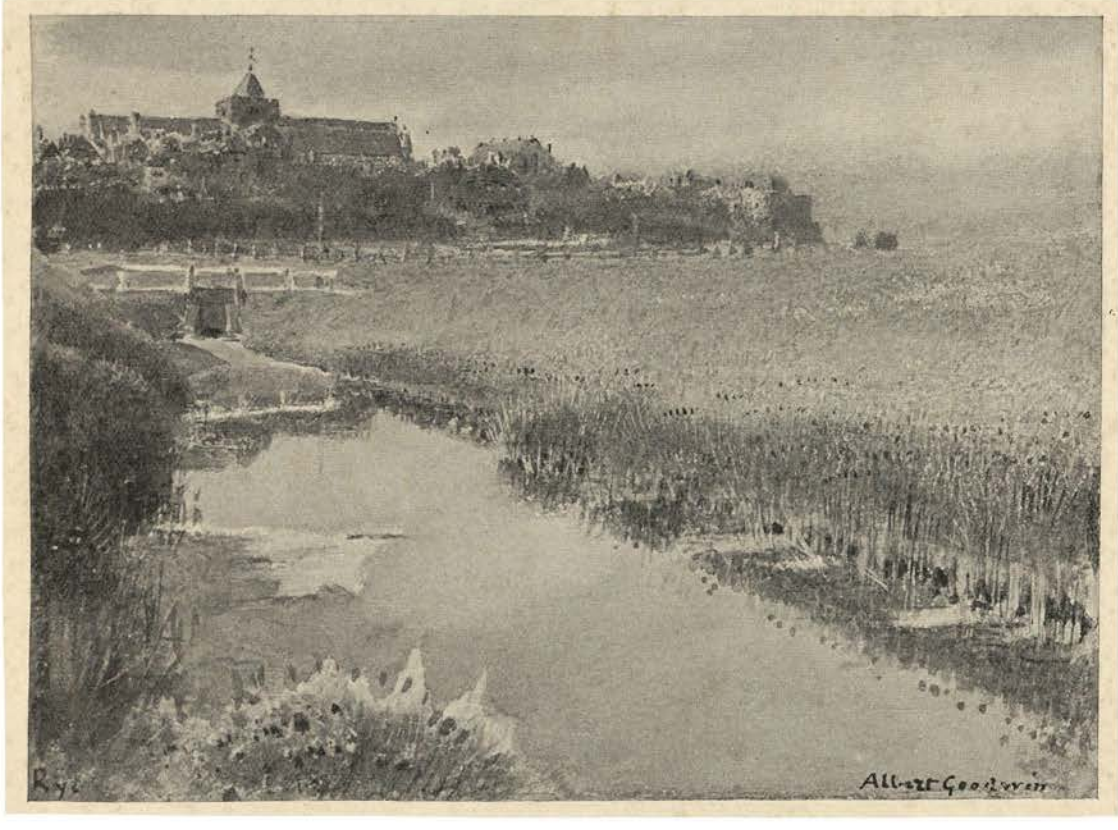


SUSSEX.

SUSSEX.

DESCRIBED BY MARCUS B. HUISH.
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S., RUTH DOLLMAN, MARCUS B. HUISH, SUTTON PALMER AND A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

IT is setting a somewhat difficult task before a denizen of any county in our fair island to ask him to pen an unbiassed account of the advantages which it offers to the artist who would visit it for sketching purposes. For there are few Englishmen who do not hold their own countryside in so much esteem that they see it through rose-coloured glasses, and believe that there are few places with which it can be compared. This is, perhaps, especially true as regards those whose good fortune it is to have a home in Sussex. A Suffolk man would probably, and a dweller in Essex would certainly, not burst forth at once into laudation of his county's beauties, but one cannot be long in the company of one from Sussex without those of the neighbourhood from which he hails being brought prominently to your notice. He has good cause for the faith that is in him. His county does not possess all the beauties of the larger shires of Devon or York, nor of the Cumberland Lake District. But to compare a county more nearly its size (Derbyshire, for instance, renowned for its beauty), if Sussex has no such beautiful rock-confined streams as the Dove, or the Derwent in Millers Dale, and no such moorlands as those of the Peak District, it has, as sets-off, a seacoast



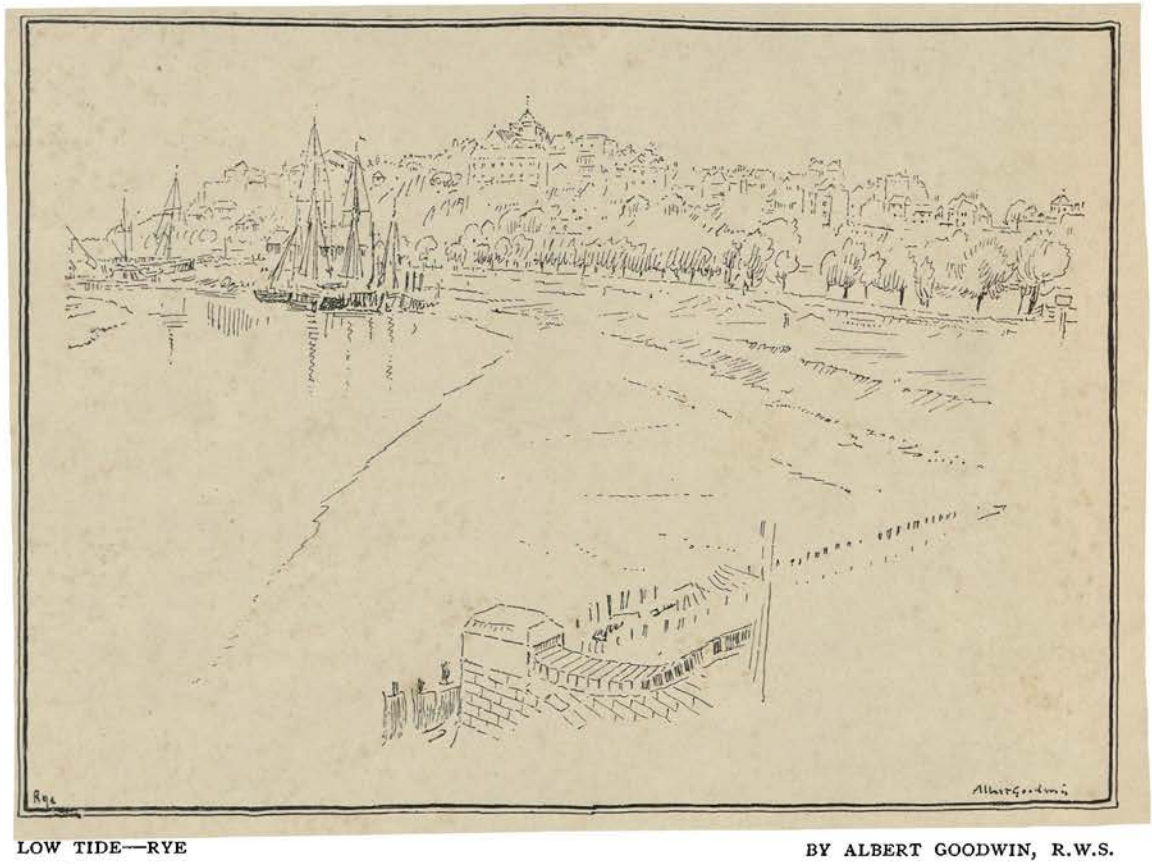
"HAYTIME"—RYE BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

of varied interest, a Weald of far-embracing views, and Downlands which are almost unique in their fascinating outlines, placidity of aspect, and ever-varying colour hues. And to these may be added, for the mass of artists who inhabit the metropolis, the great advantage of accessibility. Even the Brighton line (so loth to cater for any passengers except those who will be content to disgorge themselves on one of its sea fronts) will land one at most parts of the county within a couple of hours.

Accessibility had doubtless much to do with the popularity of Sussex in the artist's mind in pre-rail and bicycle days, when few of them journeyed far afield or had any ambition for extended travel in pursuit of subjects. It is true that to anyone seeking for old illustrated records of the county material is singularly deficient, much more so than in the case of other counties, and that which does come to light, repeats again and again the same subjects, drawn almost without exception for book illustrations: illustrations of the castles — Pevensey, Hurstmonceaux, and Bodiam; or of the seaports, Hastings and Brighthelmstone; or of the capitals, Chichester and Lewes. Even Turner came hither with this intent.

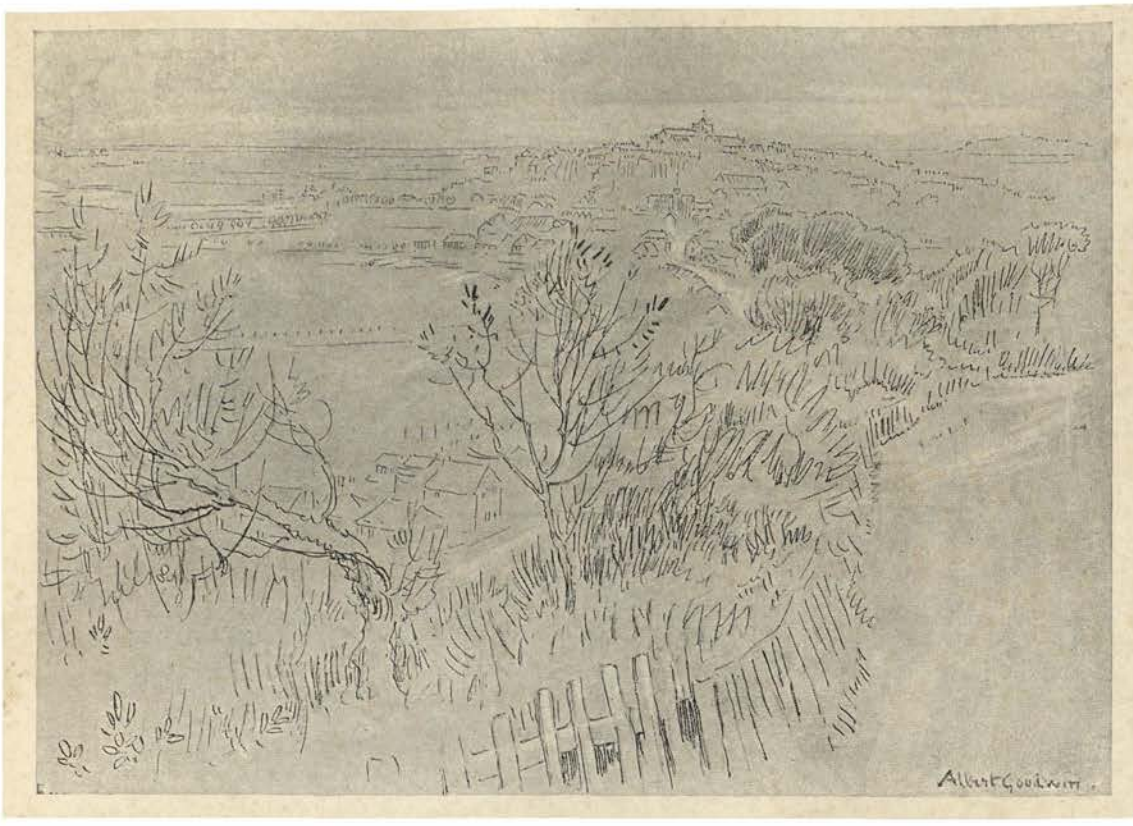
The sketching grounds that have been occupied by the artists of to-day are almost without exception either on, or near, the southern edge of the county, although, as I shall show later, an abundance of material is to be found in other parts. I will therefore, to commence with, follow the beaten tracks which take us first of all to the coastline. Starting then at the extreme eastern end of the county we find Rye and Winchelsea. These appear to have been known but little to the first generation of artists, although George Barrett exhibited pictures of Rye in 1808 and 1814, and Copley Fielding in 1823,* and it is only

* NOTE.—I am indebted to Mr. Algernon Graves for these and other dates. He is now turning his untiring efforts towards tabulating the places illustrated by members of the Royal Water-Colour Society.



LOW TIDE—RYE BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

WINCHELSEA MEADOWS. BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.



RYE FROM THE EAST BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

amongst the elders now living of our Old Water-Colour Society that there are to be found those who may claim to have thoroughly exploited them. Herbert Marshall and Albert Goodwin are amongst those who have made these towns their own, and amongst the latter's most beautiful drawings must be counted some of the grey and red Cinque Port of Rye. Both it and Winchelsea possess good inns for artists, although the "Mermaid" at the former has now been taken possession of by golfers, who threaten to oust the painter from what was once looked upon as his peculiar possession. There are other towns in Sussex which retain much of their eighteenth-century character, but Rye carries one back much further than that, and it is a mediæval town that you come upon as you enter the old gateways, both here and at Winchelsea. As regards the first named, subjects abound, both of its streets and of the town and harbour from the flats.

The Sussex coastline, although an extended one, does not present such interesting features as that of other counties that stretch down to the English Channel. Hastings used to be a favourite sketching ground for artists in the middle of the last century, when marine painters such as Bentley and Callow enjoyed nothing so much as depicting heavily-booted sailors unloading fish from their cobbles. These can still be painted at Hastings, but much of the picturesqueness of the old town, with its background of cliff and castle, has disappeared.

Chalk cliffs require very dexterous handling, and especially those that guard the land from Beachy Head to Brighton; they can hardly be recommended as subjects for sketching. West of Brighton, sandy expanses of shore may be found which have the advantage of pointing south-westwards, and therefore in autumn afford fine subjects at sundown. Arthur Severn has perpetuated more than one of these most luminously.

Within reach of Brighton, Shoreham has

WASTE LANDS, RYE — BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.

retained many of its old-world characteristics. It is the only place in Sussex, Newhaven perhaps excepted, where much shipping is to be found, and the River Adur at both low and high water affords good subjects, especially where the old wooden bridge spans it, and Lancing College, which stands up like a Cistercian monastery, and old Shoreham church form objects of interest in the landscape. David Murray, some years back, sent more than one picture of the old bridge to the Academy, and Prout, Fielding, Duncan and Birket Foster have all painted it. Bosham, discovered, I believe, by Joseph Knight, presents more of this kind of sketching, but it has of late years been too much exploited by artists, who repeat too often the few views of the sluggish tidal estuary of Chichester Harbour bordered by a straggling village. It is curious how fashion, and perhaps the knowledge of comfortable quarters, congregates artists. Pagbourn harbour, near Selsey Bill, with its wooded shores and lagoon-like reaches, lies almost undiscovered, and the upper waters of Portsmouth harbour at Fareham are really fine, but no artists will go thither until they are shown the way. Comfortable quarters had undoubtedly much to do with Fittleworth being such a favourite place for artists some years ago. It was discovered, I believe, by Mr. A. W. Weedon, who sent me there in my salad days. I remember being the cause of sad disgrace for the buxom widow who then kept the "Swan" Inn, and who was a prime favourite with artists. Her landlord was a brewer at Arundel, who posed as an art collector, coming over whenever an artist appeared and usually obtaining for a five-pound note a good example from the newcomer's portfolio. My arrival was duly announced, the brewer drove over the dozen miles from Arundel, came to where I was sketching, looked over my shoulder and fled, leaving behind him at his hostelry some very strong language as to the good lady's ignorance of what an artist was. Fittleworth is a good centre for work of a not very exciting, but varied, pastoral character. It has a bridge, a mill, a sluggish stream and a gorse-covered common, whence fine sunsets can be garnered. The "Swan" has been termed a second Diploma Gallery from the decorations

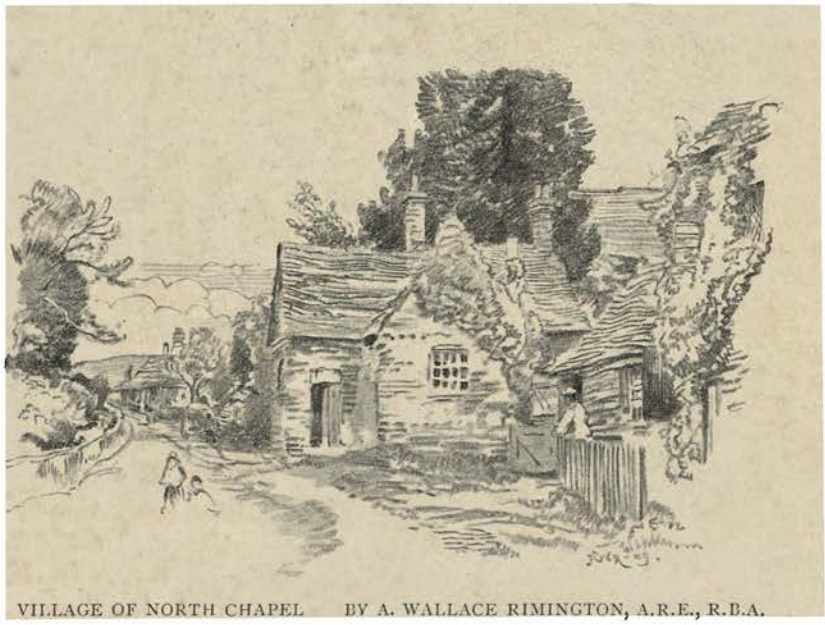
STANDEAN, NEAR BRIGHTON
BY MARCUS B. HUISH

BRIDGE AT OLD SHOREHAM BY A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

that have been left there by visiting artists.

Mr. Wallace Rimington, some of whose sketches appear here, cannot speak too highly of this western side of the county. He advises entering Sussex from Haslemere, when Fernhurst will be found to present very fine woodland subjects. North Chapel contains many old houses and a very quaint inn. The country between this and Midhurst is wooded with magnificent elms and beeches, and has interesting patches of common. Cowdray and its ruin are always attractive to the painters. Petworth with its park should also be visited by artists, if only to see the Turners which he painted there, in emulation probably of the magnificent Claude, alongside of which they hang: the town itself is full of subjects for those who limn domestic architecture.

Working along the little stream of the Rother we pass Fittleworth, and gain the main Portsmouth line at Pulborough, where there is a good inn and plenty of material, especially on the flats, with their distant views of the Downs seen over the woods at Parham. Arundel, Amberley, and the banks of the Arun are too well known to artists to need more than mention here, and so we will strike eastwards towards the Adur. On our road thither we have a good bridge at Stopham, and pines and moorland near Washington. Storrington is somewhat disappointing; but Steyning is full of houses of all



VILLAGE OF NORTH CHAPEL BY A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

ARUNDEL. BY SUTTON PALMER

NEAR STEDHAM

BY A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARUN

BY A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

DISTANT VIEW OF ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE DOWNS. BY SUTTON PALMER.

A STREET IN PETWORTH BY A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

OLD BUILDINGS AT STEYNING BY A. WALLACE RIMINGTON, A.R.E., R.B.A.

periods, from the fifteenth century onwards. So we pass through the Adur gap, which has not the beauties one would expect of it.

Copley Fielding was the first to recognise and paint the beauties of the South Downs, but it was reserved for H. G. Hine to discover their sweetness of contour, their varied colourings, the greys lying in their hollows, and their loveliness at all hours of the day, notably at sundown. Alfriston, which lies between the Downs, with its quaint buildings, is a headquarters for artists, and the Cuckmere Valley and Firle Beacon figure in many sketches by Thorne Waite and Sir E. Waterlow. Very lately a young artist, Ruth Dollman, has deservedly attracted attention by quickly gaining knowledge of the varied features of the Downs, and especially of their dove-coloured hues, near her home at Ditchling.

Lewes is most picturesquely situated, has many quaint old houses, and the river, both above and below the town, offers many attractive subjects, as at Rodmell, as one nears Newhaven, which is little known. At Newhaven the shipping often presents picturesque variety. Copley Fielding drew hereabouts, and many an artist has sketched the old Martello Tower at Seaford, but that place now presents no subjects of which there are not better to be found elsewhere.

Ruins are fortunately out of fashion now, but there are a goodly number in Sussex for those who seek them — Cowdray, Amberley, Hurstmonceaux, Bride Place, Bodiam, Camber, Bramber, Mickleham, etc. Picturesque cottages and village streets are to be found almost everywhere, but the old windmills are rapidly disappearing; the two above the Clayton tunnel have furnished subjects for many an artist, and others are to be found at Winchelsea, Malling, and Angmering.

Artists have hitherto avoided Mid-Sussex, probably because the railway facilities are so indifferent, but a bicycle ride will unfold beauties everywhere, especially in the forests, parts of which stretch from east to west right across the county—Ashdown, Worth, Balcombe, Tilgate, and St. Leonards. In spring the silver birches in Worth and St. Leonards, above a carpet of primroses and bluebells, afford a glimpse of fairyland, especially when the fair distant views over the Weald almost rival the latter in tenderness of hue.

MARCUS B. HUISH.

COURTHOUSE FARM, NEAR LEWES — BY RUTH DOLLMAN

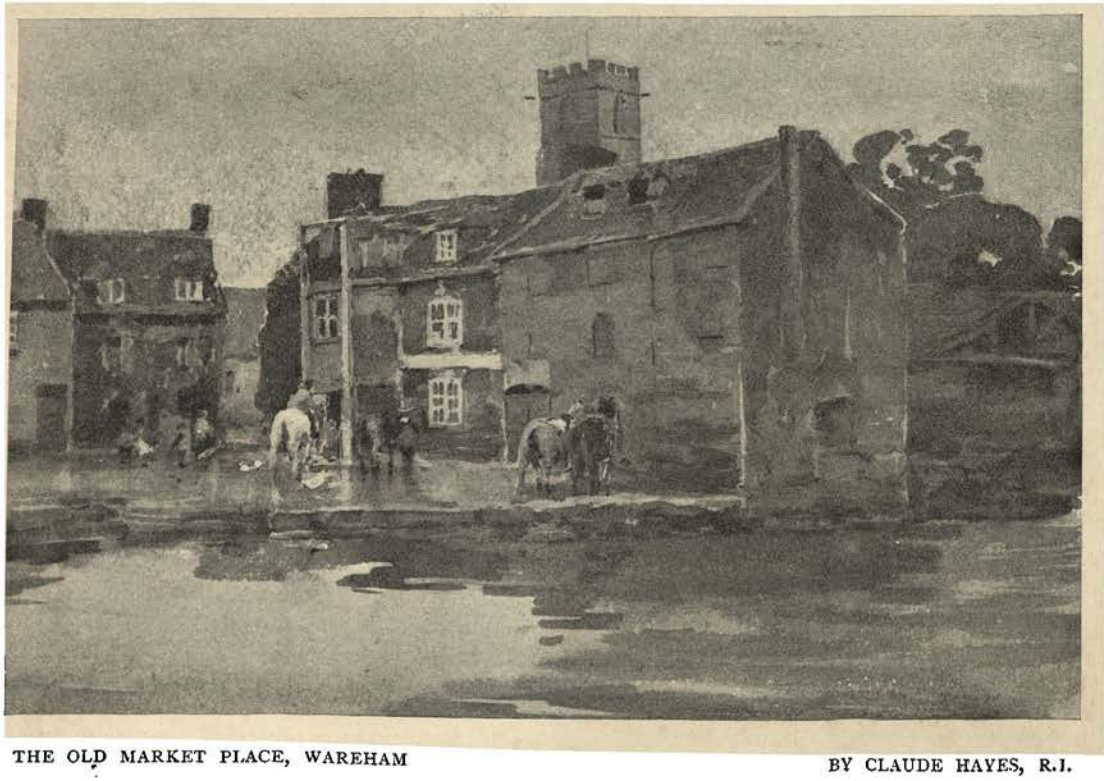
WAREHAM.

WAREHAM.

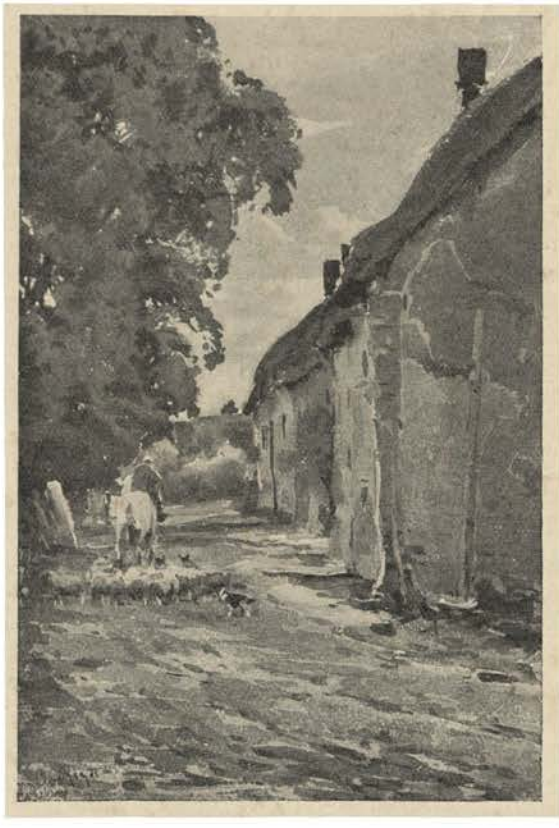
DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

FOR an all-round sketching ground I do not know any better place than Wareham, in Dorset, the town itself being picturesque and full of small bits, and combining with this that which is more important, *i.e.*, a good centre from which one can get to a fine landscape country. We have two rivers here flowing through the town, over which are placed several picturesque bridges and water-mills, providing subjects at every turn. And for those who like architecture, there is a fine old Saxon church and innumerable old houses and street corners worthy of being translated either into black-and-white or colour.

But the joy to me personally is to get right away from the town and find myself on the moors between Stoborough and Corfe. Here, indeed, is a feast for the painter who loves the open country. Vast stretches of moorland are broken by silver, sandy roads, and backed at every turn by the low-lying hills of Purbeck, which seem to take a quality of colour peculiarly their own, possessing distinct characteristics which one can only describe as the "Dorset" blues or greys. Subtle and delicate they are at times, and densely rich at others; and given a south-westerly wind, for instance, they seem to put on velvet coats, and at other times a silver apparel. There is a place that I call "my find," a piece of rough ground at the foot of Creech Barrow, which, though at first disappointing (because of its complex character), will well repay the artist for a succession of visits. I have often found in other counties that, after walking over miles of heath and not finding anything quite to suit one's idiosyncrasy, suddenly one makes a swerve to the right or left, and is confronted with what is mentally translated, in the parlance of the artist, as "stuff for months."



THE OLD MARKET PLACE, WAREHAM BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

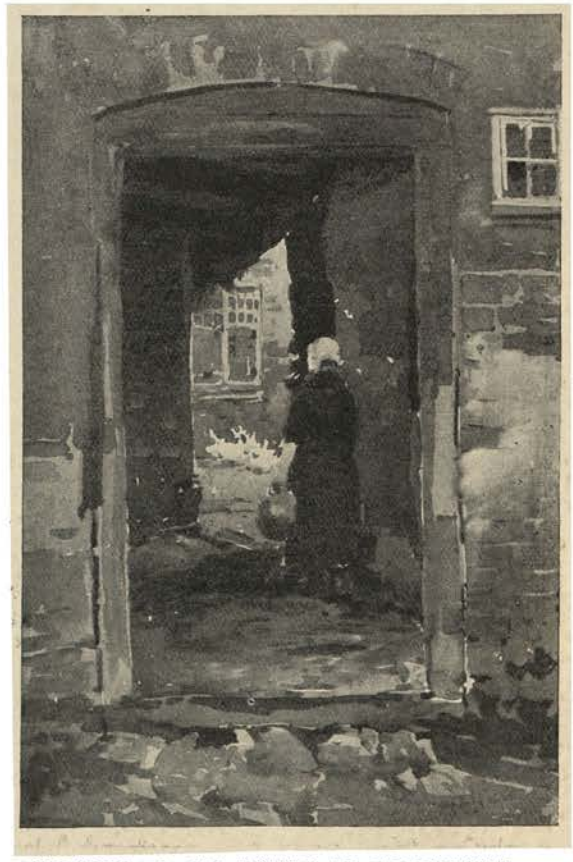


OLD HOUSES AT STOBOROUGH
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

This, then, is the sort of place that I refer to above. I have only mentioned up to the present the result of a lead from one road (south) from Wareham to Corfe. Now let us take another—the (west) road to Dorchester. Here we get many small hilly fields (on which, when I was last there, was growing wheat) running down to green flats, and the river Frome intersecting them, with the beautiful hills again forming a background. On the right of the Dorchester road there are flat moors covered with heather in July, with convenient broken sand-pits occasionally, giving character to the foreground. Away from here, and further on the road to Dorchester, there is a fine specimen of a water-mill, situated on the river Frome, and called Stoke Mill. There are at least five or six good compositions here; but unfortunately one of the best has been unpleasantly modified by the breaking down of a fine black poplar (through late storms) which gave a character to the place

Not far from here is the village of Wool, with the river Frome picturesque at every turn, and dominated by the beautiful old stone bridge, which almost touches the celebrated ancient Manor House immortalised by Hardy in his novel "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Now let the reader follow me back in imagination to the town of Wareham again, and from there start on another road, for the country I have been describing must be three or four miles away from our centre; and I take it that distance is about enough to travel in the day if one wants to work with any chance of success. We have taken the south and west roads, now let us take the east, which starts from the middle of the town. We pass a few old houses and



ENTRANCE TO OLD HOUSES AT STOBOROUGH
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

ON THE MOORS NEAR CORFE

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

STOKE MILL ON THE FROME, DORSET

BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

LOOKING TOWARDS CORFE BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

courts on both sides, good enough to portray, and, getting beyond the precincts of Wareham, see farms on the left and marshes on the right. Of course one can always find small close subjects on farms, but it is these marshes, with their broken foot-bridges, little streams, grey reeds, and swampy rich green foreground, intermingled with purple earth (approaching rich blacks in places), that move me most. The casual observer will possibly say, "What is here? I see nothing! Flat country, etc., etc." But wait, for, as we look again, we notice a little amber light in middle distance. Ah, that is better; a cloud is passing over and nature has concentrated and given, to those who can see, a picture. The commonplace turned into the beautiful. Nature is a big pianoforte and the artist must play upon it. Branksea Island and Poole form a fine background to the marshes, looking in one direction, and Redcliffe and the Purbeck hills in another. Before describing the environs of Wareham further, I may mention that there is a fine old stone bridge between Wareham and Stoke, called Holme Bridge, which, as well as being a picture in itself, is surrounded by beautiful flat country with good foregrounds of reeds, and with generally a punt or two to help the composition.

We have now done south, west, and east streets, within a radius of three-and-a-half miles of the town. If we go back to the railway station and start out in an easterly direction (along the main road to Poole), we will find a class of scenery quite different to any hitherto described. The hills here are covered with bracken and heather, and are fine and big in line, helped by groups of picturesque Scotch firs, with an occasional silver-stemmed birch. These, and the simple line of the Dorchester hills, make some fine compositions. The disused gravel-pits, filled with water, also help

LOOKING TOWARDS POOLE BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

ON THE MOORS NEAR WAREHAM
BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

IN THE WAREHAM MEADOWS — BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

NEAR REDHILL FARM, WAREHAM — BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

BETWEEN STOBOROUGH AND POOLE — BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I

ON THE ROAD TO ARNE — BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

IN THE WAREHAM MEADOWS BY CLAUDE HAYES, R.I.

matters, and the gravel itself takes on a fine tender purple.

Before concluding, I should call the reader's attention to a place called Arne, about three-and-a-half miles from Wareham, reached through Stoborough by turning to the left opposite the New Inn. All along this road the moors are good, and get better as one approaches Arne, which is quite Scotch in character, and from which you can obtain a good view of Corfe Castle and hill. Another good view of the Castle is obtained from the Dorchester road, midway between Wareham and Holme Bridge. I have not mentioned the good subjects close to the town, such as "Bag's" mill and the old mill, for they are too obvious to be missed by anyone in search of the picturesque.

There are plenty of apartments to be had at the Old Priory and other places in Wareham, also at Stoborough, a village one mile from the town.

CLAUDE HAYES.

THE LOWER THAMES.

THE LOWER THAMES.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES PEARS.

THE Lower Thames, the greatest ship track of the world, is not in itself to be regarded as a beauty-spot; anyhow, it has not been "boomed" as such. For its beauty is the kind that appeals not to such as hie them to the advertised beauty-spots, where the philistine gaze is rewarded with that obvious charm that is faithfully reproduced in railway pamphlets. There are none of those wild-irised banks and babbling waterways. Indeed the wild flowers that grow there are scentless, for they blossom near the sea, and the sound of the water is a swirling roaring cry of mighty haste.

What then is there to paint? Let the artist-reader come aboard—paint-box withal and canvas laden.

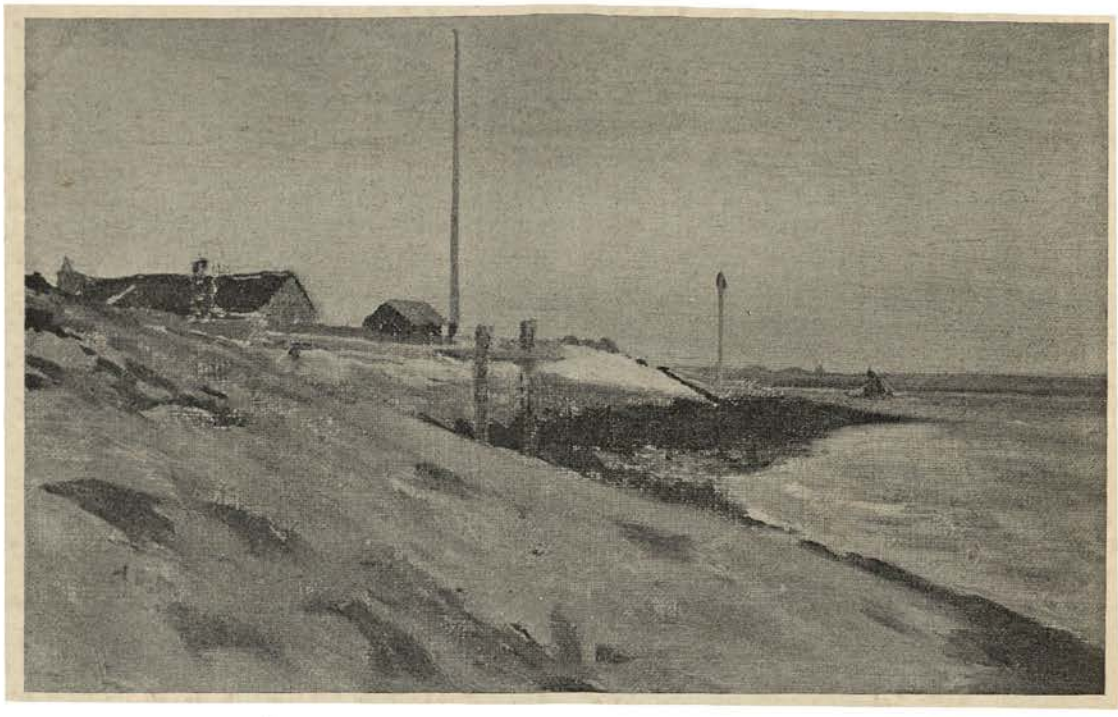
Mind the paint as you step aboard, for if I cannot paint pictures as well as I should like, I do take a savage pleasure in keeping clean the topsides of the "Mave Rhoe." Oh, yes, the yacht is quite small—only four tons, but I have sailed her single-handed through some weather that might have frightened bigger craft.

The sun is setting, and Greenhithe is always beautiful. It has an old-world air, enforced by the ancient three-deckers—those wooden walls of Old England, with their chequered sides, which are now used as training ships. But we are *blasé* about Greenhithe, for it is our home port, where the yacht lies what time her skipper is ashore. So the sails are set, the hook comes up with a rattle of cable chain, and we are off seawards.

Be not impatient about these nautical terms and talk of yachts and sailing, for you can never know the Lower Thames without them. Look at that cluster of tan-sailed barges; the setting sun glows upon those sails in a way that you must remember. You want to stop and paint them. You cannot, the effect will not last, and there will be many such and others too The Lower Thames is all effects, that is why I asked you to come aboard, for the only way of seeing these is to be afloat. You will see the night with its stars as you have never seen it before; there will be such dawns and sunsets as will fill you with silent awe. The fog will wrap you in its blanket—that mystical woof of many hues; you will hate its clammy fingers until, like that of moodish maid, its warm caress will turn your head.

The night has spread her velvet mantle over us. Those funereal smears ahead are barges; those jewels, emerald and ruby,

"THE USUAL THING ON THE THAMES" BY CHARLES PEARS



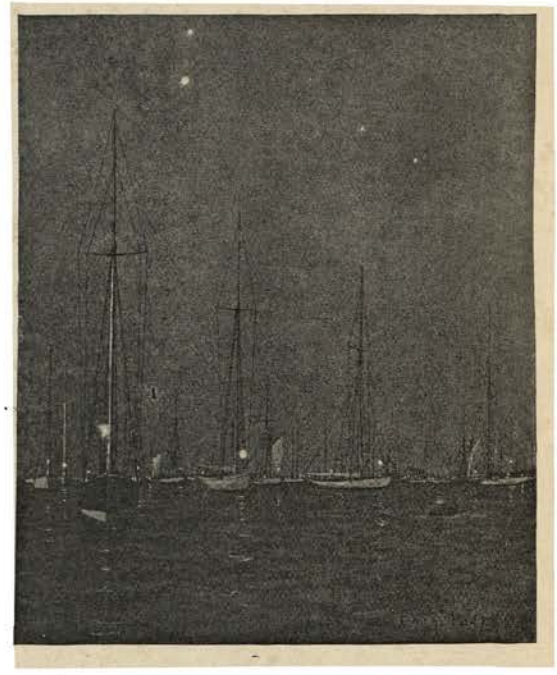
THE "LOBSTER SMACK" INN, CANVEY ISLAND — BY CHARLES PEARS

are their side-lights. That gold-bespangled mass coming towards us is a liner churning up a grey mass of foam at her bows. She is in from South Africa. Did you ever see so many vessels pass you and at such close quarters? They hail from all over the world.

Those lights, from whereabouts come those grovelling grinding sounds, belong to Grays with its chalk mills, and right ahead you see the many lights of Gravesend. These two places are full of interest and little bits of paintability. Upon our return you will see the little Tilbury fort sun bathed, and ships and steamers of every class and nationality, which are now indicated only by their riding lights.

After the lights of Gravesend we shall have nothing but the swirling tide and wind-blackened water, for the banks are low. The river's gloomy pathway leading to the sea, whose gentle heave we are already feeling, will in its utter blankness appeal to the morbid side of your imagination, I warrant. But, ye gods! wait until the moon comes out, splattering the water with molten silver!

The little white flashing light ahead is the Ovens buoy; it marks a dangerous spit of mud which runs out nearly to the middle



THE ANCHORAGE, BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH
BY CHARLES PEARS

THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES. BY CHARLES PEARS.

HOLE HAVEN--A YACHTSMAN'S HAUNT. BY CHARLES PEARS

"A WARNING NOTE"—A WRECK UPON THE MAPLIN SANDS BY CHARLES PEARS

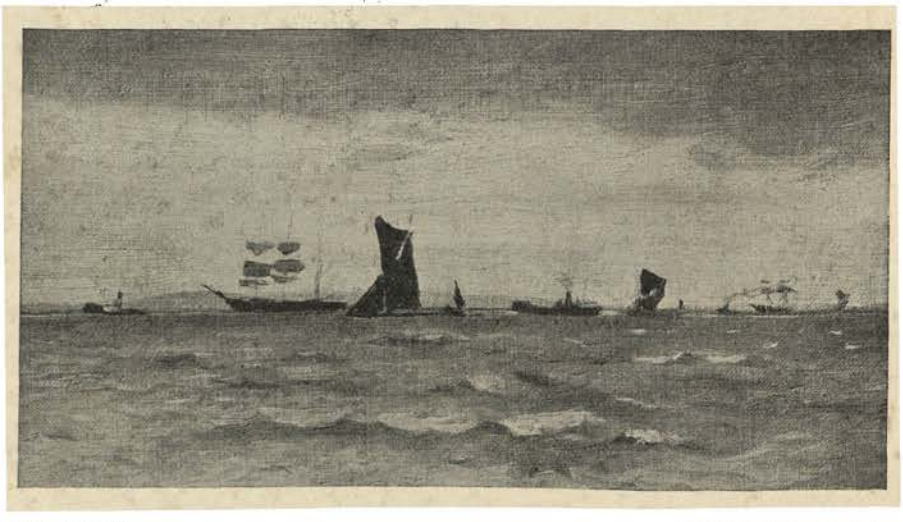
of the river. That red light beyond is the Mucking, which is the first lighthouse before the sea. Upon the marshes, beyond either bank, there is much subtlety of colour.

We shall soon be in Hole Haven, the little creek which helps to make Canvey an island. We shall sleep there. When you wake up again you will think you are in Holland. For there, Dutch eel-schuijts, as at London Bridge, have free moorings; and Canvey is surrounded by a wall built by the Dutch in the time of Charles II., the island being some fifteen feet below the high-water level of the sea. There will be many other yachts there, for it is a place beloved of yachtsmen. Indeed, the "Lobster Smack" Inn possesses a log-book, wherein humorous, poetical, and artistic tribute has been paid to the place by the many yachtsmen who have visited it. We shall find plenty to paint in the pretty Canvey village—the meadows with their bulrushed dykes and the quaint effect of steamers steaming and ships sailing beyond the wall far above the level of the eye.

Then we can choose a calm day and run aground upon the Blyth sands, and paint the opalescent mud stretching away for miles, with the shipping of Sea Reach coming and going beyond; or, looking in the other direction, the flat stretches of the marshland with the wooded Kentish hills beyond. We can, another day, drop anchor opposite and paint the lights of Southend as they struggle through the twilight and the mellow sea mist that stretches across the six miles of the river's mouth. Then there is Benfleet, Leigh, and Shoebury. We might also run through Havengore Creek to Burnham-on-Crouch, which is a well-known yachting centre, where the glory of some five hundred shapely yachts, their riding lights twinkling in the water, provides one of the most beautiful sights possible.

But enough! Someone said, "See Venice and die." I have not seen Venice, but I have seen the Lower Thames, and I live—live to go there again and again.

CHARLES PEARS.



SEA REACH BY CHARLES PEARS

ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER.

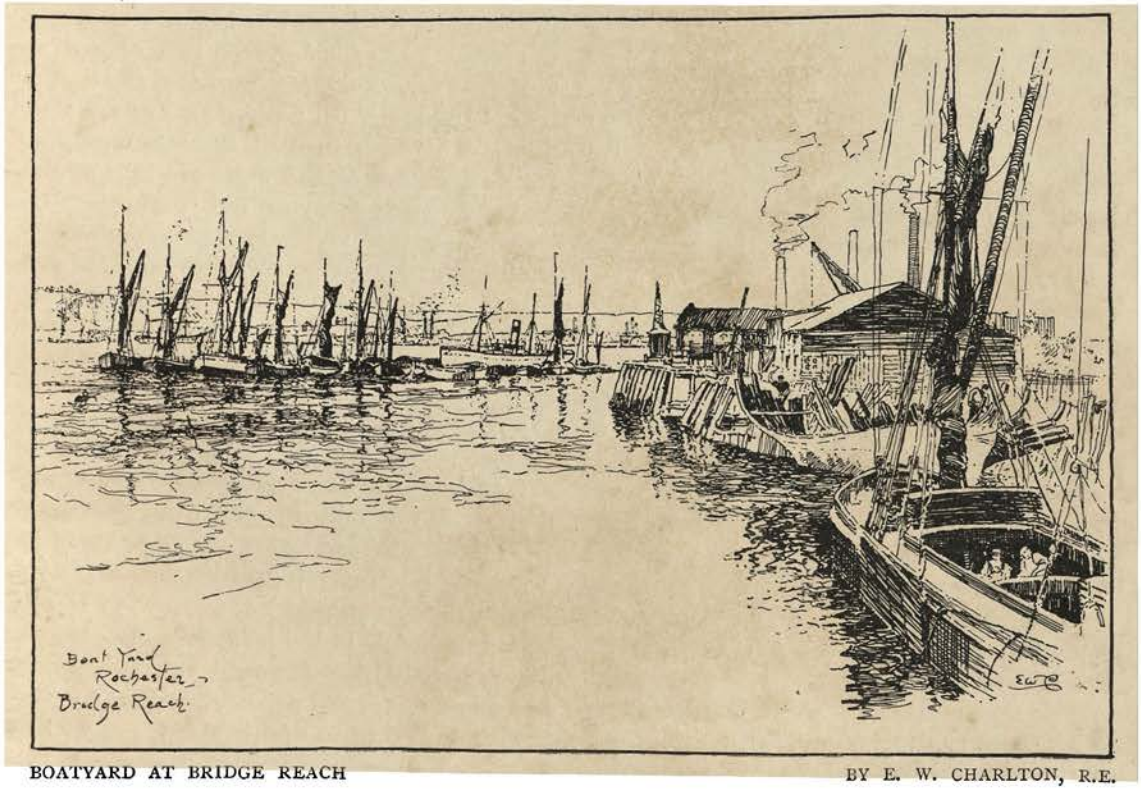
DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is the Medway which especially attracts the artist at Rochester. In saying this I intend no disparagement, as a sketching ground, to the city itself; because where there is a venerable cathedral, ancient gateways in the precincts, a noble eleventh-century castle keep, and many buildings of antiquity and quaintness outwardly and inwardly, there cannot be anything wanting to place on pictorial record.

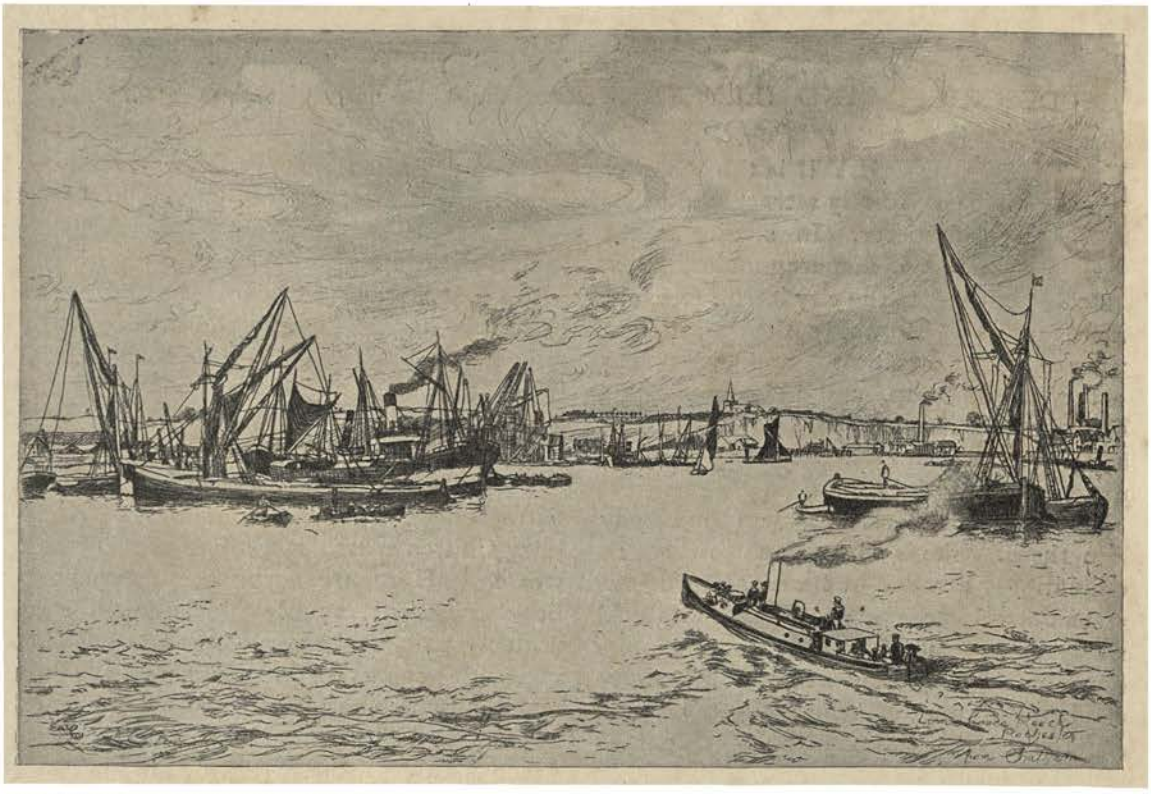
Nevertheless the river entices one away from these. She is so busy, so restless, so fascinatingly arrayed in harmonious colour on bank and stream, glorying in natural beauty and fortunate in additional picturesqueness by the hand of man in—above all—her shipping, of which the tan-sailed barge seems to claim pride of colour as well as of place.

Being distinctly commercial, the Medway shows her prosaic side here and there, but she is faithful to the artist in her never-failing offers of excellent—indeed beautiful—subjects, given the necessary skill for judicious shortsightedness. Owing to her somewhat abrupt curves both above and below the bridge, distances of much variety may be profited by according to light and effect, and endless foregrounds of value fashion themselves to the observant and critical eye.

There is a plot ot waste ground on the Strood side lying immediately below Frindsbury Church which is replete with artistic wealth. Here are carpenters' and boat-builders' sheds, small vessels of all sorts under repair, and everywhere around that veritable confusion of apparently waste material which can be turned to such good account in a picture. Hulls red and hulls green rest upright on the ochreous and subtle coloured mud, with men aloft and men on deck all mirrored in a tide pool.



BOATYARD AT BRIDGE REACH BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.



LIMEHOUSE REACH FROM CHATHAM — BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.

Here forlornly on her side, hiding her broken deck, lies a derelict alongside a rickety plank staging; there, heeled over shorewards, is a small battered wreck so rotten that she is partly filled with tide rubbish. Behind, just beyond the cradles on the slips, are trim hulls shining under a whole palette of new colour, ready for the launching; and moored to the bank are barges and boats, dull blue, sky blue, amber and white, patiently awaiting their turn for smartness and freedom.

And out upon the glistening river vessels large and vessels small pass by, beneath the ancient city where the four turrets of Gundulph's lofty keep and the spire that crowns his own cathedral tower, break the long line of the distant hills to pierce the silvery sky. There is more peace on river and shore here than further down, as the bridge denies passage to all but small craft, and therefore large ships lie quietly at moorings.

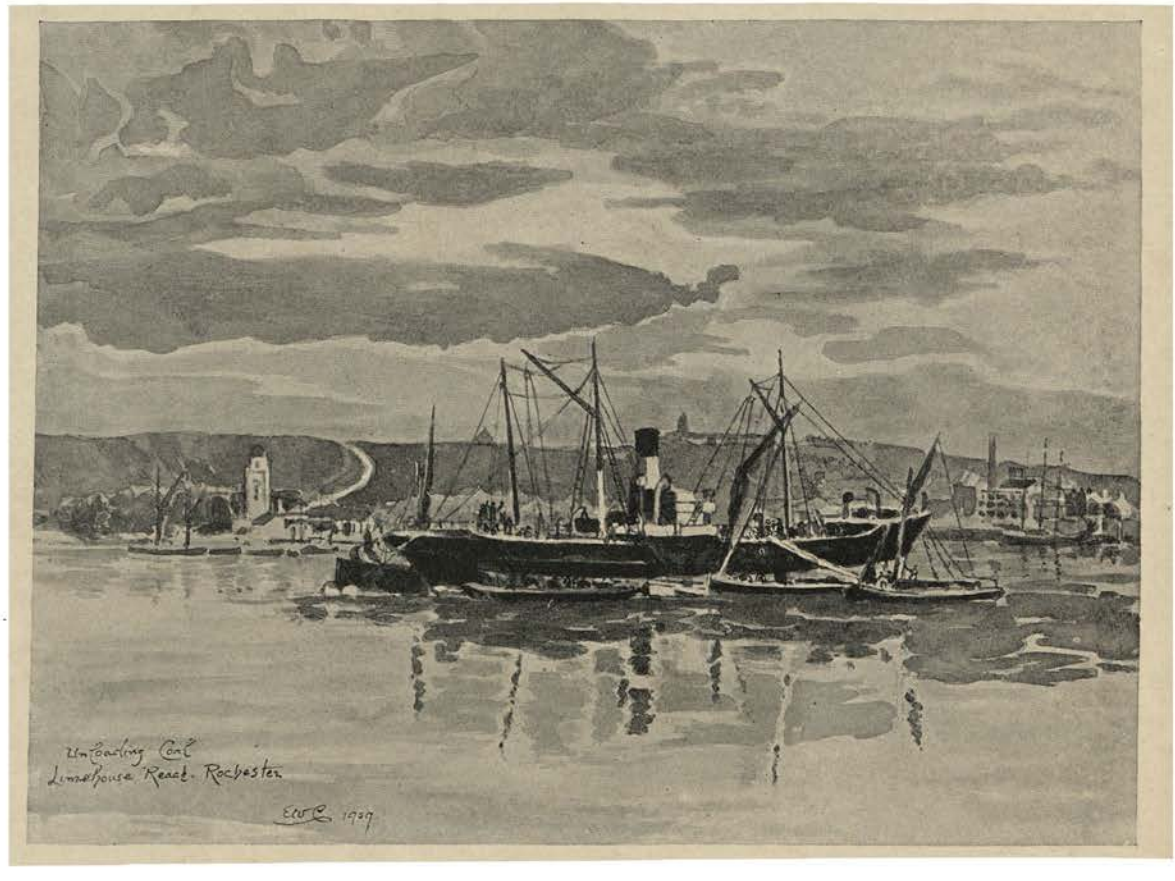
It is as interesting as it is instructive to go down to the esplanades at either end of the city bridge and hastily sketch the barges tacking up on the flowing tide in the face of a freshening breeze; to watch the masts and sails lowered just enough to clear the arch, the hoisting when the boat is free of the piers, till gathering way by slow degrees at each turn of the windlass forward, the folds of the sails are taut again, and she speeds away on her journey.

Perhaps the river is busiest towards Chatham, where a succession of yards and wharves afford privacy and shelter for work; and I might say here that I have never met with anything but the utmost courtesy from the owners in response to my requisitions for leave of entry From almost anywhere on this side there is something to be attempted, something done. A tug may be rounding the bend with barges in tow, swinging them along in a zig-zag line to fetch up by a row of others idle at their moorings; then quickly hitching on a couple of the lazy ones she steams away, half hidden beneath the volume of her smoke flung all across the river by the breeze, hurrying to nothingness, the flotilla forming a graceful curve to pass round the

ROCHESTER FROM THE SHORE UNDER FRINDSBURY. BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.

stern of a barquentine, whose bright green sides turn the green of the water to a dingy grey. Outward bound goes a full-rigged ship with a cargo of cement, her masts and yards gleaming white against the stacks of lofty chimneys in the background. Racing along is a Government launch from the dockyards close at hand, and in the wake of the big ship a small sturdy craft goes thrumming by with a Conservancy gas buoy floating captive astern. Further up lies a foreign barque unloading barrel staves; and further still, rising high above a medley of lighters, are two or three large steamers noisily unburdening cargoes of coal. In and out, bright spots of umber, barges wind their way, tearing along with swish and swirl, eager to unladen. Opposite are the cement works, smothered in white and yellow dust, and beyond are the grey-green hills. Away to the left stands Rochester city, richly purple in the evening light, set against a pale green belt of trees, which slopes away to disappear in opalescent mistiness.

The scene is beautiful, full of incident, colour, and effect; but it is only one of many which require little seeking along the banks. There is a lane close to Rochester station leading under the railway to a large space of waste ground lapped by the river, where—especially in the morning—grand subjects lie at the mercy of the industrious. There is the fine view, rather erring on the panoramic side, from the edge of the chalk cliffs by Frindsbury, which has often found its way on to canvas, copper, or paper. There is the winding river above the bridge, where a background is completed by the grey old keep and rampart walls commanding the Danish earthworks; and there are the wharves for timber and for grain, the yards for building barges, the creeks and basins, and the



UNLOADING COAL AT LIMEHOUSE REACH BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.

CEMENT WORKS, ROCHESTER
BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.

mills, which stretch away along the shores of Rochester's three Reaches—"Tower," "Bridge," and "Limehouse."

In the city, very alluring to workers who choose studies endowed with antiquarianism, are the cathedral, the castle, the old Eastgate House, the quaint Guildhall, ancient arches and gateways, and here and there houses and buildings claiming a beauty of their own, enriched by antiquity, solemn and dignified. Rochester, indeed, holds out innumerable gifts to those who are willing to accept them, and make good use of their great value to the advantage of art by art itself. But with no disrespect to her magnificent possessions, built in the days of long ago—treasures in which men of Kent and Kentish men do, and in which every Englishman should justly take a pride—it would neither be ungracious nor without reason to suppose that an artist's choice from all those gifts would be the busy river with its ever-changing scenes.

E. W. CHARLTON.

ROCHESTER CASTLE BY E. W. CHARLTON, R.E.

NORTH WALES.

NORTH WALES.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY ONORATO CARLANDI.

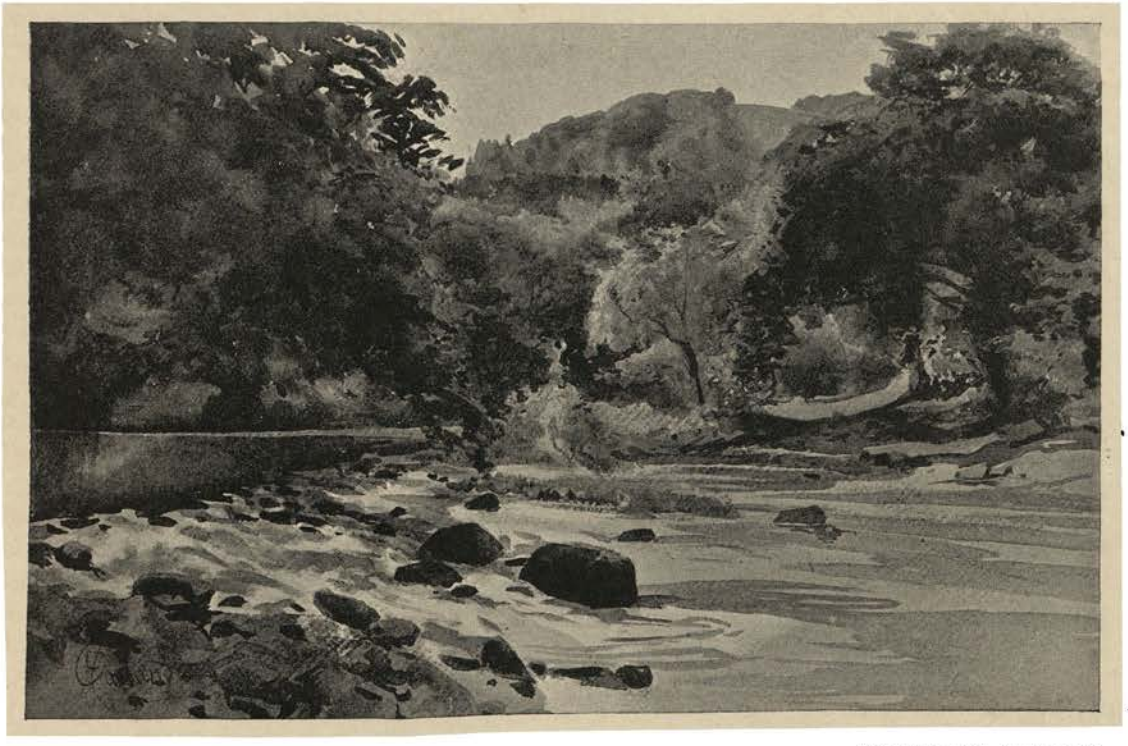
WERE it not imperative for human nature to change, how could one explain the desire of British artistic people to go abroad and look for painting grounds which are often inferior, very much inferior, to those they can easily find near their own home? And I think that the forty years of artistic friendship with the simple solemn lines of the Roman Campagna, have made me enjoy better the richness of line and exuberance of colour one so often finds in the British Isles.

Of all the places I have visited, and where I have painted and had sketching classes, North Wales most completely takes my fancy, so much so that I have been there three seasons at different intervals, and dearly hope to see again the fascinating little lakes and the stately forms of its mountains, pervaded with that indescribable and mysterious blue haze which goes from silver to intense *lapis-lazuli*.

I much prefer to enter North Wales by the Conway estuary, where the simplicity of the lines and subtlety of colour invite you to study all the most modern problems of painting. The town of Conway is full of beautiful mediæval ruins, starting from the Castle, and that fascinating Plas-Mawr, where the Royal Cambrian Academy has its seat and its annual exhibitions.

The striking history of Wales is to me an additional interest, as I firmly believe that wherever we go to paint, by taking into our hearts the tradition of the land which pleases our eyes, we surely shall put more emotion even into the simplest sketch. And all through Wales I feel the powerful effects of both history and legend that so well harmonize with the reposeful solemnity of the landscape.

Following up the river and passing Llanrwst, where are Gwydr Castle, a gem of picturesqueness, and Inigo Jones's bridge—

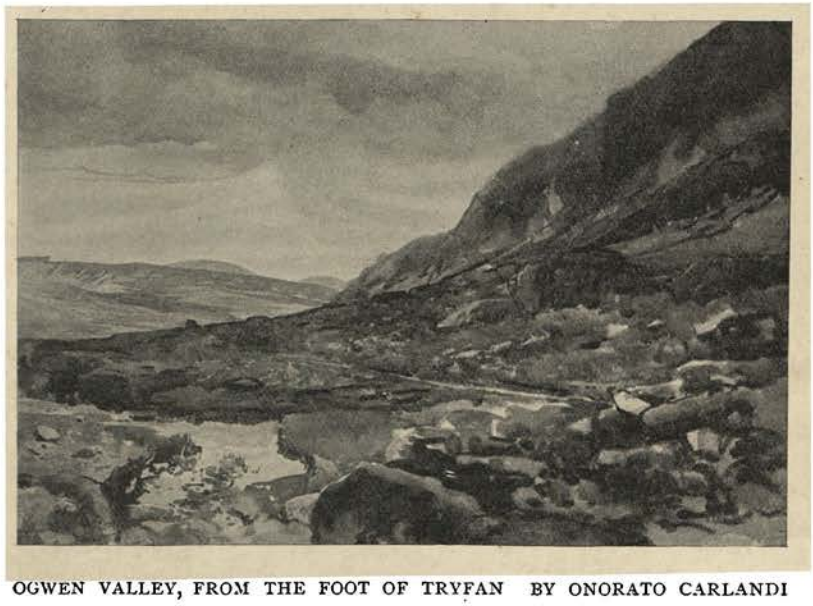


THE LLUGWY RAPIDS, BETTWS-Y-COED BY ONORATO CARLANDI

a pleasing specimen of many of its kind in the British Isles—one reaches the world-famed Bettws-y-Coed (the house of prayer in the forest). It is quite useless that I should attempt, with my poor words, to describe a spot where the soul of the great David Cox is so living, permeating every stone, every tree, every ripple of its beautiful rivers. What headquarters for painters! Just because it is so perfect it has been of late a little neglected, though David Murray and other artists have recently done splendid work there.

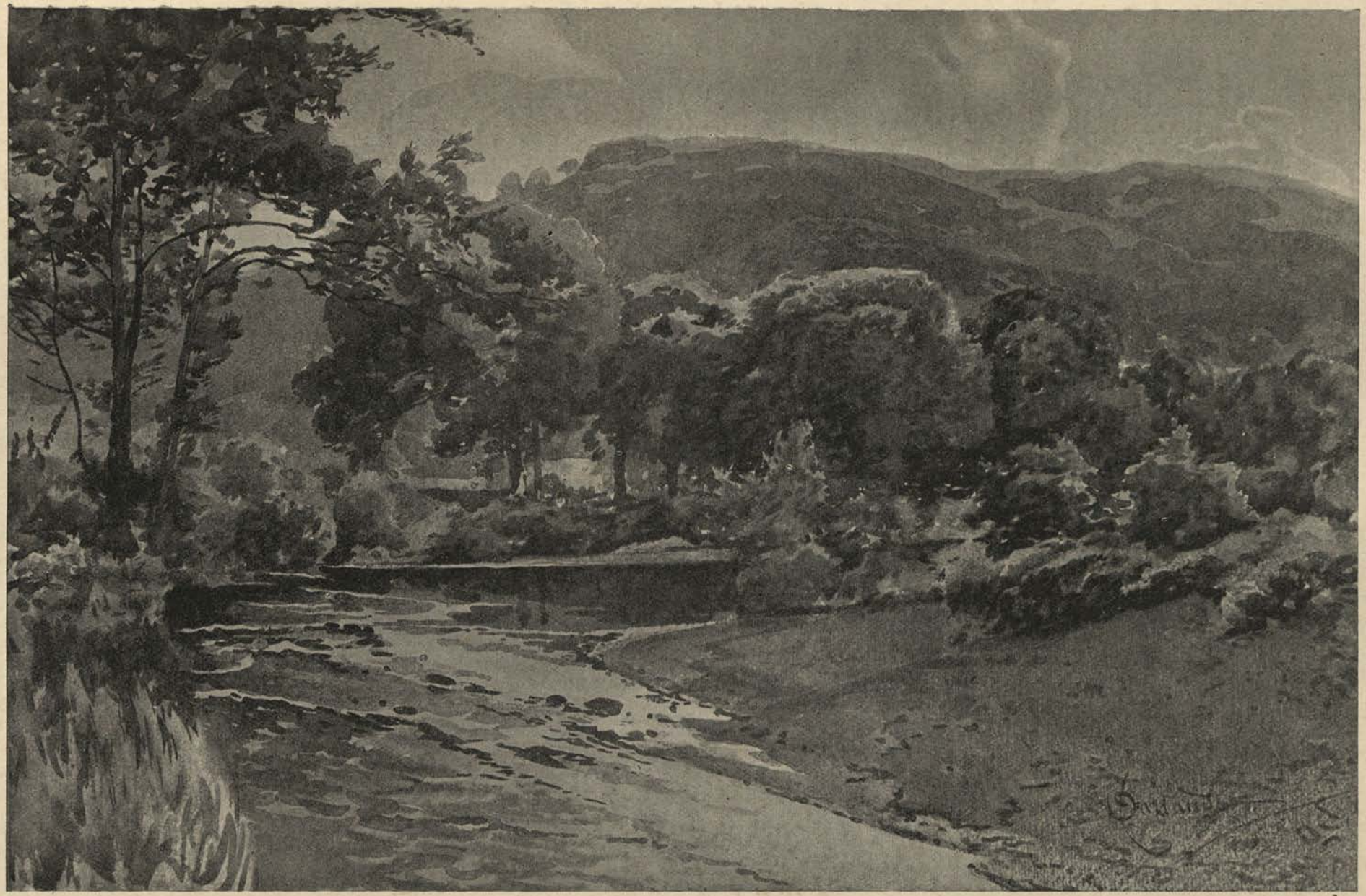
ERICA TETRALICA BY ONORATO CARLANDI

On my last visit, two years ago, I saw an elderly gentleman seated under the porch of the "Royal Oak"; and some days after, a few yards from where I was sketching at Capel-Curig, I saw him again, at work near a young man of whom he asked for some white paint. And my mind went back to about thirty years ago when I had seen him, a young man then—like the one near him now — issuing from one of the cottages near the road with a huge canvas on his shoulders — and more than once coming to see his "brothers-of-the-brush" (among whom was that deeply-lamented Frank Holl), at that lovely little inn, called then the Tan-y-Bwlch Hotel, which is now kept by a famous cricketer. Mr. Leader was far from thinking I knew him and was admiring the charming unity of pursuit of the father and son in that still day by the lake of Capel-Curig.

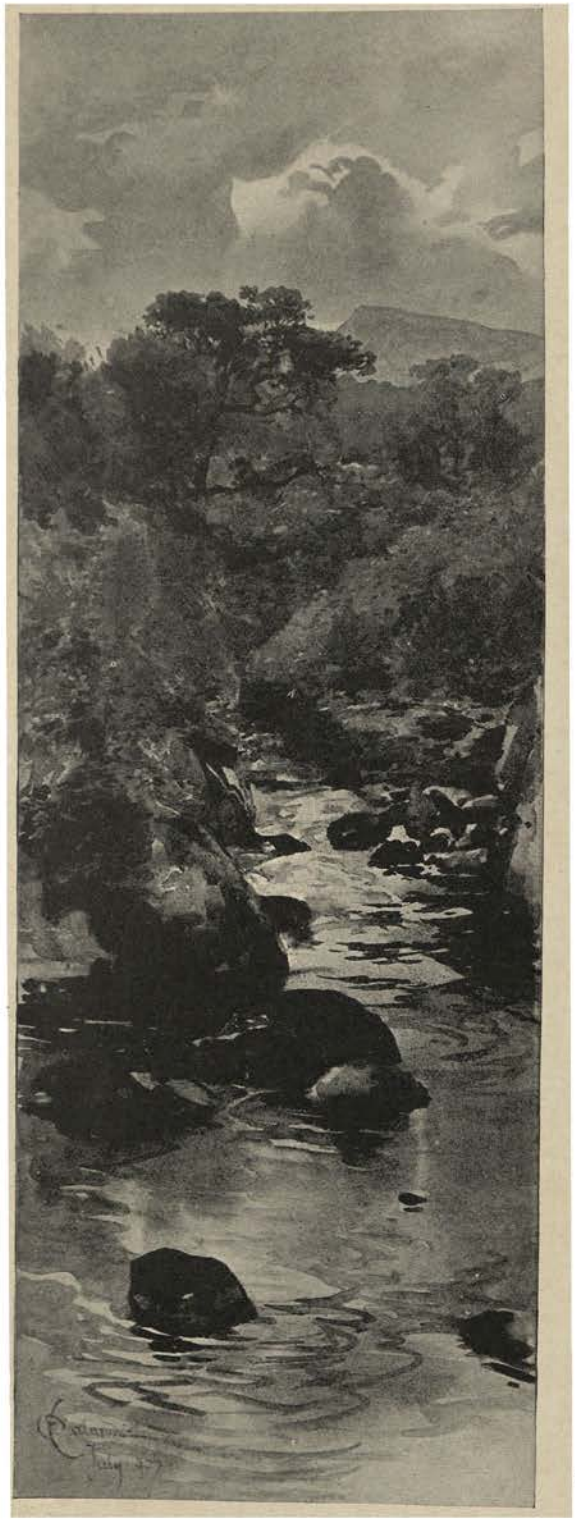


OGWEN VALLEY, FROM THE FOOT OF TRYFAN BY ONORATO CARLANDI

From Bettws it is very easy to reach all kinds of different scenery — Elsi lake and its breezy moor would be enough for a lifetime. Going up the Lledr valley, the scenery is quite different, and all along the banks of that little river the sketcher will find no end of subjects. In fact, the only drawback to this district is that one is overwhelmed with the abundance of material.



"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS,"
BETTWS-Y-COED. BY ONORATO CARLANDI



PONT-Y-GARTH BY ONORATO CARLANDI

(*By permission of Miss F. E. Howell.*)

Through this valley, the railroad is very handy for daily expeditions, and pedestrians will find easy roads and delightful mountain paths, on hills covered with gorse and heather. Oh! the feast of the heather! What an endless pleasure for the painter, with that magnificent Moel Siabod always there to crown it!

And when you reach the little town of Dolwyddelen you will find a small church that has made me despise St. Peter's. One wet evening I got there when a Welsh funeral was taking place. The small group round the grave, in a nest of grasses and sheltered by beautiful trees, was singing. How often we owe deep gratitude to people who know nothing of it! For I and the dear companion who was with me that grey evening were moved to soft tears, and never shall we hear better and more convincing music. The Welsh are such musical people. Thirty years ago I and a friend, who was both a musician and a painter, were sketching at Portmadoc (another exquisite place for artists); we hid behind bushes to listen to the part songs that some young men were singing as they came out of the factories at evening, and collected on a knoll that commanded a beautiful view. We called that the recompense of our daily toil.

All the Snowdon district is simply marvellous, and it is too well known to need description. But I cannot help speaking of the Ogwen Valley, where I have spent some of the happiest days of my life. Easily reached from every part of the Principality, on the edge of Ogwen Lake is a charming little cottage where the company is in perfect harmony with the place. The few visitors who come to rest there are either anglers or sketchers.

I found there what I thought was perfection for those that ask the little that is needed to be happy and which is very difficult to find.

A very short ascent from this cottage brings one to Llyn Idwal—in a perfect amphitheatre of such mountains! And

A WELSH COTTAGE. BY ONORATO CARLANDI.

there in front of you is the Devil's Kitchen, and a little more to the right the fatal Devil's Staircase, where strong young Britons come to learn contempt for fear.

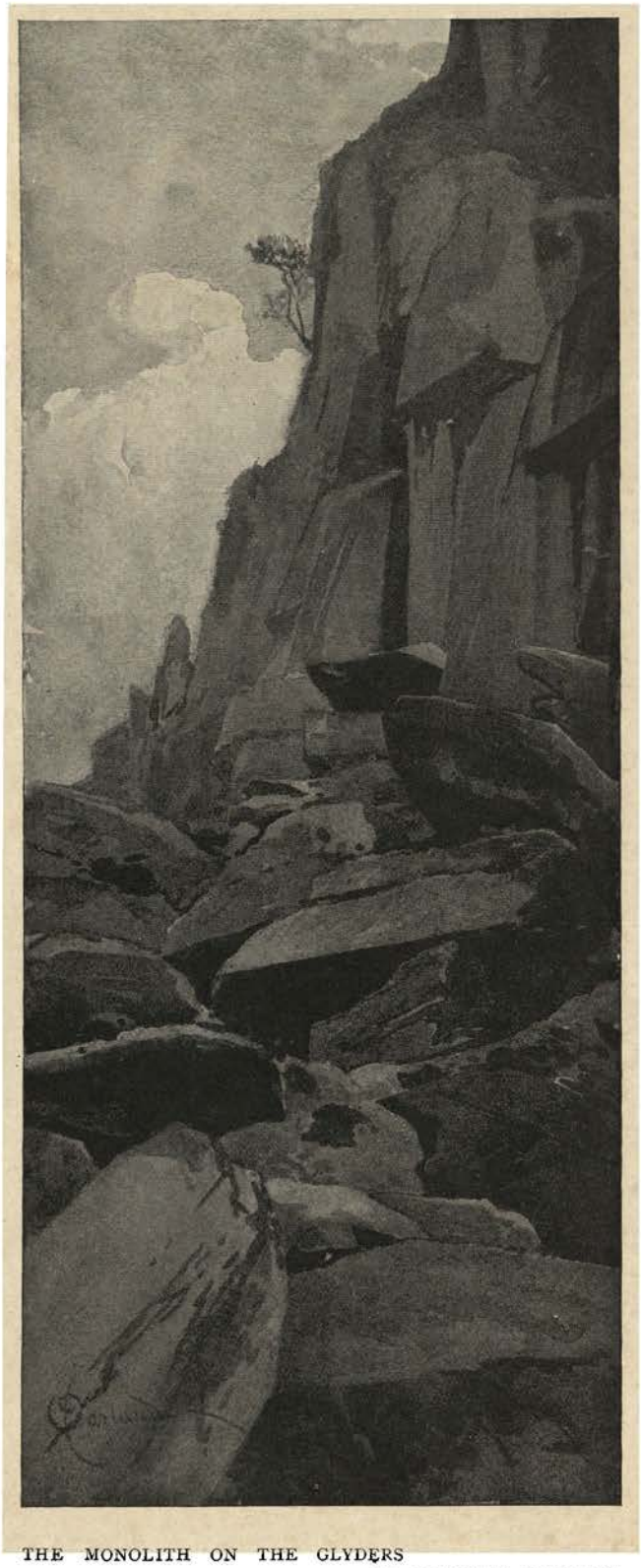
Had I to leave my native Rome I would like to dwell in the awed contemplation of the Divine Voice that is up there. There you can, day after day, paint the innumerable effects and try to fathom the secrets of the mists; and, looking back to the valley, your hand will tremble with joy at the sight of the ranges jewelled by the glimpses of the sun.

And if you love the raising of humanity to noble ideals of strength, you can see, as I did, youths from college trying for hours patiently to escalade the most perilous peaks. I painted *The Monolith* in souvenir of two boys who passed by me to climb it on a misty morning. Like a curtain on a mighty stage the mists lifted and came down at intervals on the striking scene. All was silence that spoke of the Power that dominates the world. There, to the left, appeared and disappeared two white specks, and I prayed for their safety. They came down without the coveted victory and glanced at me with shame; they knew I had witnessed their failure. But they were wrong. I admired them more than if they had had an easy success, as I saw in their faces that they would go the next day and the next, till they should reap the prize of their constancy.

This has little to do with sketching, but there it was, the whole picture complete, as I have described it.

Feed equally the spirit and the heart, the hand will easily conquer.

ONORATO CARLANDI.



THE MONOLITH ON THE GLYDERS
BY ONORATO CARLANDI

(By permission of Miss D. Leeke.)

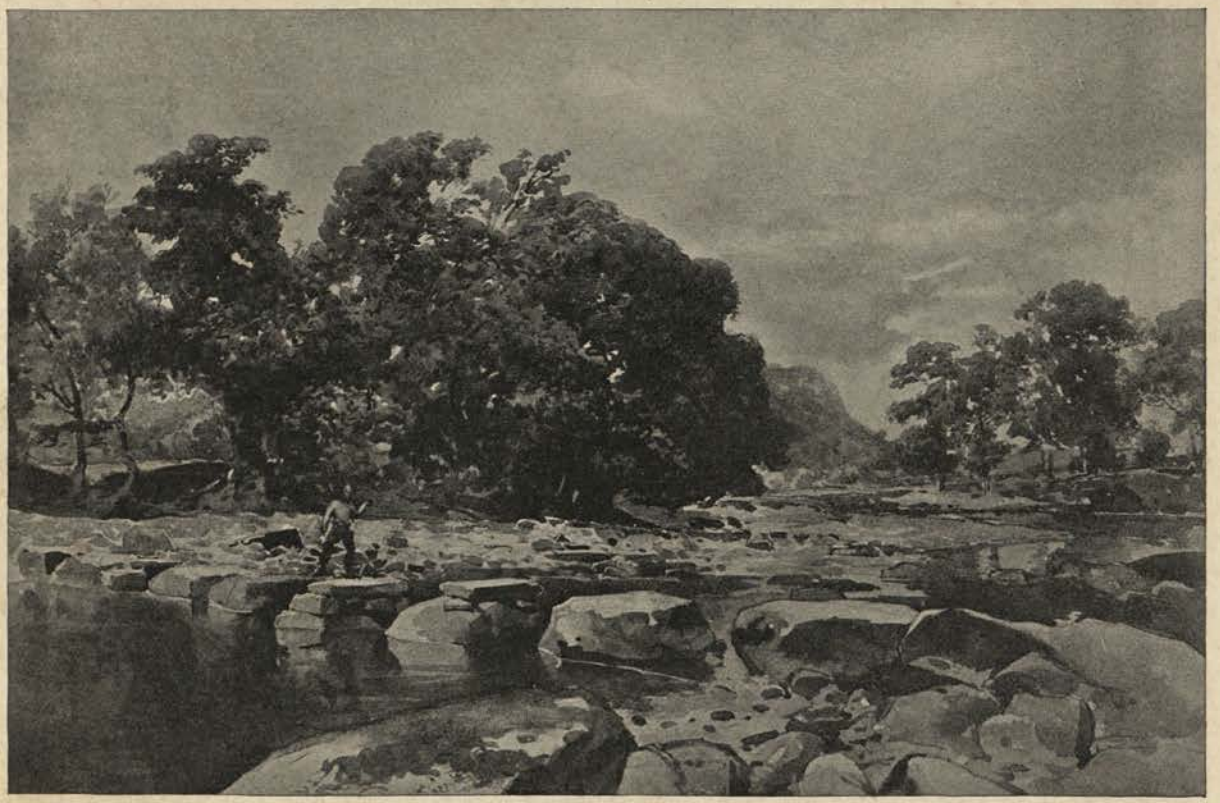
GLAN CONWAY

BY ONORATO CARLANDI

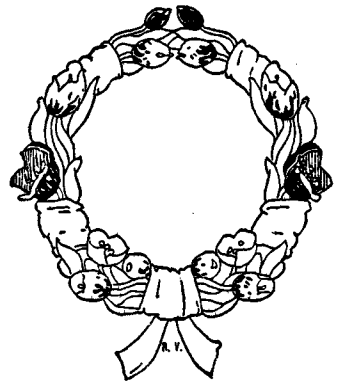
LLYN IDWAL

BY ONORATO CARLANDI

MOEL SIABOD, FROM BETTWS-Y-COED — BY ONORATO CARLANDI



THE STEPPING STONES AT BETTWS-Y-COED — BY ONORATO CARLANDI



THE SCOTTISH BORDERLAND.

THE SCOTTISH BORDERLAND.

DESCRIBED BY ALEXANDER EDDINGTON.
ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A., AND
T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

FROM Clyde Law to Berwick-on-Tweed and from Carter Fell to the southern slopes of the Moorfoot Hills we are in the Scottish Borderland. It is a big stretch of country to be a mere fringe, but the Scottish people, parsimonious in many other things, have been generous here in their appellation. From the days of the Cymri, when Merlin the Wild lived in the forest of Tweedsmuir, it has been a home of romance; and in the early and mediæval life of the Scottish nation was inhabited by numerous clans whose predatory life has left many traces in the ruined castles and peel towers that are dotted over its billowy surface; while in the eastern valleys are the Davidian Abbeys that are still its glory and pride. What Scott and Hogg, Thomson and Leyden did for the Border in literature has been done in art by Turner and Thomson of Duddingston, and in more recent days by Sir George Reid and Thomas Scott of Selkirk. The latter has almost entirely devoted himself to Border subjects, especially in the valleys of the Yarrow, Ettrick and Teviot.

The spirit of the uplands is pensive; their smooth and rounded hills, largely bare of vegetation other than the "bent sae broon," do not lend themselves to impressive compositions, but the lower reaches of the valleys, and particularly that of the Tweed, which is the dominant river, strike a joyous note and are luxuriant in their foliage. The deep wind-swept gorge where the placid Annan takes its rise in what is called "The Devil's Beef Tub"—a

LOCH SKENE, SELKIRKSHIRE

BY THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A.

reminder that it was a cattle fastness in the raiding days—and the tarn of Loch Skene (page 61), nearly 2,000 feet above sea-level near the head of Moffat Water, have an aspect of sublime grandeur, otherwise the scenery is of a softly alluring type.

On the Teviot, Branxholm, the ancient seat of the ducal family of Buccleuch, that figures so prominently in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Goldielands," the last inhabitant of which was hung above its gate for rieving, are noted beauty spots. With an old square tower forming part of the modern mansion, the situation of Branxholm on the summit of a bold bank overhanging the river makes an impressive picture, even unaided by historic association. At Jedburgh, in the romantic valley of the Jed, the ruins of the Gothic abbey are best sketched from the opposite bank of the stream, and one old doorway is a magnificent example of pure Norman work. A little further up the valley some luxuriant trees in their umbrageous picturesqueness almost vie with the grand old oaks of Cadzow. On the Yarrow, a stream which has furnished themes for the poets from the time when Wat o' Harden lived at Dryhope Tower to Wordsworth and our own day, there is, in the lower reaches, some rich sketching ground, especially in the neighbourhood of Newark Castle (below). It was at Newark that the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth listened to the story of the aged harper as told in Scott's "Lay," and in the castle courtyard Lesley hung a hundred of Montrose's men after the battle of Philiphaugh. From its birchen bowers Newark still looks forth in its majesty on a fair world, and by the wayside near by, nestling at the base of the hill, are the ivy-covered ruins of the cottage where Mungo Park, the great African traveller, was born. Near Yarrow Kirk, the broken bridge of Deuchar, only one arch of which remains, has attracted many an easel and camera.

St. Mary's Loch (page 67), where Yarrow

NEWARK CASTLE, SELKIRKSHIRE BY THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A.

(By permission of Mrs. R. H. Dunn)

A LIDDIESDALE LANDSCAPE. BY THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A.

OAKWOOD TOWER, SELKIRKSHIRE — BY THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A.

takes its rise, is under certain aspects very beautiful. From the hostelry of Tibbie Shiel, so much frequented by Hogg and Christopher North on their angling expeditions, St. Mary's Loch is charming in the early morning light, and at its northern end quite a different type of picture can be created with, as an appropriate foreground, the disused graveyard on the hill where Douglases and Cranstouns, Scotts and Kerrs lie side by side, old rivalries forgotten in the last long sleep. Oakwood Tower on the Ettrick (above), about three miles from Selkirk, once the home of Wat o' Harden's son William, whose reputedly romantic wedding is immortalised in the ballad "Muckle Mou'd Meg," stands on a spur of the hill and composes well in a valley that is more rugged than Yarrow.

Where Tweed leaves the Southern Highlands and turns eastwards to the sea, the ruined stronghold of Drummelzier (page 66), now the centre of a peaceful homestead, is typical of the change that has come over the Borderland, and near Peebles the old Castle of Neidpath is a favourite resort. At Traquair, once a seat of the early Scottish kings and now reputed to be the oldest inhabited house in Scotland, we have, in the modern portions, a suggestion of a French chateau; while in that bend of the stream between Caddonfoot and Abbotsford, so little known to the ordinary traveller, we have some of the most beautiful reaches of the river, especially at Yair Bridge and Fairnielee, once the residence of Alison Cockburn, authoress of "The Flowers o' the Forest." Melrose and Dryburgh Abbeys are known to everybody. From the hill at Bemersyde, above Dryburgh, one obtains a magnificent view of the three Eildons where King Arthur and his Knights are said to be waiting the blast of the trumpet that will call them back from Fairyland. This view point is one of the few places on the Borders where a wide prospect composes itself

DRUMMELZIER CASTLE — BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED — BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

naturally into an effective picture. When one is in this district it is worth making a detour to Smailholm Tower where Scott spent part of his boyhood, the scene of his ballad of "The Eve of St. John." At the junction of Teviot and Tweed good sketches may be obtained, as also at Kelso, where the ruined abbey is a distinctive feature of the town. Nearing Berwick, Norham Castle looks well crowning its steep and wooded bank, and a little-known old mill at Horncliffe near by makes a pretty sketch. Berwick (page 66), either from the Foulden Road looking over the town to the sea, or, as Mr. D. Y. Cameron has painted it, from the Tweedmouth bank of the river, is most picturesque. It is the only walled town north of the Tweed, and within the circumvallation are some quaint corners, though repeated sieges and burnings have destroyed most of its mediævalism. The valley of the Eye, near Ayton, furnished J. C. Wintour with many a romantically-treated landscape, in some of which the red sandstone tower of Ayton Castle is a prominent note.

The bold and rugged coast of Berwickshire is a field of study in itself. At Burnmouth, where three fishing villages form a straggling broken line on a narrow strip of ground between the precipitous cliffs and the sea, many pictures may be obtained. Specially fine is a view of the southern hamlet of the group, named Ross, best seen from the top of a short ravine that opens out to make a frame-work for the red-tiled houses with the sea as a background. Eyemouth Harbour, though not so picturesque as before reconstruction, is still worth one or two sketches. More of a similar type may be had at the quaint fishing hamlet of Cove, north of St. Abbs' Head, and at St. Abbs; both on the northern and southern sides of the bold headland there is some glorious rock scenery.

ALEXANDER EDDINGTON.

ST. MARY'S LOCH, SELKIRKSHIRE

BY THOMAS SCOTT, R.S.A.

BIRCHES AT FOULDEN, BERWICKSHIRE
BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

EAST LOTHIAN.

EAST LOTHIAN.

DESCRIBED BY ALEXANDER EDDINGTON.
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A., AND
T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

THE discovery of East Linton as a sketching centre was made when John Pettie, the son of a grocer in the place, took to art, and was followed by Arthur Melville, who spent his boyhood in the village and worked and saved industriously till he acquired a modest little capital sufficient to warrant his embarking on an artistic career. It is now twenty-three years since Robert Noble took up his residence there, and he says he has not yet by any means exhausted its resources. Martin Hardie, who was born at East Linton, Austen Brown, Joseph Farquharson, Coutts Michie, Robert Macgregor, J. Campbell Noble, James Paterson, Arthur Friedenson, Grosvenor Thomas, David Gould, J. Whitelaw Hamilton, and others of the Glasgow School, R. Payton Reid, John Menzies, Andrew Douglas, and many of the younger men and women have studied there for longer or shorter periods. The village is never without artists in the summer months, and within a half-mile radius there are more subjects for pictures than can be found in any other area of the same size, perhaps, in Scotland.

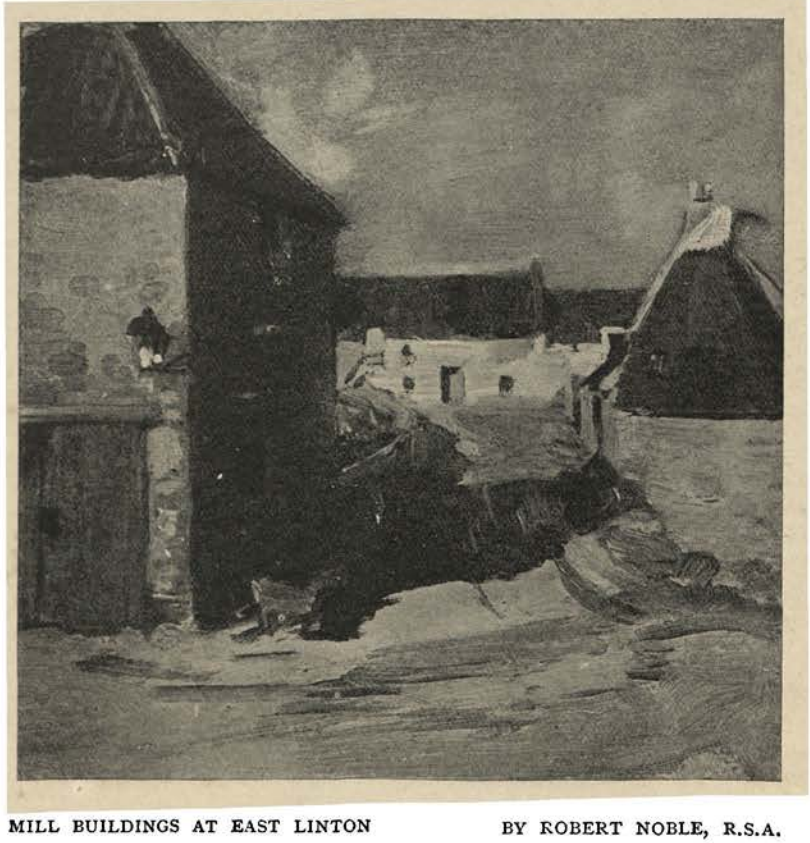
East Linton is on the left bank of the Tyne, which tumbles over a rocky ledge and then wanders through a meadow fringed with willows. At the linn the banks are high and precipitous, a hundred yards further on they are level and pastoral. The change is phenomenally swift and complete. Immediately beneath the waterfall willows and elms grow from the edge of

MOUTH OF THE TYNE, EAST LOTHIAN

BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

EAST LINTON BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

the stream to the top of the right bank; on the left are a group of corn-mills with undershot water-wheels, and behind are the red-roofed houses of the village. Particularly when the river is in flood the linn has a distinctly Highland aspect, and one artist, by introducing a slight suggestion of mountains—not much was needed—made from it an impressive Highland landscape. Standing near the top of the bank, with the screen of willows as a filmy foreground, the view of the stream, mills and village is reminiscent of some reaches of the valley of the Saône. The dull broken reds, modified with patches of olive, form a beautiful colour scheme with the grey-greens of the willows; and this aspect has particularly attracted those members of the Glasgow School who have worked at East Linton, and are more under French influences than their eastern brethren.



MILL BUILDINGS AT EAST LINTON BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

A couple of hundred yards downstream are a mill and corn kiln in present use, the latter centuries old. The kiln has been buttressed to preserve its stability, and with its quaint outside winding stone stair and pool of water in front, arched over by an old alder-tree, it forms a picture of a type rarely met with in such satisfying perfection of line and

BRIDGE AND LINN ON THE TYNE — BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

OLD WAUGHTON — BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

colour. Between the mill and the linn the meadow bank of the river is lined with willows, unpollarded, and their graceful forms, the beauty of their greys, so charming when other trees are a bright green, and their soft reflections in the water, give the landscape a character that is not at all common in Scotland, if, indeed, it is met with at all anywhere else so far north. Prestonkirk Church is also a favourite subject as seen from this meadow, the trees obscuring the lower modernised part of the edifice and only allowing one to see the Dutch spire, which, under this aspect, is so much in keeping with the landscape.

From Linton to the sea the Tyne has a course of three miles, showing fresh aspects all the way. The district is also noted for its small orchards, and

WILLOWS AT EAST LINTON
BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

WILLOWS AT PRESTONKIRK
BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

the apple-blossom in spring, associated with ruinous or semi-ruinous houses, provides good paintable material. Harvest-field subjects, with wooded landscape for mid-distance and the sea as a background, are, owing to the configuration of the country, procurable in variety. Up the Tyne from East Linton to Haddington is a delightful excursion, with quite a different type of scenery, the landscape being less open and the river forming many deep, tree-fringed pools. At Haddington, birthplace of Knox and Samuel Smiles, the old church, called "The Lamp of Lothian," in the choir of which lie the remains of Jane Welsh Carlyle, is still beautiful, notwithstanding its partial restoration. Here and at the Nungate, where the old bridge spans the Tyne, is a good sketching ground; while the surrounding district, southward to Gifford and Yester, where there is a Goblin Hall, has furnished material to Mr. W. D. McKay, the Secretary of the

RED-HOUSE, LONGNIDDRY BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

Royal Scottish Academy, for many a beautiful and characteristic picture.

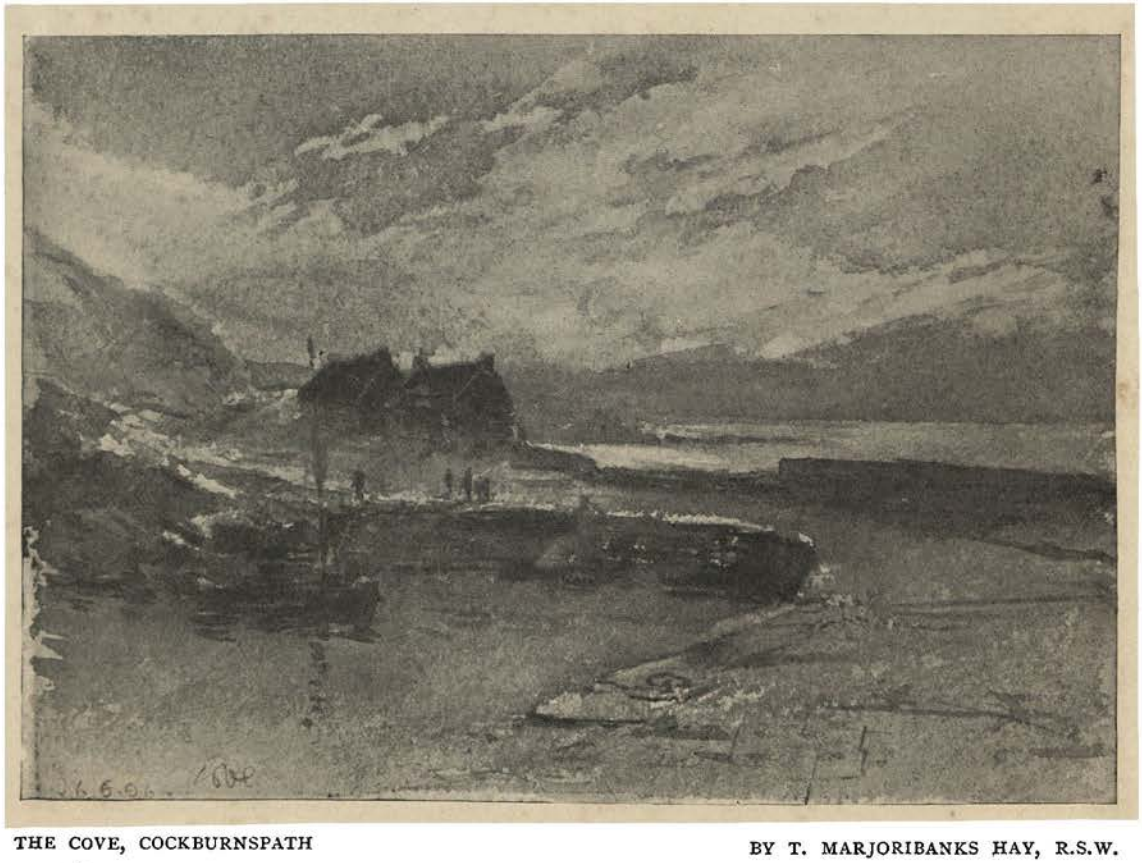
The coast line of East Lothian between Cockenzie and North Berwick is low, but very varied in outline. At Cockenzie the old custom of selling the fish on the beach is observed, at least once yearly and at other times when the tide is exceptionally low, so that artists wishing to depict this interesting survival would require to choose their time. The garb of the fisherwomen is, in its way, as picturesque as at Scheveningen. For a mile or two to the east, between the coast road and the sea, is a narrow stretch of links, on which the gorse and the wild rose flourish, and

ATHELSTANEFORD VILLAGE BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

THE LINN, EAST LINTON — BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

Mr. Marshall Brown's pictures that have been reproduced in THE STUDIO have been obtained there. East of North Berwick the rocky shore is a most suitable foreground for the Bass Rock—in early days the home of St. Baldred, later a prison house for many a Covenanter, the last place in Scotland to yield to the Prince of Orange, and now the home of thousands of sea-fowl. About a mile further east the grim ruin of Tantallon, where Archibald Bell-the-Cat kept a princely retinue, crowns the precipitous cliff, and shows no change since the time when Thomson of Duddingston made it the subject of one of his principal pictures.

At Dunbar, where some crumbling ruins



THE COVE, COCKBURNSPATH — BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

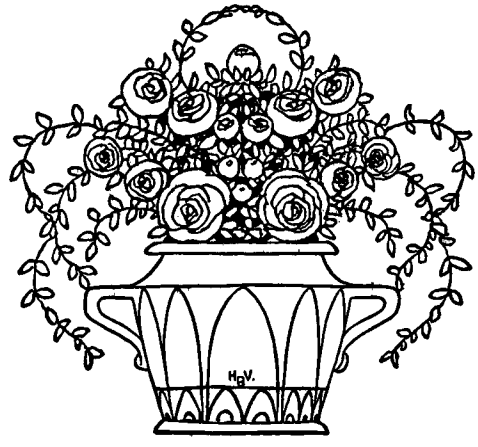
indicate the once powerful stronghold of the Earls of March and Dunbar, so valorously defended by "Black Agnes" in the absence of her husband, the picturesque has not yet been entirely obliterated by the growing popularity of the town as a seaside resort. Eastward from Dunbar the cliffs gradually ascend till they culminate in height on the farms of Dowlaw and Lumsdaine, pierced at intervals by several deep and rugged valleys. The ravines of the Dunglas burn and the Pease, the latter over 150 feet deep for about two miles inland, provide some attractive subjects, and though from Dunglas to Lumsdaine we are in Berwickshire, the Border Country does not really commence till we get to the summit of the Lammermoor hills. At the Cove (opposite page), a fishing hamlet at the base of precipitous cliffs over 100 feet high, some most attractive sketches may be made. Cockburnspath has its old market cross (illustrated below) and its venerable tower, and six miles to the east are the picturesque ruins of Fast Castle. Though the latter are not so prominent a feature of the narrow precipitous promontory on which they stand as when painted by Thomson of Duddingston, they will still repay a sketch by those who have the hardihood to overcome their comparative inaccessibility.

Coastwise or inland, East Lothian has infinite variety of a Lowland type, and on the breezy uplands of the Lammermoors, where many a wimpling burn threads its way through the heather to the sea, one comes in touch with Nature in some of her most winning, though oft-times elusive, moods.

ALEXANDER EDDINGTON.

THE CROSS, COCKBURNSPATH

BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.


HGV.

THE COAST TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF FIFE.

THE COAST TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF FIFE.

DESCRIBED BY ALEXANDER EDDINGTON.
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A., CHAS. H. MACKIE, A.R.S.A., R.S.W., T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W., AND ROBERT HOPE.

IN no county in Scotland is there to be found to-day such evidence of the historic and so much of the quaint and picturesque in its domestic architecture as is seen in Fife. The traditions of the county extend from the time when St. Regulus landed at St. Andrews in the fourth century and St. Serf fathered the little Kentigern, who was born at Culross and afterwards became the patron saint of Glasgow. Through the stormy times of Scottish history Fife is a continuous thread —sometimes golden, more often the reverse. Studded throughout the county are many castles and palaces that at some period have housed royalty or borne their share in civic and ecclesiastical strife. Falkland was the scene of Albany's murder of the young Duke of Rothesay, heir to the throne of Robert III.; Dunfermline Abbey was the shrine of the saintly Queen Margaret and the Bruce, as well as several other of the early kings and queens; Balwearie gave birth to Michael Scott the "magician"; "Robinson Crusoe," who made that wonderful voyage which provided English literature with one of its greatest romances, was born at Largo; Cardinal Beaton burned the heretic in the courtyard of his palace at St. Andrews, for which Knox and his fellow-reformers exacted retribution by purging the county of its Popish symbols; and at Cults and Pitlessie we are on the home ground of Sir David Wilkie, Scotland's greatest *genre* artist. The remains of many one-time noble edifices give a certain dignity to the agricultural and mining Fife of to-day, and in their picturesque decay, or even in their restored grandeur, find favour in the eyes of the twentieth-century artist.

The spirit of modernity is, however, very much alive in the "Kingdom," as Fife is still dubbed, and many a fair landscape is

CERES — BY ROBERT NOBLE, R.S.A.

now disfigured by colliery chimneys, while prosperity has transformed most of its interior towns and villages. The great charm of the county is its southern selvage—that beautifully varied line of low coast indented with gently curving bays, which extends from Culross on the west to Crail on the east, a distance of

AN OLD WYND, CULROSS BY ROBERT HOPE

AN OLD COURTYARD, CULROSS. BY ROBERT HOPE

that the sea can be cruel as well as caressing.

Culross, the most westerly of these picturesque towns, does not now belong to Fife, but forms part of a small detached portion of Perthshire. The castle of Macduff, whose lady fell a prey to

forty miles, in which one hardly ever loses sight of some quaint village or township. With a delightful inconsequence and absence of any general plan these human habitations straggle along the coast, never by chance sending their feelers landwards, but taking their stand where the ozone from the North Sea can play about their crow-stepped gables and high-pitched roofs, even at the risk of unwelcome reminders

CULROSS FROM THE TERRACE BY ROBERT HOPE

LARGO HARBOUR — BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

ST. MONANS CHURCH — BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

ST. MONANS BY CHAS. H. MACKIE, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.
(By permission of J. S. Sturrock, Esq., W.S.)

Macbeth's ambition, is gone, so are the girdle craftsmen, the salt-pan workers and even the coal miners; the ancient royal burgh is but a wraith of its former self, a derelict in these days of industrial progression. It is this detachment from modern progress that makes the charm of Culross to-day. The town elbows a place for itself between the steep, wooded cliff and the sea, and the artist will find the picturesquely antique crowding in narrow closes and "pends," sometimes presenting their fronts embellished with ancient devices carved into the stonework, at others their gables, while their red roofs lighten up the dull greys of the walls. The town hall, still used by the burgh "fathers," is a feature of the main street, and the parish church, with its composite architecture, carries one back to the days of Leighton. Many of the dwelling-houses date from the end of the 16th or beginning of the 17th century, and one of the most picturesque of these was the residence of the Colonel Erskine, who was so fond of a law plea that on his deathbed he grumbled at the preferment of his illustrious son, Lord Erskine, saying, "I hae ten guid ganging cases in the Court o' Session, and that idiot Jock, my son, will be settlin' them a' in a month." Figure subjects will be found with difficulty in Culross—the average Fifer is too exclusive for that—but there is material for backgrounds for figure subjects that it will not be easy to find elsewhere.

"THE PALACE," INVERKEITHING BY ROBERT HOPE

Eastward from Culross there is nothing distinctive, except the ruined castle of Rosyth standing sentinel on a low reef of rocks, till we come to Inverkeithing, another of the Royal Burghs, and likely, with the advent of the naval base, to lose much of its picturesqueness. From the golf course on the other side of the bay, when the evening sun plays on the straggling lines of houses, and the receded tide has left the inlet a mudflat dotted with pools of water, the picture is one that can be transcribed without variation. And on closer acquaintance the town, though modernised, contains some quaint architecture. The tower of the Town Hall gives a Dutch aspect to the

PITTENWEEM FROM THE EAST BY ROBERT HOPE

main street, but the most interesting house in the burgh is that known as "The Palace," in which Arabella Drummond, queen of the weak but well-intentioned, Robert III. and mother of James I., resided at the date of her death in 1403. With its vaulted chambers and barnacle out-buildings it makes an attractive picture.

At Dysart, near which is Ravenscraig, a stronghold of the St. Clairs and the battlemented tower of St. Serf, we come upon much to remind us that in former times there was so great a trade between Fife and the Netherlands as to give the port of Dysart the name of Little Holland. Even yet Dutch vessels patronise its harbour and seem not incongruous in their surroundings. Still further east of Buckhaven one finds all the picturesque paraphernalia of the fishers' craft, for the modern trawler is unknown in Fife till we reach Anstruther and Cellardyke, miles onward, where the Firth is at its widest. The fishers' houses line the beach, some with their backs to it, others their gables, and when the men are busy at net mending, or the women baiting their lines, the artist need never lack material, while the chubby weather-tanned children, who are a numerous progeny, are ever ready to oblige.

Largo, still further to the east, becomes in summer time an Edinburgh suburb, but the beautiful curve of its bay and its fine sands make it an excellent sketching ground for those who wish placid seascapes in glowing sunshine, such as Mr. Hugh

INVERKEITHING FROM THE BAY BY ROBERT HOPE

NEWARK CASTLE BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

Cameron has painted for the last dozen years and more, while the "Crusoe" inn at the harbour has furnished many a sketch. On our way to St. Monans the ruin of Newark Castle, once the home of David Lesley, the hero of Philiphaugh, is well worth a sketch, and at St. Monans and the neighbouring burgh of Pittenweem, two greatly frequented artist resorts, subjects abound. St. Monans Kirk, five centuries old, and all that remains of the chapel dedicated by David II., stands on the cliff by the sea, a picturesque landmark, which, from whatever point we view it, charms with its Gothic simplicity. At Pittenweem the harbour vies with St. Monans in the fine grouping of the houses, and a sketch-book may be filled easily with interesting subjects. Towards Crail some of the cliff scenery may repay the artist, but east of Pittenweem the interest flags till the "East Neuk" is rounded, and we look from the harbour of St. Andrews at the towers of St. Regulus on the cliffs above, and across at the Castle where Cardinal Beaton held his court. The Reformers made "siccar" with the fine Cathedral, reducing the noble edifice to crumbling walls in one day. The Augustinian and Dominican monasteries were also destroyed, but the beautiful ivy-covered window of the Chapel of the Black Friars remains to embellish the street architecture, and the picturesque gateway, called "The Pends," is the sole relic of the settlement of the Augustinians. St. Andrews does not now hold ecclesiastical sway over Scotland, but in one sphere it lays down the law. The Royal and Ancient Club rules the world of golf, and its links have been the scene of many an encounter between the greatest exponents of the game.

ALEXANDER EDDINGTON.

ABBEY AND CASTLE OF ST. ANDREWS BY T. MARJORIBANKS HAY, R.S.W.

TARBERT, LOCH FYNE, AND THE FIRTH OF CLYDE.

TARBERT, LOCH FYNE, AND THE FIRTH OF CLYDE.

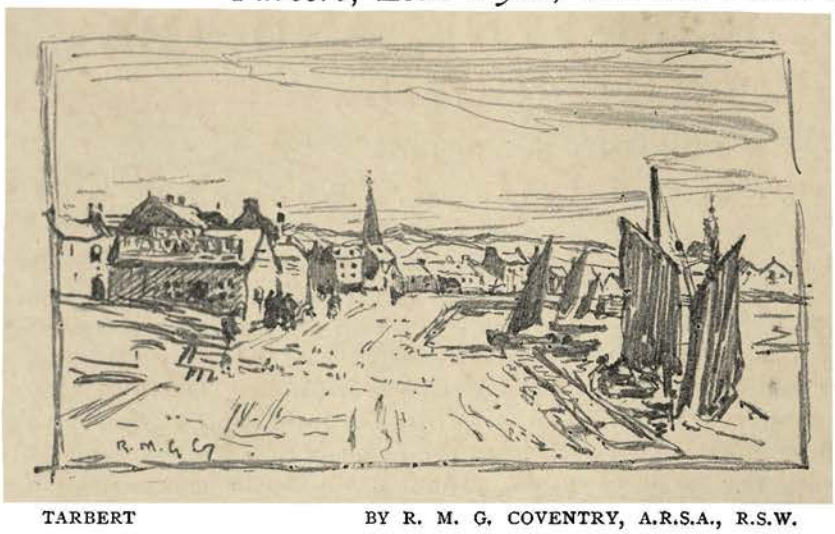
DESCRIBED BY J. TAYLOR.
ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

THE ship that goes a-sailing, particularly when manned by fishermen, has ever had a wonderful fascination for the artist; and where may it be found under fairer conditions, or in choicer surroundings, than on the south-west coast of Scotland with archipelagos of islands, and groups of lochs, that at once provide natural harbours and make a coast line of rare and alluring picturesqueness?

The chief centre of the west coast fishing industry is Tarbert, a quaint old port, situated near the mouth of Loch Fyne, where the west loch all but succeeds in making peninsula Cantyre into an island. Tarbert is contiguous to the far-famed Kyles of Bute, and some of the most typically charming scenery in Scotland; the district is therefore an inviting one to the artist seeking inspiration. A centre that has attracted such painters as William McTaggart, Colin Hunter, David Murray and R. M. G. Coventry, and has provided subjects for some of the best pictures in other years, needs little commendation to-day.

Tarbert is no modern place with a history of hustle, though, truth to tell, the modern spirit is robbing it somewhat of its old-time attractiveness, by introducing the "smart" villa and ecclesiastical edifice, that have a certain incongruity with a record dating back beyond the middle of the thirteenth century, when Donenald Makgileriste, Lord of Tarbard, gave to the

THE HARBOUR, TARBERT — BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.



TARBERT BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

monks of Paisley a charter, with the right to cut timber on his lands. A little way from the port there stands the ruin of an ancient castle, common enough relic in the fighting west; it was built in the fourteenth century, and it gives an antique character to the place.

There is a fine natural harbour, around which the little houses are grouped, and from which, when the sun is going down, the fleet sails away to the fishing ground, returning in the early morning with the night's catch. Then truly the scene is animated, rich in local colour, groups of boats of various build, with gentle motion on the throbbing water; rich brown nets studded with "silver" herring; piles of boxes, scattered in careless order; stalwart fishermen in blue flannel and plaiding, long sea-boots and big sou'westers, all

"A FOREST MILL"—WEST LOCH, TARBERT BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

THE HAVEN, DUNURE. BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

happily grouped in the morning sunshine, or grey drizzle, in either case a subject for the finest brush.

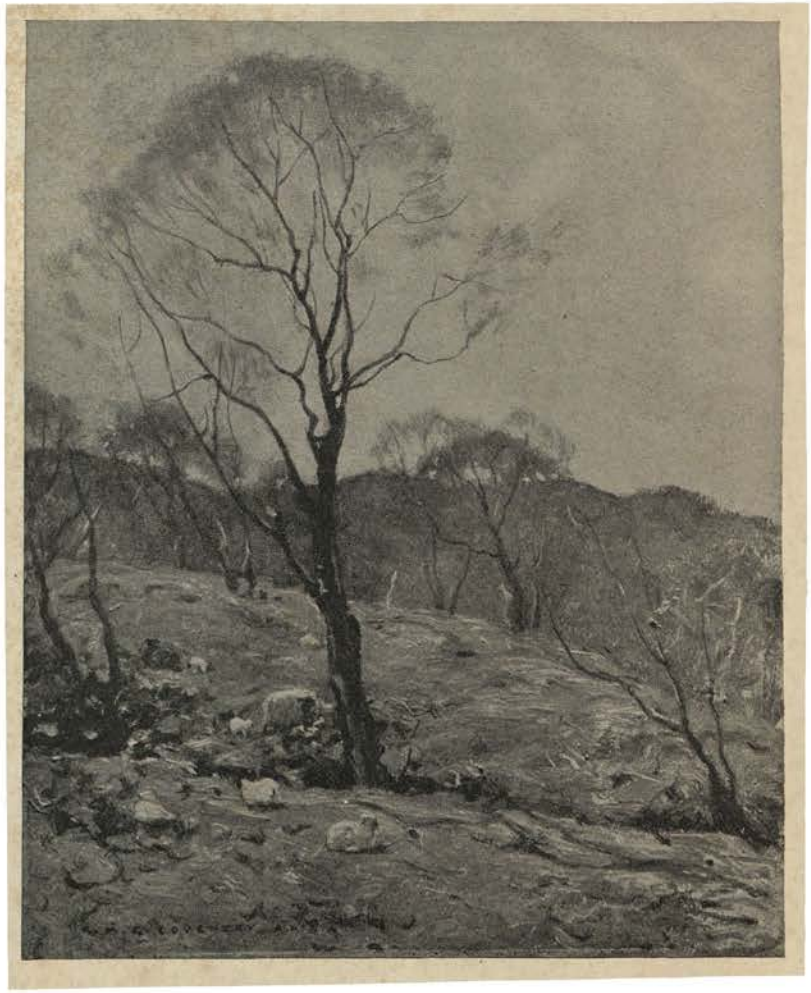
It was here that David Murray painted *My Love has Gone a-Sailing*, purchased by the Chantrey Bequest; and Colin Hunter's fine picture, *The Silver of the Sea*, was suggested by the "Caller herrin'" lying around, almost from the standpoint where Coventry sketched our coloured reproduction. Tarbert may be claimed as the early sketching school of some of the artists named; indeed, it was *Trawlers Waiting for Darkness*, painted here, that brought immediate fame to Colin Hunter, and induced him, like many another celebrated Scotsman, to settle in London.

The whole village and district is paintable; rich in seascape, landscape and atmospheric effects, whether the morning be luminous, or grey clouds drift athwart the sky: whether the evening be resplendent with the red glow of a west-coast sunset, or sombre with the humidity that quickly settles around. Restriction to roaming over hill and dale is unknown, and many a fine sketching excursion may be made.

A climb up Roebuck Hill, a little to the north of the village, affords a rare prospect; Tarbert nestles at the foot, beyond, like a sheet of silvered glass, when the day is clear, lies Loch Fyne; and again beyond, the Bute and Ayrshire coasts, all in a vision of loveliness.

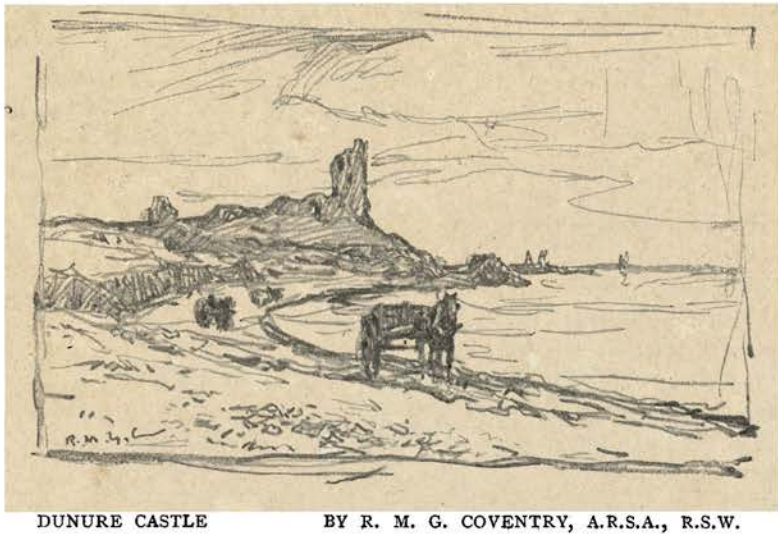
At the distance of a mile west Loch Tarbert is situated, a romantically pretty spot, where a natural amphitheatre is formed by the gentle slopes of the low-lying hills. Abundant and varied foliage grows here, on the oak, birch, and mountain ash, on the hazel, willow, and prickly bramble, thinned here and there by winter storms, but none the poorer in point of composition because of this.

Hamilton Macalum, painter of sunlight, was so enamoured of Loch Fyne, that he had a studio by its margin, to capture sunbeams there. Many other artists make regular visits during July and August, the best painting months, because the height of the fishing season is then. At such time the variety of incident and colour is a perpetual charm to the painter; the sea, the sky, the stunted hills, are all transform-



"EARLY SPRING"—DUNURE BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

TARBERT, LOCH FYNE. BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

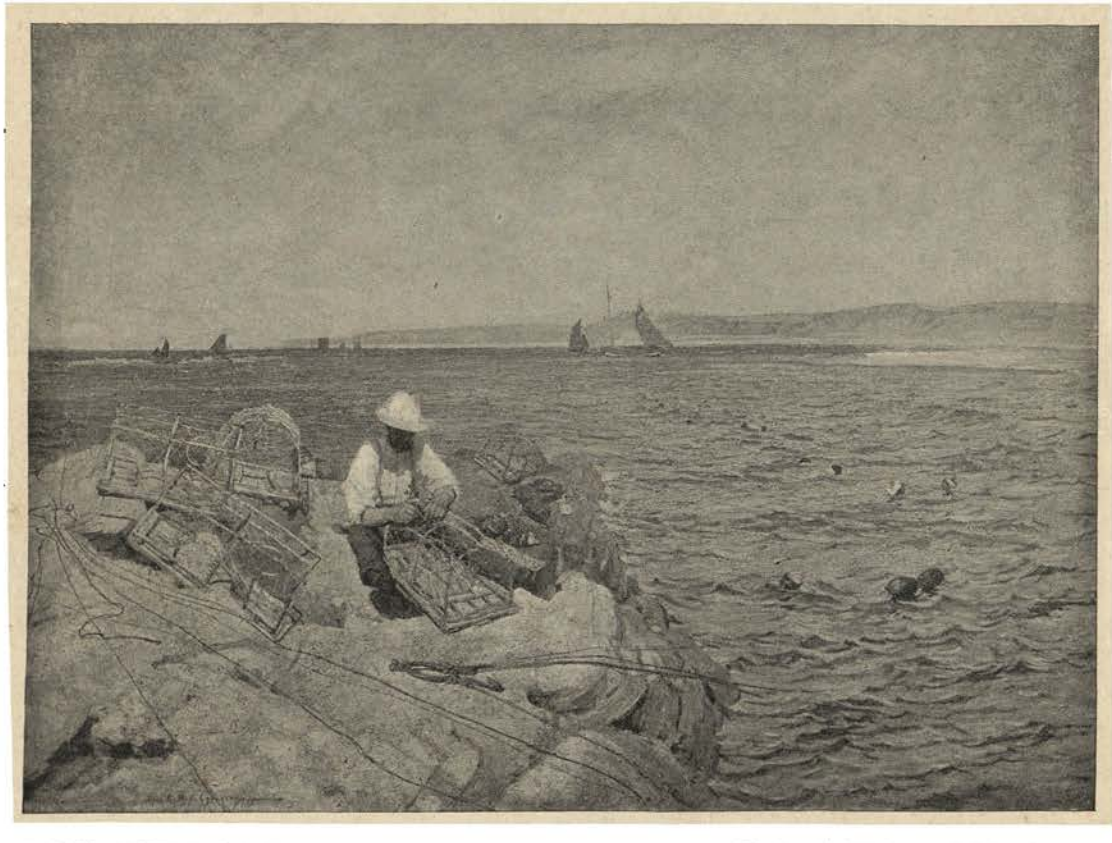


DUNURE CASTLE BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

shadow dominates the Scottish atmosphere: where would Coventry get his brilliant effects, his animation, his sparkling colour, if perpetual mist hovered over the Scottish landscape, as some artists seem to suggest? It takes more than a happy temperament and luminous palette to convey the feeling of sunlight; the quality must first exist, and by Loch Fyne shore it is to be found in unmitigated fulness, and Coventry goes there to paint it. But he does not linger there all the time .Through the Sound of Bute, along the Firth of Clyde, by the Carrick coast of Ayr, to the little fishing hamlet, Dunure, is a transition from one favourite marine sketching

ingly affected by the weather, which here may change many times daily, pictures of clear daylight alternating with shade with kaleidoscopic suddenness.

It must not be supposed, however, that



BALLOCHANTUAY, CANTYRE BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A, R.S.W.

ground to another, with contrast and similarity between them.

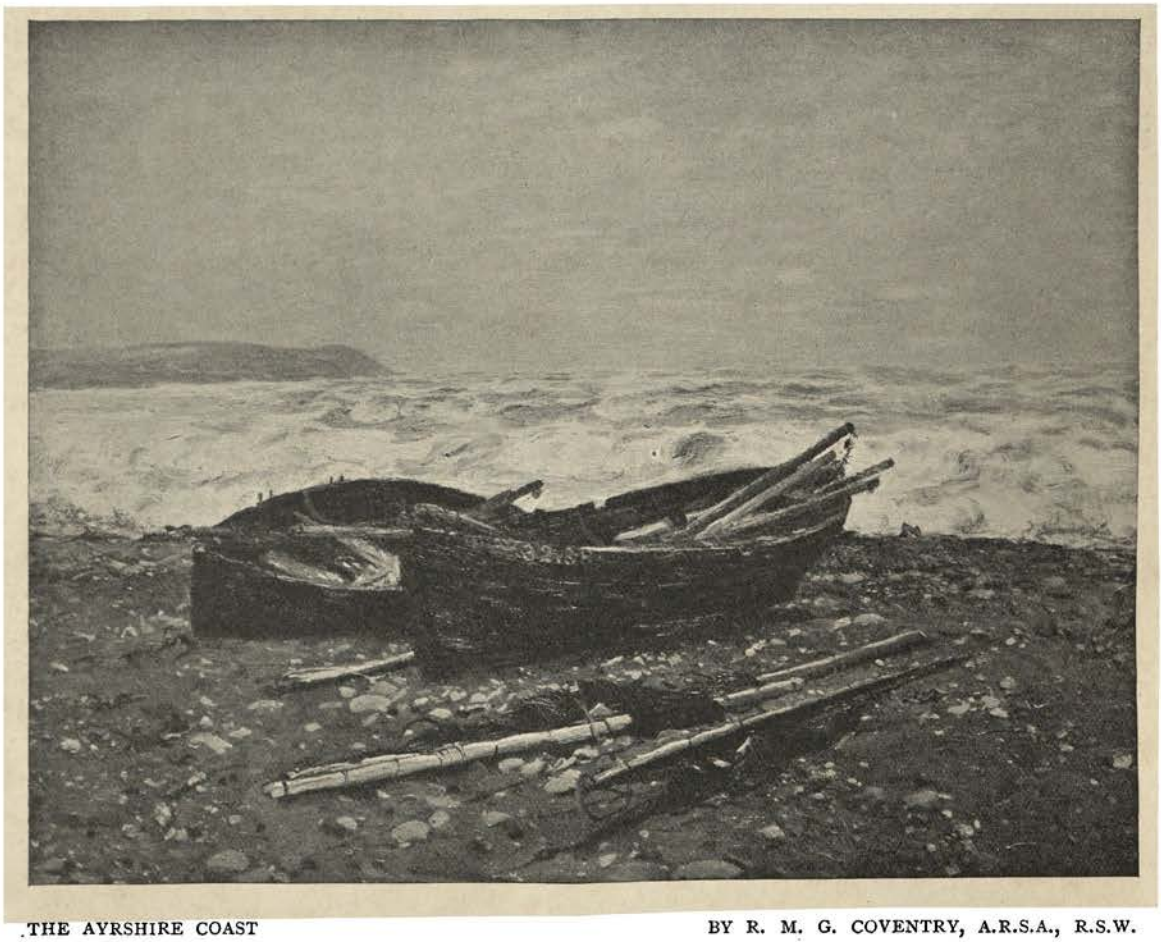
In truth the whole coast line, from Greenan, and the heads of Ayr, on to Ballantrae, is one long sweep of picturesque beauty, over which the artist might well tarry.

At Dunure, Coventry closely studies the sea; it comes rolling in brokenly, with a long swell, induced by the motion of the Atlantic, and quickened as it comes through the channel formed by the North of Ireland, and the jutting point of Cantyre. The sleepy haven, the pebbly beach, the idle boats, the old seagirt castle, the fisher folk, and the wrack cart, are teeming with suggestion to an artist with the versatility of a Coventry.

And if there be anything in the association of genius, it may count a little that when Burns was a youth he spent some summers near by schooling himself to become the sweetest artist of song in all the land.

At Tarbert or Dunure it is a pretty sight to watch the fleet of fishing boats departing to or returning from the fishing ground, and a fine study to follow the line and colour, and picturesque setting, when the boats lie grouped in the little harbour, by the old quay wall.

J. TAYLOR.



THE AYRSHIRE COAST — BY R. M. G. COVENTRY, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

DESCRIBED BY J. TAYLOR.
ILLUSTRATED BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY.

IT will be generally conceded that no part of the world better repays the thoughtful attention of the landscape painter than the Highlands of Scotland; Scott and Byron have sung their praises, Alexander Fraser, James Docharty, and a host of others have limned their beauties, all in a way worthy of subject and scene. The author of "Waverley" has made the northern part of our island better known to the traveller than the Swiss or Tyrolean Alps; William Black has carried the interest into the most magical district of all, the western isles, that constitute a coast line of geographical uniqueness. The artist might shoulder his sketching paraphernalia, go on a random tour in the highlands, and find a wealth and charm of subject material altogether in excess of expectation or requirement.

From Glasgow as starting point a short and easy journey brings typical highland scenery; scarcely is the throbbing centre of civilisation left behind ere the Rob Roy country is reached—Aberfoyle, or the beautiful district that skirts the south-eastern shore of Loch Lomond. The Callendar and Oban, and the West Highland Railway, reveal an unending panoramic charm of hill and valley and beauteous plain, of loch and stream and wooded glade: while the line from Fort William to Mallaig and on to Skye, through the country where Prince Charlie raised his standard when the clans gathered, cuts through a district of indescribable attraction from a sketching point of view.

"THRO' THE GLEN" BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

HIGHLAND LANDSCAPE BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

But for wild highland scenery suggestive of the character and history of the Celt, the artist would do well to go farther north, to the centre of the old Caledonian forest, where Nature is still to be found in a primordial mood, unspoiled by the guiding hand of man.

A step beyond Fort William, Banavie and a good hotel will be found, where at the very base of Ben Nevis some excellent sketching ground lies near. Here the southern extremity of the Caledonian Canal is located, and sailing along the beautiful well-wooded banks many favourable sketching centres will be noted before Fort Augustus is reached, a point of objective for the artist in search of one of the finest of highland sketching grounds.

The canal cuts the big county Inverness into two parts; the westerly one is wild and romantic, the scene of forest where the wood was planted and is tended by Nature; of steep, pine-clad hill on which tree and shrub grow sparsely toward the summit; of lonely, shady glen where the heather and the bracken lie untrodden as they turn to purple and gold; of turgid, white crested stream, in hot haste when in spate; such a locality as inspired Byron with a sneer at the "tame, domestic beauties" of his own delightful country; the tragic battle-ground in the final act of the rebellion in '45.

From Fort Augustus, a delightful highland hamlet, in and around which the artist will find inspiration, it is but a short distance to three great glens that take parallel courses from the canal and Loch Ness toward the western seaboard. Glen

OLD CALEDONIAN FOREST BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

63728

(By permission of George A. Murray, Esq.)

AUTUMN—GLEN MORISTON. BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY.

ALTEIRIE BRIDGE — BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

Affric lies to the north, a favourite sketching ground of John MacWhirter, R.A.; Glen Garry to the south; Glen Moriston, from twenty-five to thirty miles long, lies between, carefully studied from end to end by A. Brownlie Docharty.

The charm of Glen Moriston lies in its wholly natural character, no such utilitarian idea as afforestation will here disturb Nature's enchanting scheme of form and colour, planned in the most orderly confusion. Here is presented a great stretch of uninterrupted sketching ground with endless variety of subject and composition. Birches grow in bewildering profusion with "silver" bark, and drooping branch, after the manner of a "weeping willow," and around them gather atmospheric effects startling in their transformation. On a dull, grey wintry afternoon, the massed birches throw back a purple reflection, in sympathy with the sombre mood, but when sunlight disperses the gloom, the purple changes to brightest orange. On a clear day, when the south-west wind chases the fleecy clouds, and the air is rarefied and luminous, every tree and twig has an exaggerated meaning, distance seems interminable, the cool, clear blue in the sky finds a rare contrast in the rich, warm colour lurking on the hills. When the grey mist falls and the air is charged with moisture, the summit of the hill obscured, and distance diminished, there comes the atmosphere so familiar in Scottish landscape art, a fitting environment for the Celt with a gloomy past, and a present that holds the chance of expatriation.

The artist makes memoranda of all this in lovely glen Moriston, pre-eminent among highland sketching grounds for typical scenery and quick changes in atmospheric effect. In spring and early summer the freshness of the new green, and the vigour

SPATE IN GLEN MORISTON BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

of unstinted growth are inspiring; in early autumn, just before the bloom leaves the heather, as the bracken turns to gold, the combination and richness of colour are alluring. Then the river Moriston, often swollen and furious, troubled by a hundred cascades from the hills, gives animation to the scene, as it rushes between the birch-clad banks in hot haste and fury.

A. Brownlie Docharty paints the highland landscape with unsurpassed fidelity and power; artificiality has no attraction for him, Nature in choicest, freest mood is his enchantress. The still loch and fertile plain make no appeal to him, but the wild glen, the foaming river, the grouped or solitary trees, the thickly scattered bracken, the blooming heather, in all the native wealth and splendour of highland attractiveness, awake that love and understanding of Nature he so forcibly transcribes on canvas. Docharty sacrifices not genius at the shrine of versatility; he is a landscapist first and last, perpetuating the best traditions of Scottish landscape painting, and he brings a ripe judgment and hereditary inclination to the task.

Glen Moriston is the scene and centre of the thrilling Jacobite story, that with all its tawdriness has left a glamour in the Highlands after a century and a half of sober reflection. This romantic atmosphere quickens the imagination, as the natural grandeur charms the eye, and the glen thus makes a double appeal to the artist who seeks inspiration there.

J. TAYLOR.

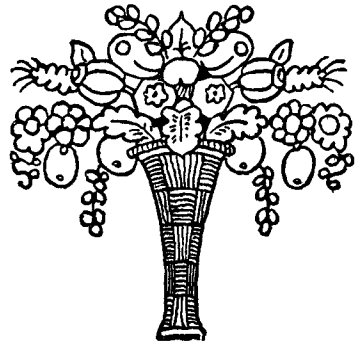
"NOVEMBER"—GLEN MORISTON BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

THE CLUNIE HILLS

BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY

ROAD AND RIVER, GLEN MORISTON

BY A. BROWNLIE DOCHARTY



LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

IONA.

IONA.

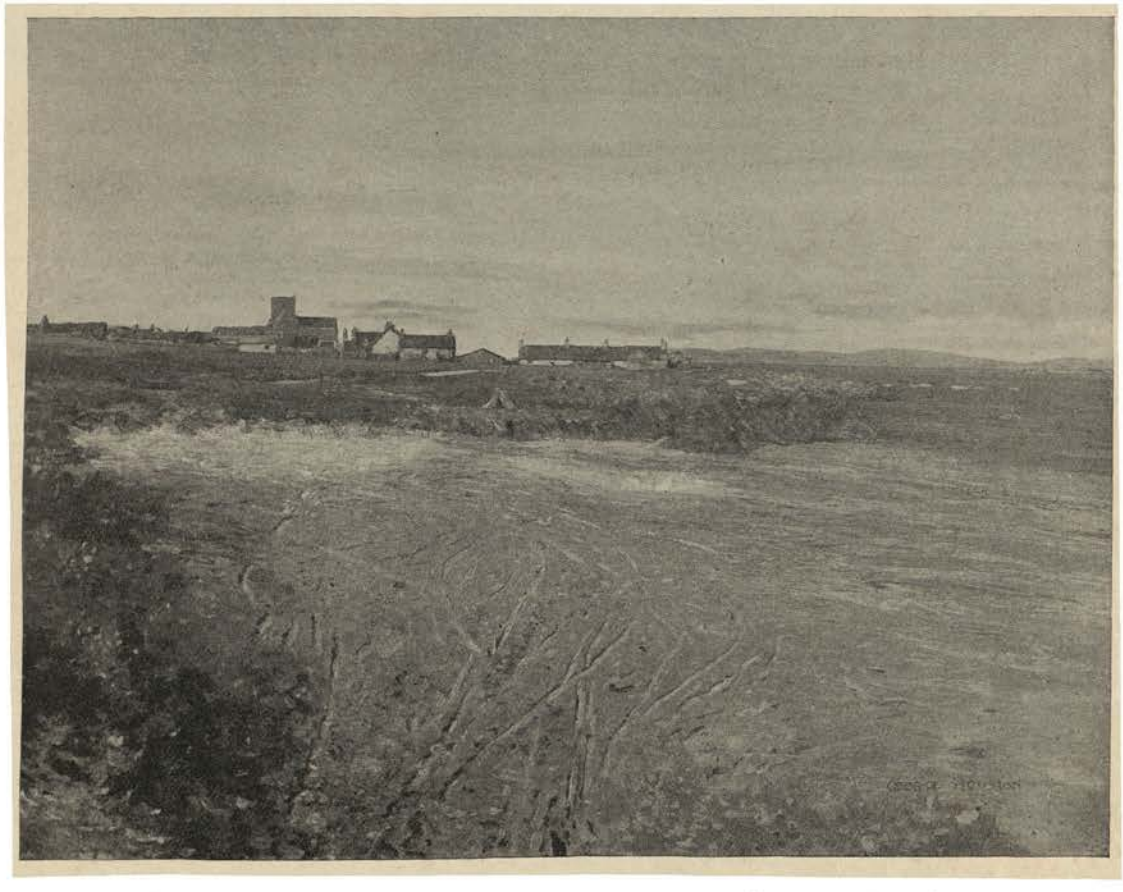
DESCRIBED BY J. TAYLOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

HE must be strangely constituted to whom Iona, the little isle thrust out into the blue waters of the Atlantic by one of the most westerly points of Scotland, fails strongly to appeal. The geologist, historian, religious devotee, antiquarian, and artist, can all meet on this inner hebridean island, and find a wealth of interest unequalled in any other part of our country. The strata, according to the late Duke of Argyll, dates back to the earliest formations; Columba drew the attention of all men to his missionary settlement more than thirteen hundred years ago; it was the nursery ground of Christianity in Britain; examples of ancient architecture and sculpture still remain; and peculiarly attractive combinations and effects in sky and sea and land abound.

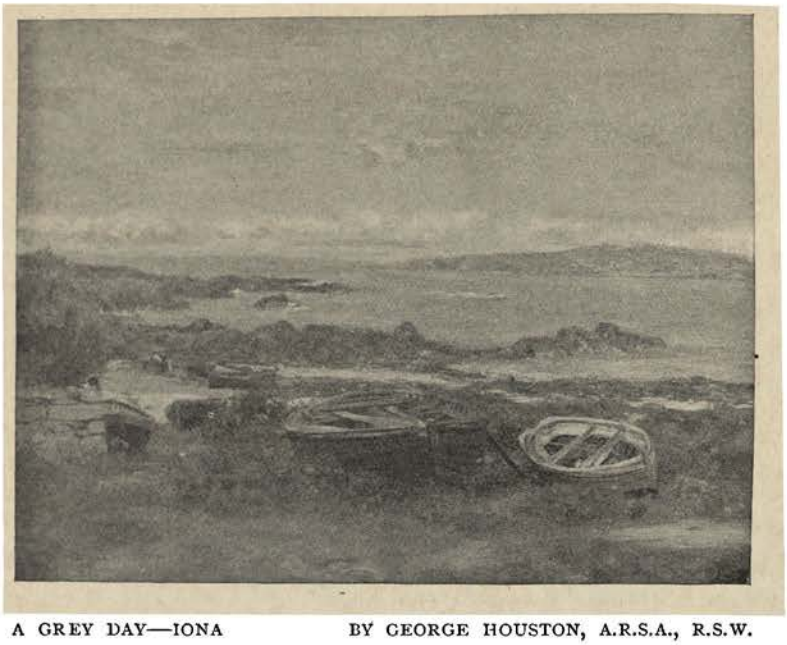
Tradition and legend may here be left alone; it may be accepted that the sixth-century Irish missionary became the Ionian Abbot, about a hundred years after the Roman legions had finally withdrawn from Britain, when Rome, under the genius of Justinian, was regaining some of her lost prestige; and that during the Abbot's lifetime the second conquest of Britain was being carried on.

The past is like a nimbus, by which the present stands out in bold relief; it may



THE MARTYR'S BAY—IONA

BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.



A GREY DAY—IONA BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

not therefore be altogether ignored. When Iona first comes into historic view the Saxons begin to establish themselves over the length and breadth of the land.

It may at once be said that Iona is one of the most delightful retreats on earth for the artist; there among simple, unsophisticated folk, away from the allurements of modernism, surrounded by a delightful old-worldness, and the enchanting charms of Nature, he can throw himself into his work in a way that will betoken success. The three-quarter-mile sound, and the Isle of Mull are no great interpositions between Iona and the mainland, yet to be there is like a sojourn in a far-off land, where the ghosts of the remote centuries people the Caves, the Cathedral, the Nunnery, and the Abbot's house. The seclusion is rare, the subjects ever varied, with such exhilarating air that sustained effort becomes a mere matter of course. The sun will tan the visage, but there comes not the lassitude associated with summer heat—the painter can sketch up to the utmost limit point.

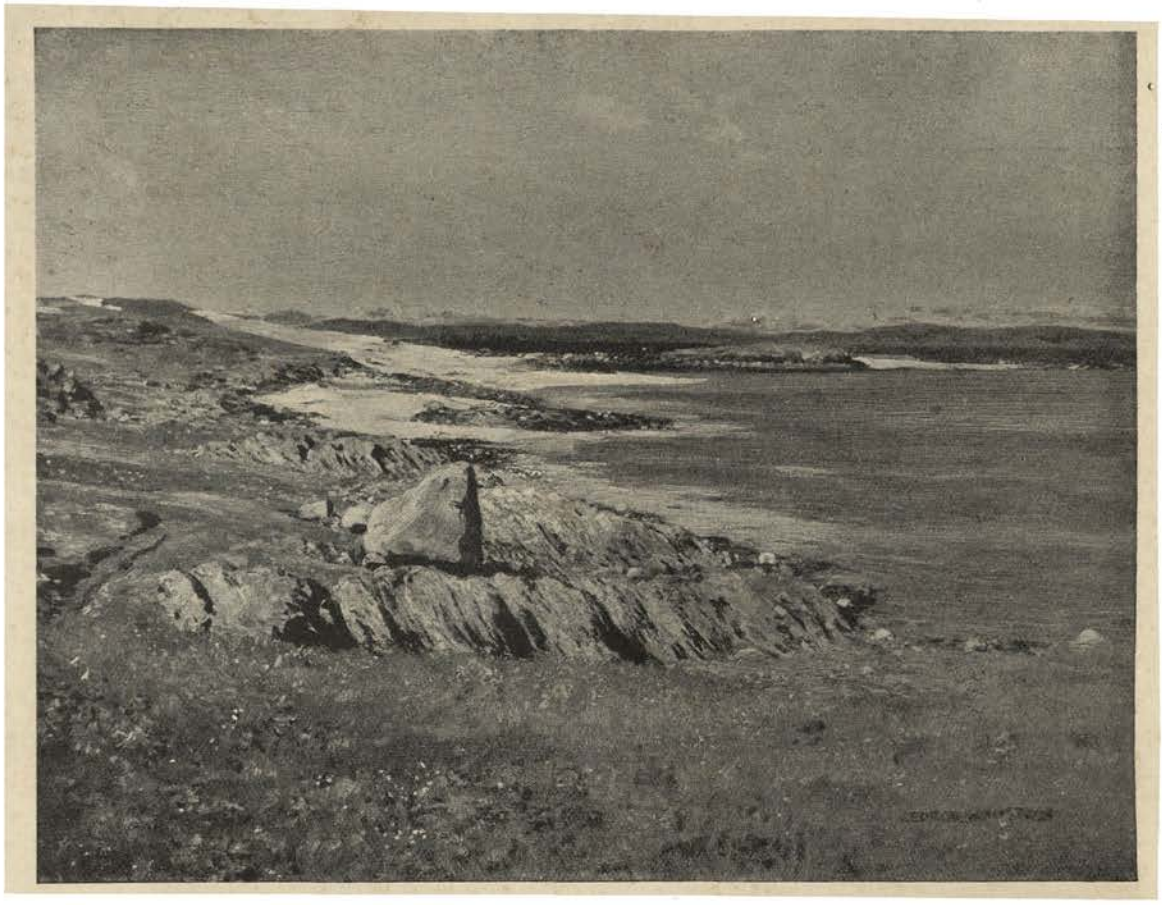
George Houston knows the island as well as the native; he has sketched there for eight seasons, and finds its possibilities inexhaustible; he hails it as the most delightful locality in the world, on a fine day — aye, and on other days, too, when the grey mist comes along, shutting off the outer world, creating the atmosphere that gives a perennially verdant greenness, makes the highlander superstitious, and provides the artist with studies in low tones; then the island is no less delightful.

Amongst the distinctive features are the

A CROFT—IONA BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

"A GLIMPSE OF THE ATLANTIC." BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W

THE GOLF LINKS, IONA
BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.



"THE WHITE SANDS OF IONA" BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

clearness of the water around the island and the constant changing colour of the sea. The one is caused by the white, sandy bottom; the other partly by the reflection of moving seaweed, that gives a variation on deep purple and blue, and by the red granite rocks that form little creeks and inlets all along the shore. At times the water is a luminous green, shading to a deep blue or purple away in the distance.

Toward the north of the island there lies a fine sand, almost as white as snow, which on windy days is blown hither and thither. The origin of the white sand is curiously interesting; it is formed by the pulverizing of myriads of shells of a species of land snail, subsisting on the clover tracts that skirt the shore. The effect of this, with the deep blue of the sea, the fresh green on the land, the pink in the granite rocks, is such as would have charmed the acute sense of pure colour in Arthur Melville.

Trees are practically unknown; Iona is no place for afforestation, for the soil is not deep enough to support growing timber; but the turf is delightful, short, grassy, sandy turf, bejewelled with daisies, red and white. Walking over Nature's carpet, with charming pattern, up the slopes of the highest hill, Dun-i, and gazing over the gentle undulations northward to the hills of Mull and away beyond to the far-off region of Skye, with the sea between, studded with islands of curious form and diverse size, the prospect is one of indescribable charm and beauty.

Nowhere are there greater or more frequent changes of atmospheric effect than in Iona; the geographical situation accounts for this, and these changes explain the attractiveness of the island to the artist. The islanders have become so accustomed to the camp-stool and white umbrella that they pay no more attention to the artist than to

"A BLUE BAY"—IONA.
BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W.

peregrine or other birds of passage that in season visit the island. There are two comfortable hotels, with ample accommodation for sojourners, the hundred tourists that daily visit the old place during the summer months are landed but for an hour and a half, and leave the island as quiet as a Scottish Sabbath. For the artist who combines sport with sketching there is good fishing in the Sound. Fish with unpronounceable names, but finely palatable to the Lowlander and "Sassenach," are to be caught in plenty, as the highland ferryman, who has navigated the Ionian sound in lug-sail craft for over thirty years, will testify. It is a summer sketching ground where the artist may roam about at will, "trespass" being a word unknown.

Old Norman architecture, Celtic crosses, crofters' cots and cottages, broad sea, enclosed bay, hill and dale and distant mountain, grey sky and blue sky, and other charms of Nature are all to be found in prodigal plenty on Iona's isle.

The absence of trees and shrubs deprives the island of autumn interest to the artist, and the hastening storms of winter soften the regret he feels, when packing up his sketches and making again for the centres of civilisation, he leaves Iona to the native.

Iona has special attractions for George Houston; there he seems to get firm grip of the Scottish atmosphere, and its illusive reality is finely caught in all his Ionian sketches. There is no straining, no improving Nature, but a sense of realism only to be found in outdoor painting.

Columba found in the island a safe asylum for the propagation of the new religion; many Scottish artists discover on it the rarest æsthetic loveliness, and make its charms known over a world-wide area.

J. TAYLOR.

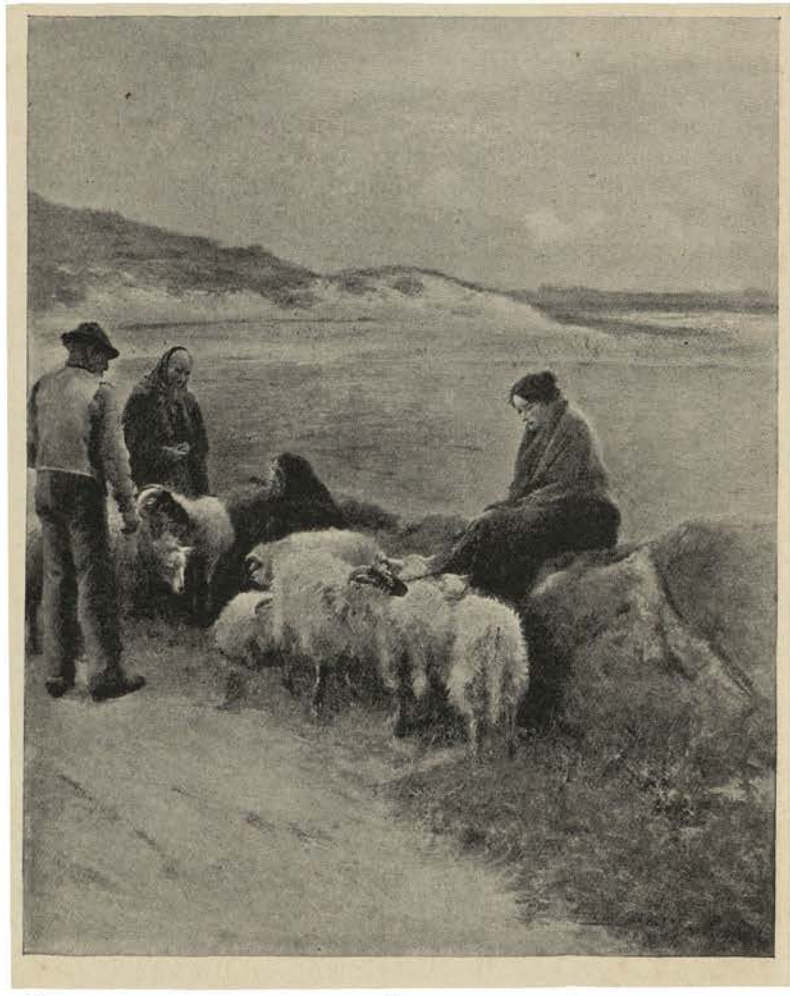
THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. BARTLETT.

THE portions of the Galway, Mayo and Donegal coasts which I can claim to be fairly well acquainted with may be said to possess many characteristics in common. As regards climate and temperature the only difference would arise where, from local causes, one had a more sheltered position against the Atlantic storms. My experience of the climate, spreading over a number of years, may be put down as follows. From the latter end of May until early in July, a fine dry stretch may be looked for. The latter half of July is generally unsettled. The early part of August is often good, but towards the end it is uncertain. September can be one of the best months of the year — the Donegal summer, as they say in that part. Anyone wishing to make fairly sure of warm dry weather should go early in June. Nine times out of ten the weather may be counted on behaving itself. At the same time it must not be forgotten that fine dry weather, delightful as it is from a pleasure point of view, does not afford that scope for the artist that unsettled weather gives.

I have frequently seen a stretch of the Connemara coast with its outlying island bathed in glorious sunshine, the warm yellows of the rocks mingling with the deep golden tones of the seaweed fringes, with a sea varying from a deep ultramarine to a rich emerald, and here and there purple streaks telling of hidden rocks. The whole scene recalls an aspect of Southern Italy rather than an effect of summer sunshine in the wild west. But beautiful as it undoubtedly is, I feel there is a more penetrating and subtle charm in the silvery-grey harmonies born of the south-west wind. I always think that I have never seen anywhere such beautiful skies as in the West of Ireland. The conditions are so favourable; dry east winds and misty warm weather,



"WAITING FOR THE ISLAND BOAT" BY W. H. BARTLETT

such as prevail there for long stretches at a time, are very few and far between in a warm climate. A moist atmosphere sweeping in from the Atlantic gives every chance for the formation of lovely cloud effects.

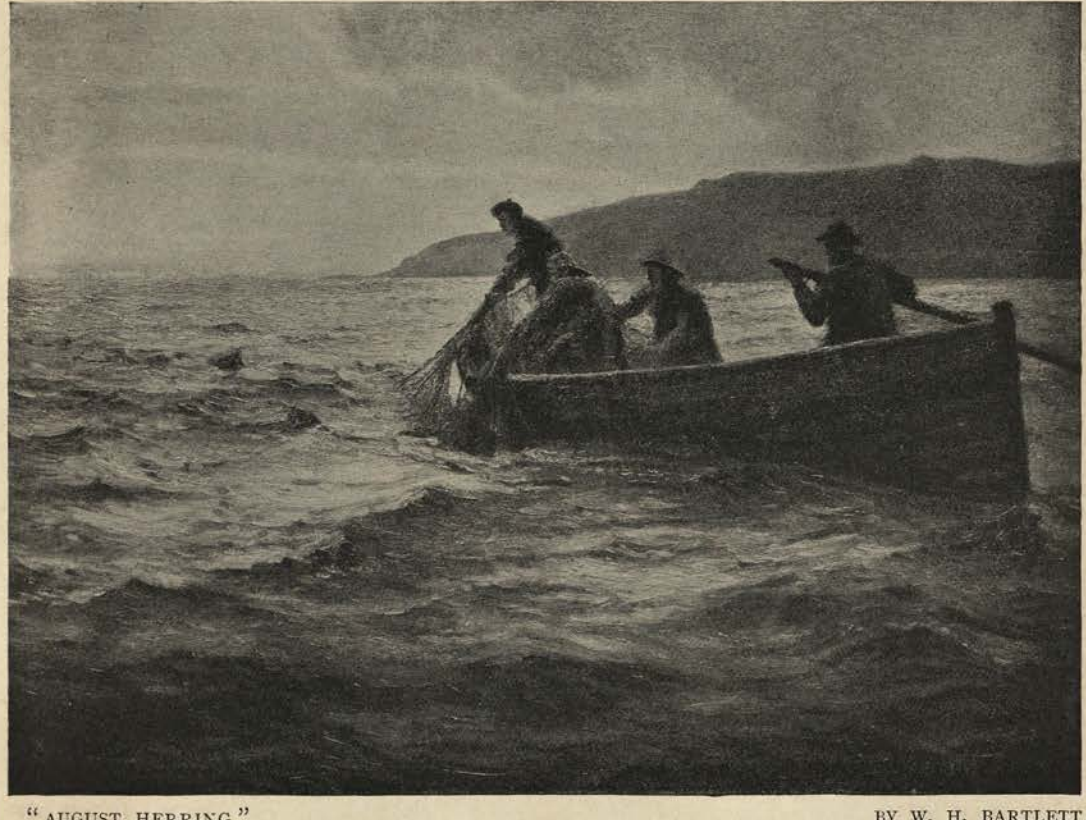
My first acquaintance with the Galway coast came through an invitation from an American artist friend then living just outside Galway. There is a certain interest in the old town and neighbourhood, but, from an artist's point of view, it is mainly centred in the picturesque peasantry who come in from the outskirts to the markets. The only place where I ever saw the traditional Irishmen, in their cutaway coats, knee-breeches and tall hats, was at Oughterard, close to Galway; they were all old men, long since dead, no doubt.

"THE SEAL DIVER" BY W. H. BARTLETT
(*By permission of the Corporation of Leeds.*)

My next journey took me into the heart of Connemara, to the village of Roundstone, then a drive of 50 miles in a long car, but now easy of approach by the railway as far as Ballynahinch, and from there a four-mile car drive. Roundstone is charmingly situated at the mouth of the Ballynahinch river, and with a fine background of the Twelve Pins, the Connemara range of mountains. Its main attraction to me was the "beaches," two fine silver-white sand strands of exquisite beauty. My first view gave me such delight that the impression left on my mind is to-day as fresh as then. The day was, no doubt, a favourable one, with a luminous opalescent grey sky, a light south-westerly breeze, and the grey-blue mountains as a background. Into the little bay rippled a sea of the tenderest translucent green, flowing over a silver-white sand strand, with a middle distance of grey-green bent, making up a harmony of tones of exceeding beauty.

"AN ISLAND FERRY" BY W. H. BARTLETT

"OFF TO DUNLOE" BY W. H. BARTLETT



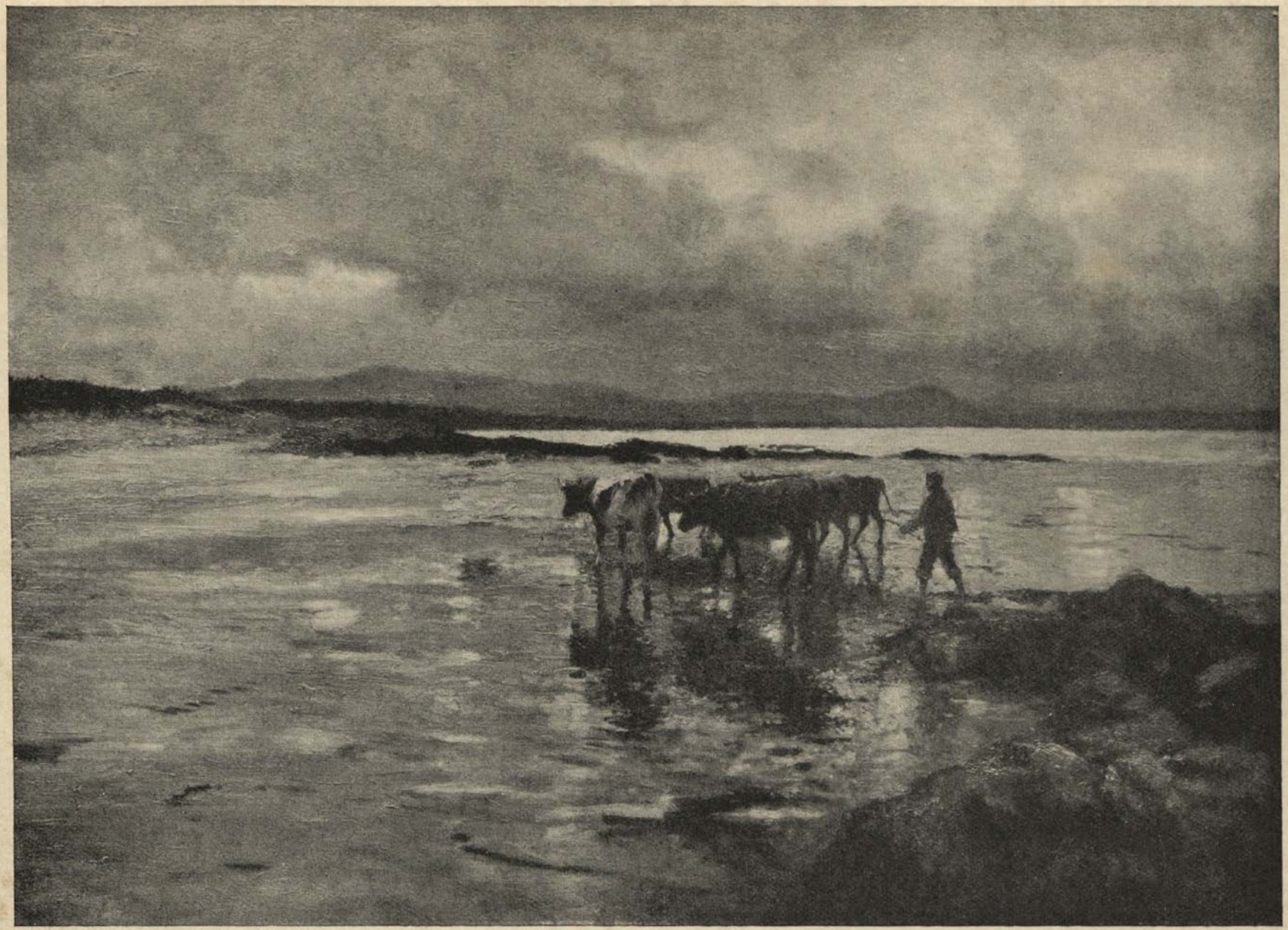
"AUGUST HERRING" BY W. H. BARTLETT

Accommodation in Roundstone, in the way of lodgings of a comfortable kind, can be easily obtained, but it would be wise to make arrangements beforehand. Journeying by way of Clifden, "the Connemara capital," and Letterfrack, another interesting spot is Renvyle. Here I made my headquarters for several seasons and found ample material for painting. It is a very interesting situation. On the coast, the dominating feature is the beautiful mountain of Mylrea, which forms the head of the famed Killary Bay. Close to the sea is a lake, and near by an interesting and uncommon addition of woodland scenery. The hotel at Renvyle is now well known. It is the old family residence of the Blake family, and the house and domain are, in their way, quite unique.

Altogether a paintable corner of Galway, Leenane, which is passed on the road to Westport, is beautifully situated, but too shut in to appeal to me as a painter. From Westport by the railway a trip to Achill is well worth making. Halfway between Westport and the sound is Mallaranny. I passed a night there under very primitive conditions, but a good hotel has since been built, and I am inclined to think that some interesting bits might be found. Dugort, where the Achill hotel accommodation is found, is at the north end of the island, a drive of nine miles from Achill Sound. There we have nature on a bigger scale, but not so paintable, perhaps, as Connemara. Dugort and the district were once the field of a great attempt at planting a Protestant community in the heart of a Catholic one. The result must be put down as a dismal failure.

From Dugort the interesting sights are reached by car, the intervening distances being too great to be covered any other way. Among the excursions a visit to the seal caves should be included. It is a

"THE TURF BOAT" BY W. H. BARTLETT



"FOR ISLAND PASTURAGE"
BY W. H. BARTLETT

singular sensation — the exploring of one of these caves. An artist would be interested in the curious effects of reflected lights thrown from the water, and the striking contrasts which arise from the low angle of light entering the cave.

To explore the Donegal coast one has a choice of three lines of railway, two of the three starting from Strabane, Co. Tyrone, and the third from Londonderry. A new branch line connecting the Burtonport line—viâ Letterkenny—with Strabane, was to have been opened a year ago, and I think by this time it must be in working order. I have travelled by all three different routes, but I cannot claim to have any special knowledge of the two first. On the southern branch, running round the Bay of Donegal, Mount Charles appeared a charming spot.

"BACK FROM THE FAIR" BY W. H. BARTLETT

Beyond Killybegs, the terminus, I journeyed to Carrick and Teelin, where I worked, but I do not recommend it as possessing any special attraction. The cliffs of Slieve League, considered from a scenic point of view, are magnificent, but they do not come within the scope of this article.

The mid-Donegal line, with its terminus at Glenties, gives one interesting bits of the Donegal Highlands. Eight miles from Glenties is Ardara, which seemed to present sketching possibilities on the two occasions I have passed through it. The third, or north Donegal line, terminating at Burtonport, I know well, for it is the branch I use when going to my bungalow on Rutland Island. Shortly after leaving Letterkenny the train nears the coast, and Tory Island comes

"EMBARKING FOR ARANMORE" BY W. H. BARTLETT

CUTTING KELP WEED. BY W. H. BARTLETT.

"AN APRIL HARVEST" BY W. H. BARTLETT

into view. Then follow Falcarrach and Dunfanaghy, both worth visiting, and shortly after Gweedore, with its great feature the singular Mount Errigal, while another run of an hour brings one to Burtonport. Although I have made this district my painting ground for many years, it is not easy to say precisely what constitutes its chief attraction. The port itself is of no particular interest, but it is the sea and the life connected with the islands which form its greatest charm. But to reach its different points means boating, and boating requires fine weather, so to get a good idea of the Rosses coast one should fix upon a time when the chances of fine weather are greatest, viz.,

"A ROSSES POST-BOAT" BY W. H. BARTLETT

from the middle of June to mid-July; then visits to Owey Island, Aranmore and Innishkeragh are quite feasible, and one is able to realise what a wonderful coast-line it is.

From a painter's point of view the Connemara folk carry off the palm for picturesqueness, but many difficulties stand in the way of getting them as models. Of course a personal acquaintance will go a long way, but I have often known that to be useless. Some districts seem more enlightened in the matter of pictorial art; photography and the illustrated papers, which find their way out west, have done something in this respect.

The types of Galway and Mayo are more Celtic than that of Donegal, where a Scotch strain is found. The typical Connemara "colleen" has an interesting oval-shaped face, nut-brown and very abundant hair, eyes of a blue-grey well set in the head, with heavy lashes, making the eyes appear darker than they are, often a good nose, and rather a large mouth. The shawl plays an important part in the women's dress, and lends both beauty to the face and fine lines to the figure. The typical male peasant of Galway is a dark-haired man, though red is not uncommon, with a full nut-brown beard. He is of medium height and strongly built; he also has the same grey-blue eyes with heavy lashes, which, indeed, is a common heritage. His clothes consist usually of home-spun flannel, but the cheap shoddy ready-made clothing is, I regret to say, being increasingly sold in fairs.

In conclusion, a trip to the west coast offers, to those still ignorant of the charms of Irish travel, a new experience. The well-known courtesy of the people to the stranger, with the wild, natural beauty of the country, make up a combination of attractions well worth trying—and doubly so if it is in the visitor's power to place on canvas or paper some records of this fascinating part of the Emerald Isle.

W. H. BARTLETT.

"STORM-BOUND IN THE ROSSES" BY W. H. BARTLETT

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

I AM not tired of Europe, I have just returned from Venice, where, snatching a few hours each day from art politics, picture hanging and the social scramble of the International Exhibition, I had time to prove, to myself anyway, by a few drawings, that there are as many subjects as ever, almost—for some are improved away—that the grey days are as beautiful as they used to be, and that the sunset still turns San Giorgio to gold, still wraps the Salute in a purple mist of mystery. Coming back, Padua, Treviso, Verona, the Lago di Garda, Bergamo, the Simplon,—all called me; then Paris and Picardy; Dover and now London; and London as I see it from my windows from Chelsea to the Tower with all the river, from Hampstead to the Palace with all the hills, is endless in effect, in inspiration. But save London it is all done—not by me—but by someone, it is all an old, old game—it is all labelled, ticketed, arranged, catalogued. Yes, you can do it again, but it has all been done; you can carry on the tradition, that is all. You cannot invent new subjects in Europe, you can only do old things in a new and, if possible — this is not always possible — a better way.

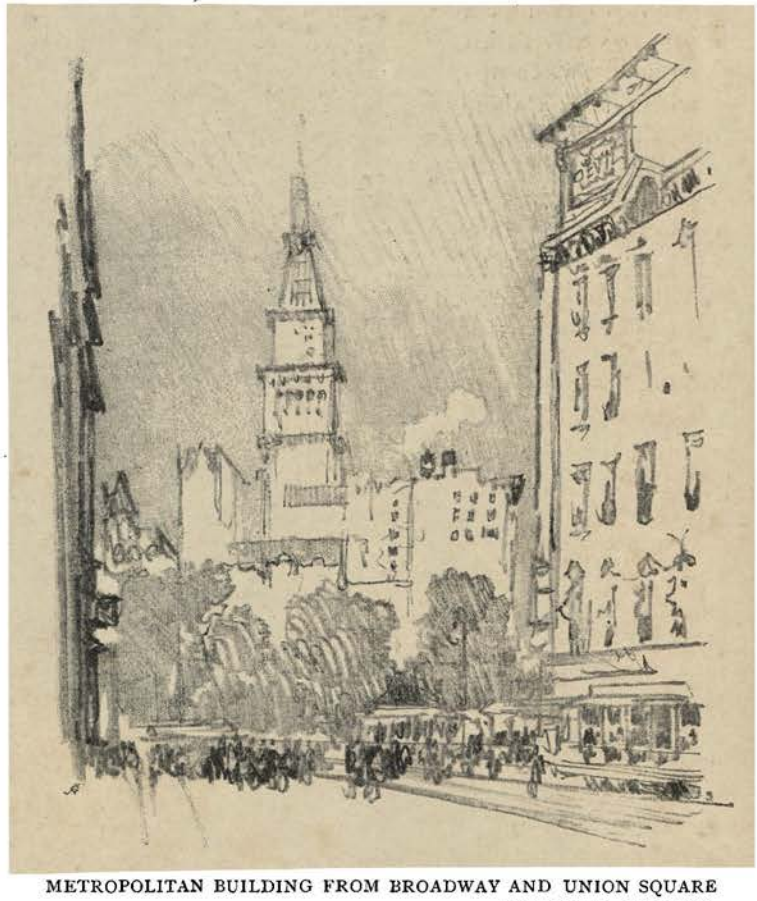
But there is a new sketching ground, a new city, a new country, a new world—and it is my country; so great and so wonderful that, artistically, it will not be discovered for centuries, and never worked out. It has been the fashion to say, until lately, that there was no subject, no inspiration, no art atmosphere in America; when it is full, overflowing, irresistible—so great that one can only touch the fringe of it—New York.

New York, as the incoming foreigner, full of prejudice and doubt, and the returning American, crammed with guide-book and catalogue culture, see it or might see it,

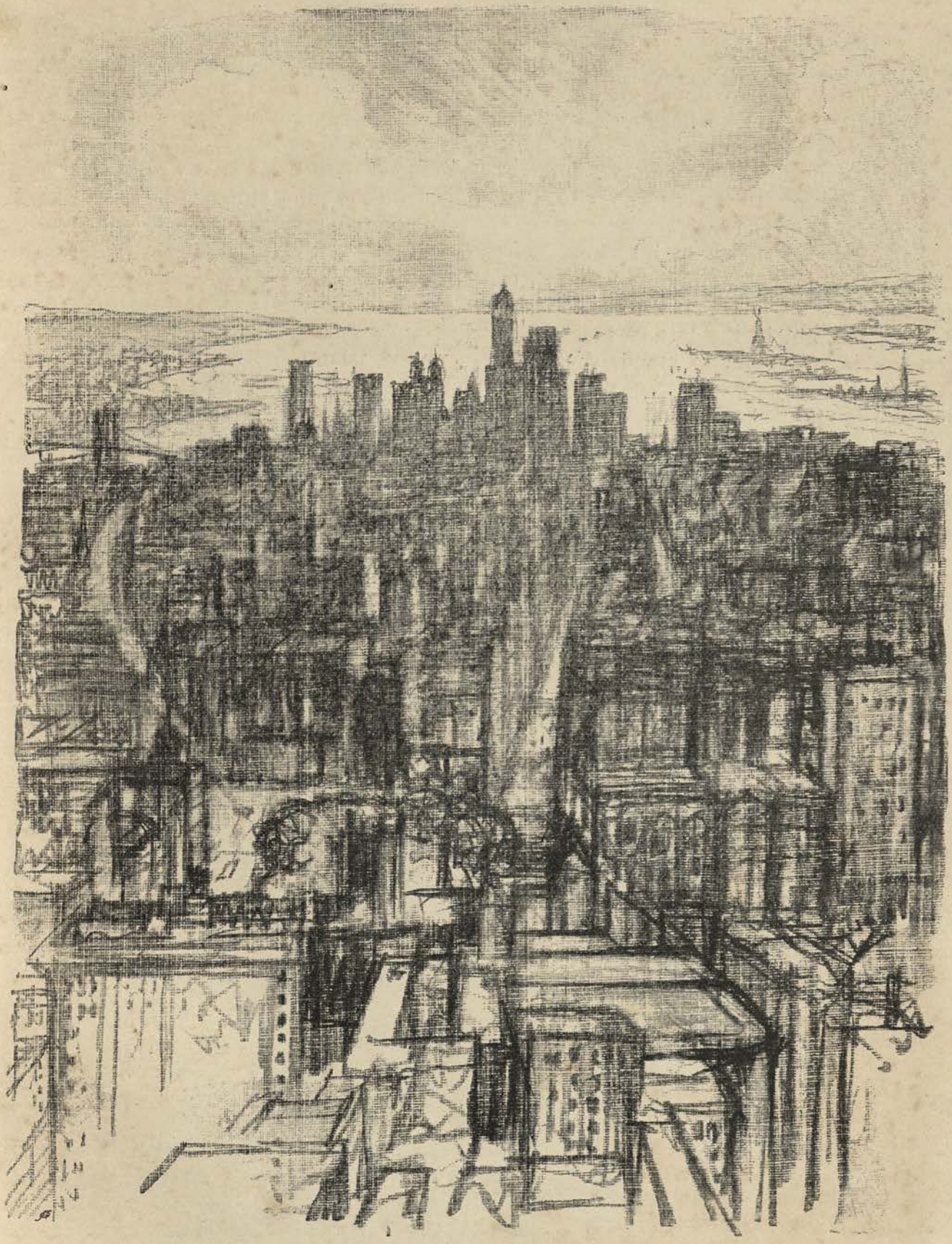
NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN ANNEX FERRY BY JOSEPH PENNELL

WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE BY JOSEPH PENNELL

rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay, the colour by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their heights in the evening—they are mighty cliffs glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night. As the steamer moves up the bay on one side the Great Goddess greets you, a composition in colour and in form, with the city beyond, finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Why did not Whistler see it? Piling up higher and higher right before you is the city; and what does it suddenly remind you of? San Ginugnano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. To the right, filmy, delicate and lace-like by day, are the great bridges; by night, a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew. You land, and are swallowed in streets that are Florence glorified — to emerge in squares that are more noble than those of Seville. Golden statues are about you, triumphal arches make splendid frames for marvellous vistas; and it is all new and all untouched, all to be done—and save for



METROPOLITAN BUILDING FROM BROADWAY AND UNION SQUARE
BY JOSEPH PENNELL



THE SKY LINE OF NEW YORK—LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE 40TH STORY OF THE METROPOLITAN BUILDING. BY JOSEPH PENNELL

the work of a few of us, and we are Americans, all undone. Cooper, Hassam, Milatz and White are about all who have touched it. The Unbelievable City—the city that has been built since I grew up—the city beautiful, built by men I know—built for people I know. The city that inspires me—that I love.

And can one sketch in it? Yes. For everyone is so busy minding his own or some one else's affairs that the crowd never bothers you, not in the busiest places, and if there is not room to stand, there are holidays when the whole place down town is deader than the tomb. And there is the short twilight, the golden glow, and the deep, still night, and you are all alone.

But there are always two quiet sketching grounds in busiest New York: the top of a sky scraper, and I have drawn the Alpine sky-line of lower New York from the 40th story of the Metropolitan Building (page 133), and the cañons and crevasses of the lower city from the 28th story of the Singer Building, and the mists of morning and the lights of night, and the storms of fall, from the 20th story of the Belmont (on this page).

The other points of view are from the ferry boat, the steamboat and the "Rubber-neck Boat," the first and the last being the best. The ferry boats run in all directions; they and the old ferry-houses are wonderful. By day the boats are huge red or white hulks, by night strange golden mysteries that float upon the waters. They take you everywhere, and show you everything. They run all day and all night, and, if you deserve it or "have a pull," you may pass days and weeks on them, and with the pilot alone.

Of the other boats, one will take you to Governor's Island (page 136), from where the City masses itself so wonderfully that, as Castaigne said, "It is not real, it's all a dream, we will wake up and find it all a desert island." But it is real—yet all unreal—a dream city, yet a stone and steel reality. Another goes to Beddoes Island,

42ND STREET WITH "TIMES" BUILDING FROM 20TH STORY OF THE BELMONT. BY JOSEPH PENNELL

BLACKWELLS ISLAND BRIDGE FROM THE 20TH STORY OF THE BELMONT
BY JOSEPH PENNELL

NEW YORK FROM GOVERNOR'S ISLAND. BY JOSEPH PENNELL

LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE
BELMONT. BY JOSEPH PENNELL

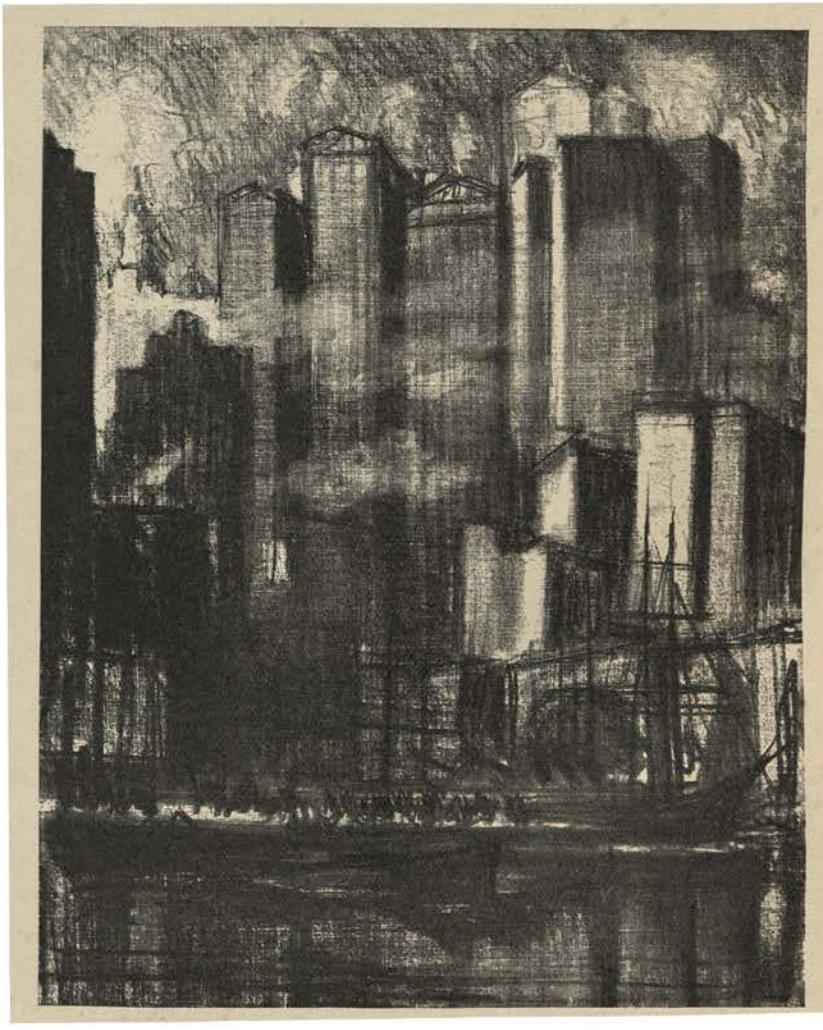
where stands the Bartholdi Statue, beautiful in its weathered patina—more impressive, if you can see it, than the colossus of Rhodes—the Gateway to the New World. Another runs to Staten Island, and if you sit at the stern and look back, just for a second, Broadway yawns a gulf of black shadow from the top to the bottom of the Singer Building—and there is no precipice, no cañon so awful in the world. And then, as the boat steams ever on, the city shrouds itself in rosy air, more beautiful, more delicate, more lovely than Venice, and then the smoke of the Standard Oil works falls across the bay, blacker than night, and blots it out.

Another boat plies to South Brooklyn, with its maze of shipping—but all the bay is full of that, full of everything that moves upon the water and is alwavs moving, shifting, shimmering, gliding, rushing, changing. And, last of all, the "Rubber-neck Boat"—that is what we call it—it is not so well-known as the "Sight-seeing Boat." In some ways, to get ideas, to get subjects, to get points of view, it is the best; for it takes you all round the city, gives you endless suggestions of the big buildings after it leaves 23rd Street, carries you under the great bridges (never so immense as from the water) by the old East River rookeries and the North River palisades and palaces, all new these, yet, with their piled-up masses, a mediæval walled city finer than anything in the Old World. Then the boat carries you through the Harlem River with its endless life, its low black bridges, out into the Spuyten Duyvel Creek under the High Bridge, by the Hall of Fame, a Claude on its hill top, by Fort George, a riot of mad colour, balloons, switchbacks, but not half so mad as Coney Island, and then brings you back, if you are lucky, just as the great white Buildings begin to lose themselves in the blue night.

I have been six months drawing this "New New York,"—some of my impressions are recorded in the illustrations which accompany these notes.

It is endless—and it is my country.

JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE "CLIFFS" ON THE EAST RIVER BY JOSEPH PENNELL

NEW YORK FROM CORTLAND STREET FERRY. BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

TRINITY CHURCH SPIRE (NEARLY 300 FEET HIGH) FROM THE RIVER
BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MOROCCO.

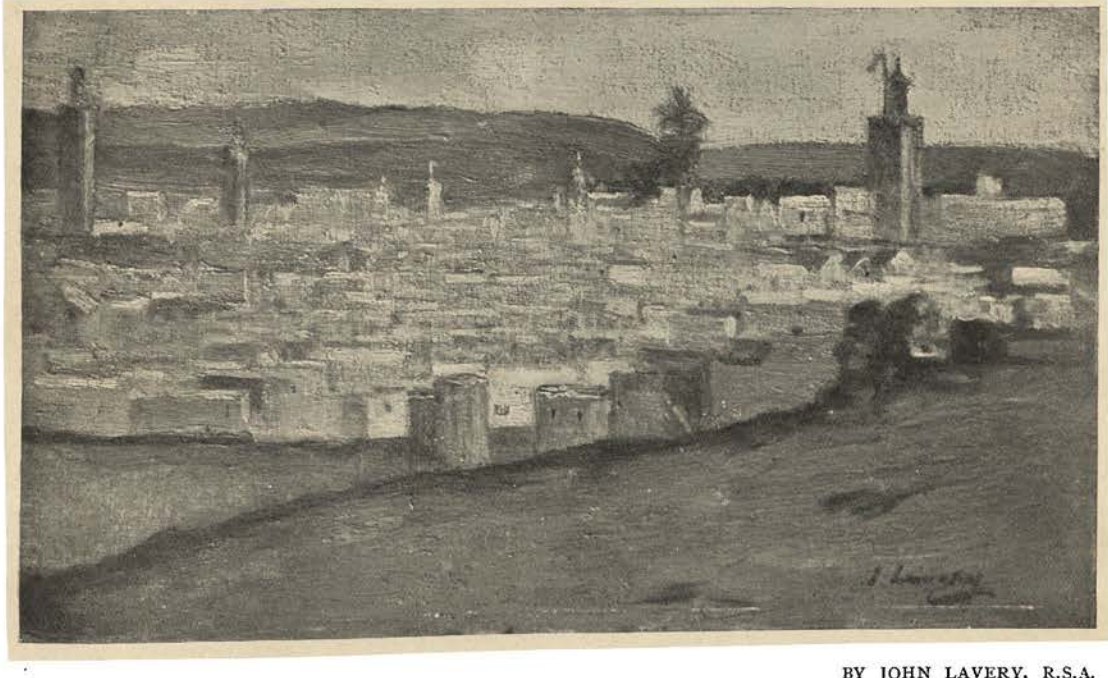
THE ATMOSPHERE OF MOROCCO.

EXPLANATORY NOTE (?) BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

TO me it always seems that the chief note of Tangier is its whiteness. White houses, sands like snow, and, above all, a dazzling white atmosphere. The mountains stand out clear, as if cut out of cardboard. When they are near the sea, they are never mirrored upside down in it, as they are, for example, in the lakes of Scotland or of Switzerland.

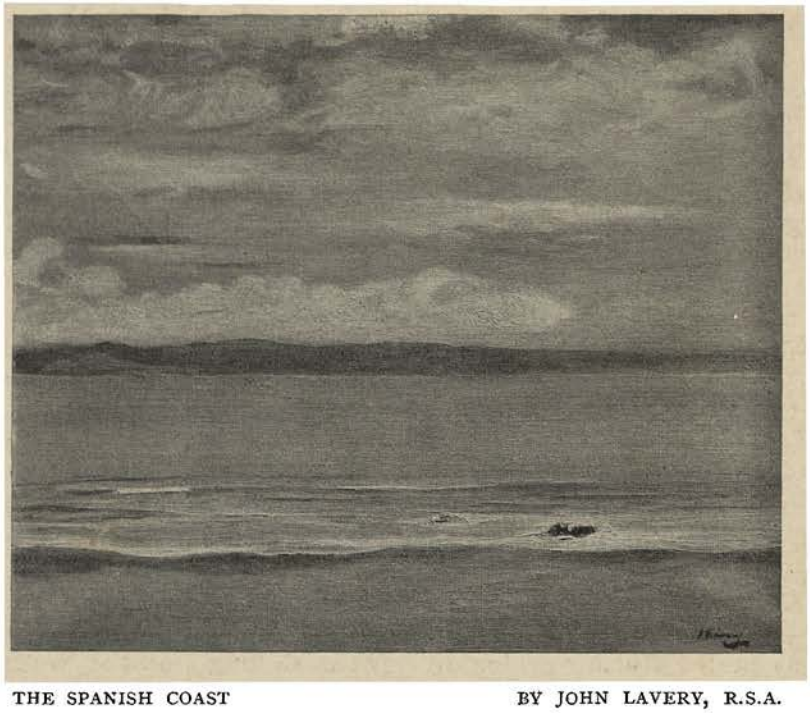
Distance is hard to judge, the very clearness of the atmosphere making it difficult to see, or, at least, to seize on anything, by which to estimate. When the rain falls and shrouds the mountains in a pall of white, it gives no air of mystery as in the North. The mystery of the South is in the rarity of the air, which the eye seeks to penetrate in vain; it is so clear, it mocks the sight.

If, though, there is no mystery, as we here in the North judge mystery, seeking to lift a veil which, for aught that we know, conceals behind it nothing, in Tangier there is a certain air of being set before a problem, which is too simple to be solved. The sun shines whitely, not through a haze of violet as in Italy, and appears weary with having shone on the same people, houses, camels and white rags for the past thousand years. There, everything is old, and yet far younger in the sense that it is probably more like a younger world than that we know, for, looking back, those who have inward eyes can see things not unlike the things that were first seen by man in the fair garden by the Tigris into which the serpent crept. Of course, I do not speak of the loud, chattering, kaleidoscopic town, in which all day the shifting crowd of Arabs, Berbers, tourists, Turks, dwellers in Mesopotamia, and Jews all shout and sweat and slave, while through them ranges a water-seller with his goatskin sack, brass cup, and tinkling bell, or a "dellal," who shouts the price of carpets, horses, or of German clocks, in the perpetual auction in the square.



ALCAZAAR

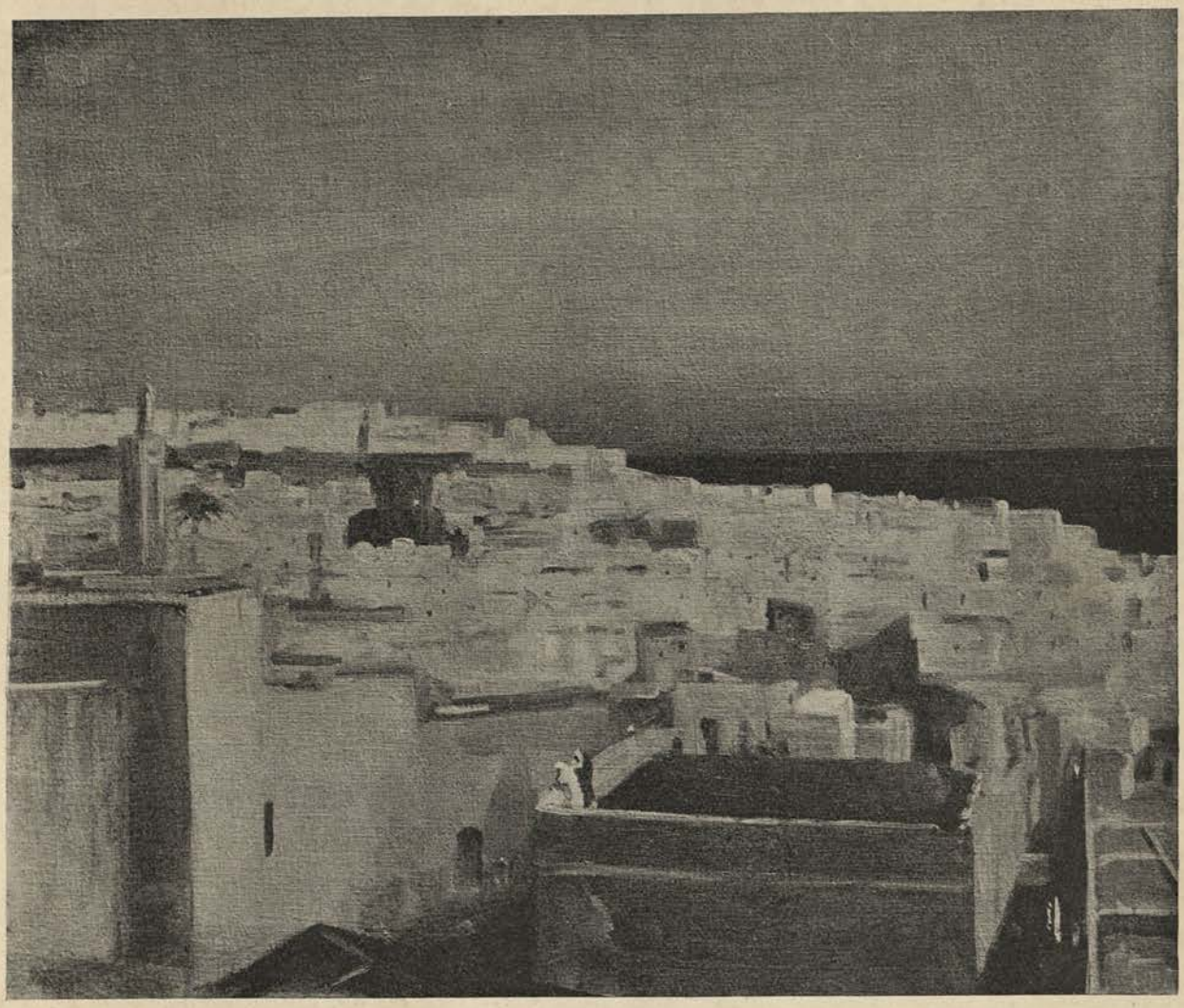
BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.



THE SPANISH COAST BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

All that is interesting enough, but in a sense more interesting to write about than paint. The charm of Tangier and the East in general—that is, as seen by one who has to strive to compass the impossible and convey colour with the pen—is in the atmosphere. In this respect, and perhaps in this respect alone, the painter and the writer meet on common ground. Just as there is a glory of the sun, another of the moon, and perhaps one, for all I know, of the electric light, so are there atmospheres which, in themselves, induce an attitude of mind. Now, that of Tangier, as I see it, has a certain sadness, in spite of all its brightness and its clarity. It may be this sadness (if it exists and is not carried there by him who sees it) induces, as it were sobriety, even in those who paint most delicately. I speak, of course, about the palette of the mind, on which perforce the painter has to set his colours first, before he sets the visible and outward palette, which after all is the reflection of

"A MOONLIGHT NIGHT" BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.



"MOONLIGHT ON THE HOUSE-TOPS"
BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

his mind. Paint light, paint dark, nothing that anyone can do can quite divorce him from the environment in which he lives. It has been said Velasquez dipped his brush in light, not paint; but even so, bright, brilliant, and enduring as his colour was, even he could not escape a certain sternness of conception in his art. Nor can the man who paints in Africa escape a certain something, even though he has been born in the well-ordered, misty North . . . something that joins him, as it were, in sympathy to a long-drawn-out Arab song,

"ZACHARA AND HADESHIA" BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

sung to the guzla, not as in other lands at evening under the trees, but in the full light of the day, watching the sun's reflection on the sands. No one can put himself outside his art; what he can do, is not to set himself against the will of the great hypnotising influence that seeks to make him sleep, so that his eyes may open and behold that which it wills that he should see.

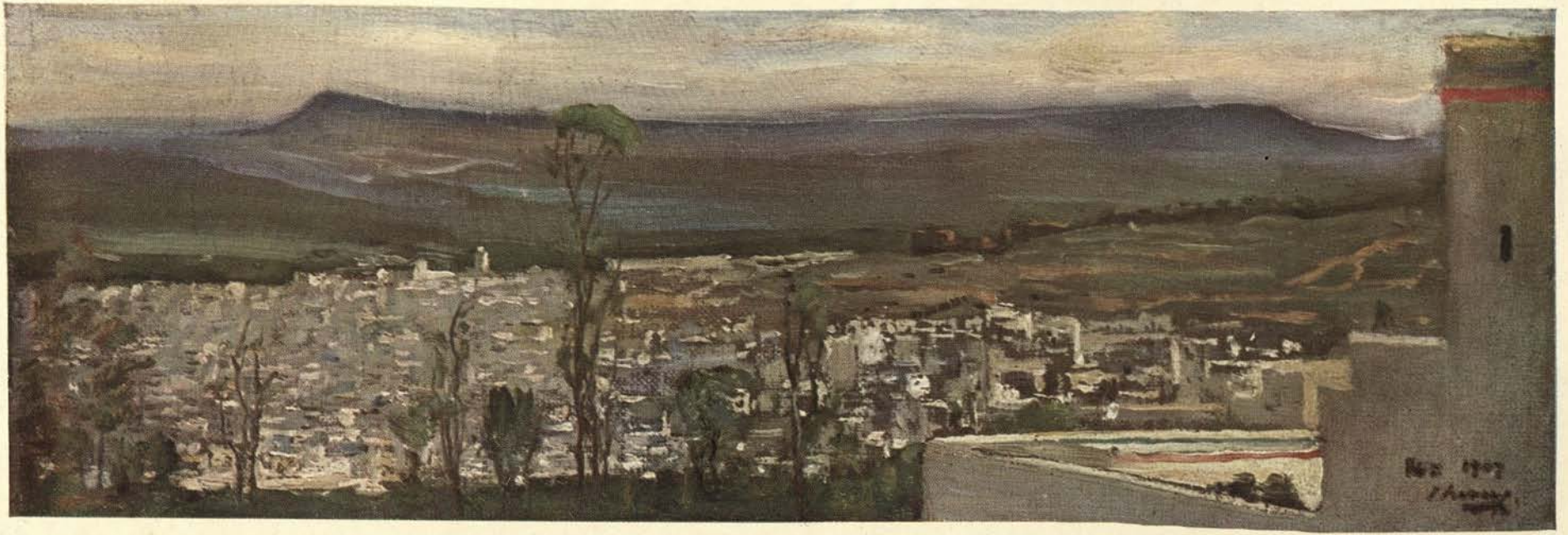
Something there is, in all North Africa, stern, fierce, and yet compelling, so compelling that almost any Spanish girl born in the "Plazas Fuertes," besides the obligatory Maria, Nieves, Dolores, or Ampáro, is baptized Africa.

Behind Tangier, behind each dazzling white coast town, Larache, Arzila, Rabat,

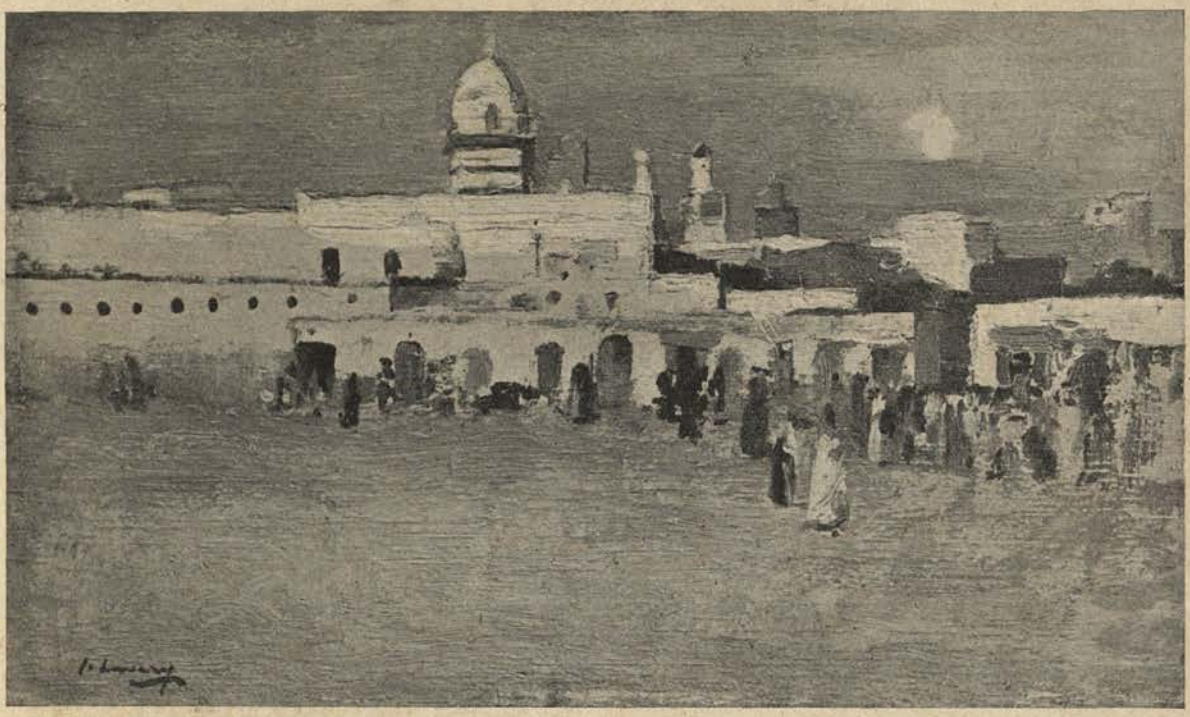
"AÏDA ILHRALMÉ" BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

Yaffi and Mazagan, there lies a country unchanged and changeless, hard, bathed in the sun (the enemy of man), in which all life, nature, thought, the Arabs, and their especial animal, the camel, which Allah gave them for their chief possession, the rocks and thorny bushes, are stern and pitiless.

"FATIMA FARGHÉ" BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.



THE CITY OF FEZ. BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.



THE MARKET PLACE, TETUAN — BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

THE MARKET PLACE, TETUAN — BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

The Atmosphere of Morocco

In the black goats' hair tents life passes hidden, shut up, suppressed. All day the man is out upon his horse, herding his cattle, women sit in the tent, spinning or weaving, and at evening walk to the well, an earthen jar hung in an esparto sling behind their backs, a blue veil on their heads, and with the corner of a thin blue veil caught fast between their teeth. Cattle stand patiently about waiting for water, and all goes on in silence, for the fierce sun makes speech almost as precious as a drop of water, and not to be poured out in vain. This Africa, fierce, bloody, stern, a foe to all the plastic arts, for he who paints a picture must be prepared (if Allah calls on him) to breathe a soul into it, must influence all those who come within that spell.

I think I see an air of sadness in all the pictures, of which I think that I am writing, born of the influence of the old, wild life, which still goes on, only the gallop of a horse outside Tangier.

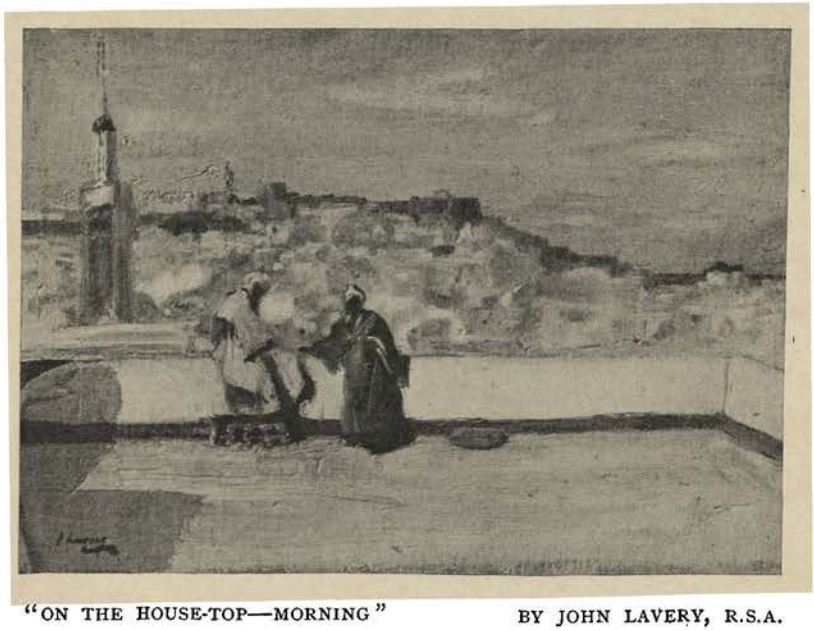
Most northerns paint the south too brightly, but in the various scenes of Fez, of Tangier, and the camps upon the road, I think I see this sadness, which perhaps, after all, is the creation only of my brain.

Oh, what a ringo-rango, you will say, that is if anyone should chance to read this note upon the pictures of a man whose vision is far clearer than my own, and probably, if but the truth were known, as might fall out on that unlucky day on which the secrets of all hearts are opened, agrees with nothing I have written, and perhaps thinks he is concerned with nothing but the technique of his art.

That is the reason I have put a note of interrogation to the heading of this brief note, so that my theory may stand for anything it may be worth, and for my proof of it I take the pictures about which I thought that I should write.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

STREET IN ARZILA. BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.



"ON THE HOUSE-TOP—MORNING" BY JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.

CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX.

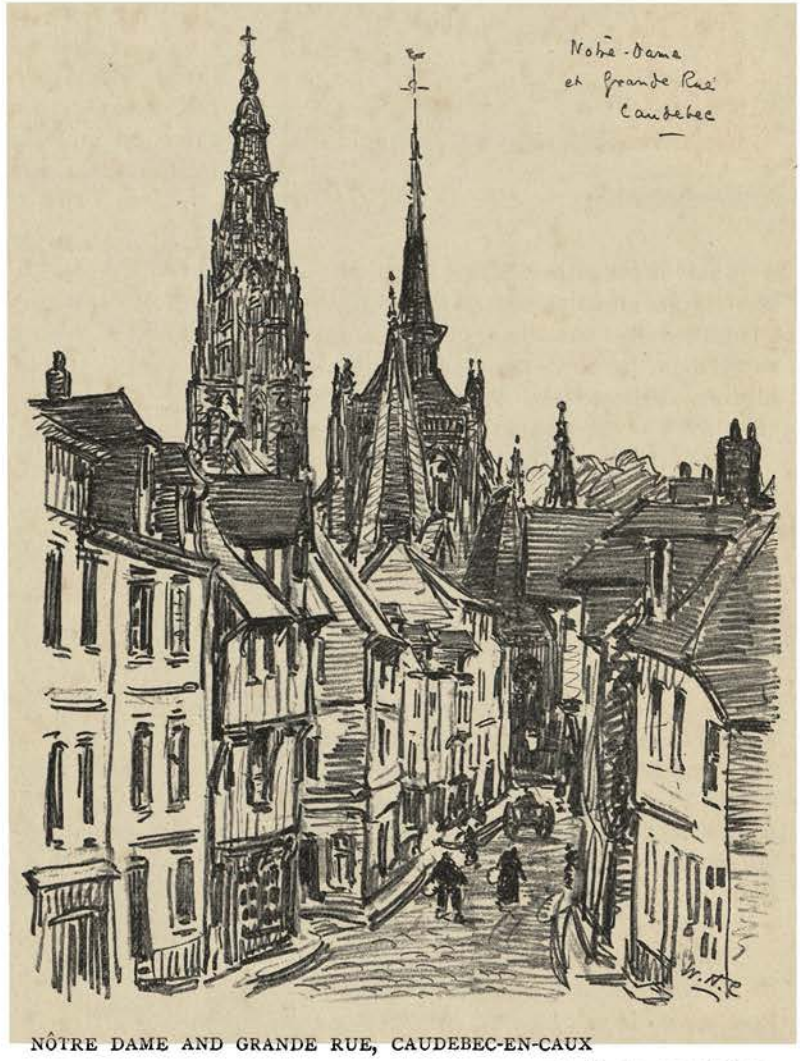
CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX.

DESCRIBED BY JAMES WILLIAMS.
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. CHARLTON, RUTH COBB AND FLORENCE LEWIS.

SITUATED in a district full of archæological and antiquarian interest, once famous for Roman civilisation, Caudebec itself has a variety of attractions. Nestling down by the river under sloping banks, like many other old towns, it was once walled around, though at present hardly a vestige of this remains.

In wandering through the quaint streets, with their overhanging houses, one can easily imagine oneself back again in the life and circumstance of the Middle Ages, so well does the place lend itself to romance, especially in the evening light—indeed, the features are so numerous that a more delightful sketching ground could hardly be met with.

The town itself is no doubt of early origin, and, although not by any means large, it has a certain mystery, irregularity and charm entirely its own. None of the streets are straight. There is a Market Square, dominated by the Church of Nôtre Dame—lofty, imposing, ornate and distinctly picturesque, with a well-buttressed tower and graceful spire. The western portals are filled with carved and canopied niches. The very stone, were it not of an excellent and suitable texture, might well groan under its wealth of carving and architectural detail. The ample buttresses round the great church, together with the somewhat redundant ornaments at parts, all offer themselves for the artist's consideration. The general colour and tone of the building are varied and beautiful. If the day should be wet there is a lovely interior, and although the church is late in style (corresponding with our Perpendicular period), yet the general treatment inside is dignified and simple, and



NÔTRE DAME AND GRANDE RUE, CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX
BY W. H. CHARLTON

A PROCESSION BY FLORENCE LEWIS

well suited for either pencil or brush. The abundance and richness of the old glass are exceptionally notable, and, with the surroundings, present many charming possibilities. Altogether, both inside and outside, the church has unusual attractions.

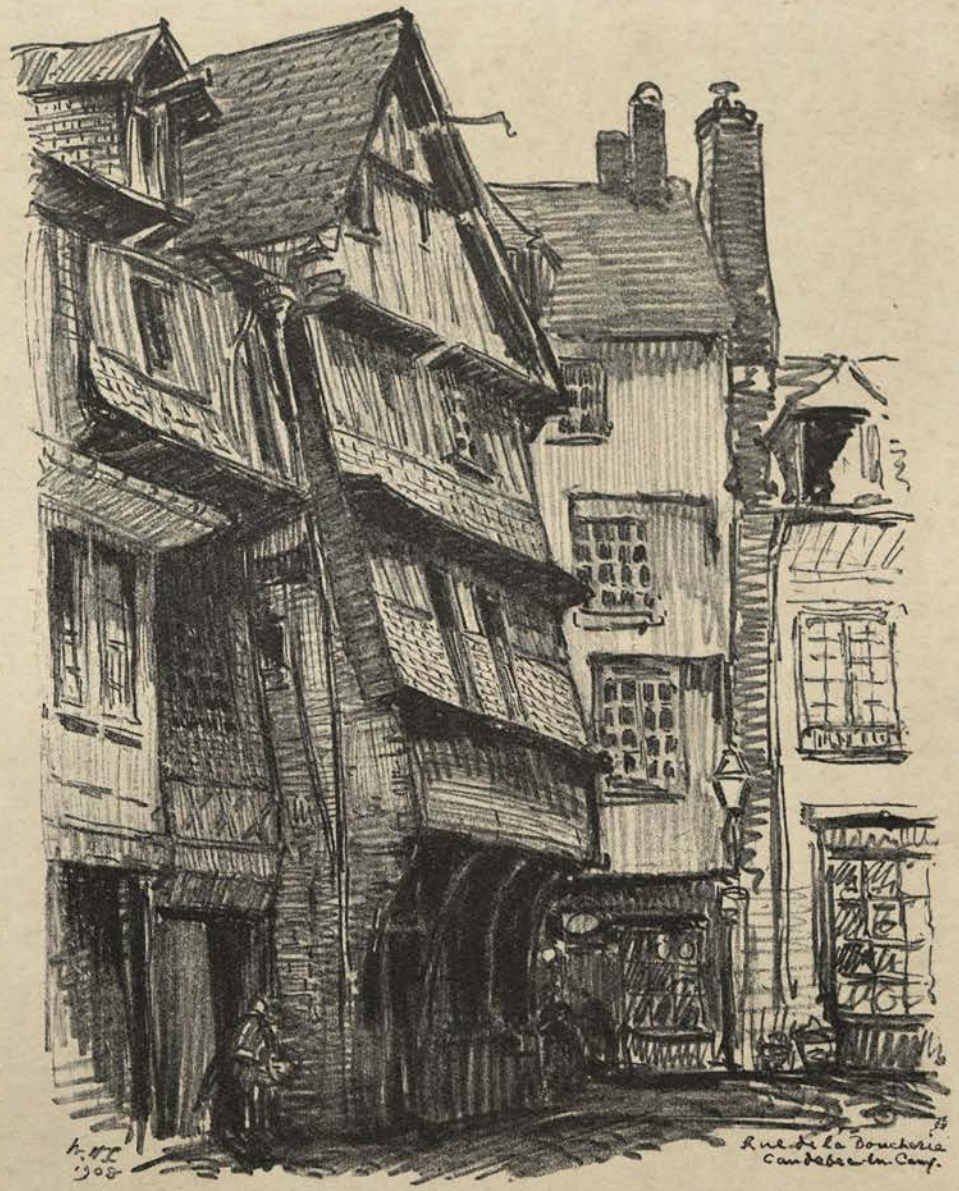
The streets of the original town (and there is very little modern building) are full of subjects wherever one turns. In showery weather the place is not wanting in friendly shelter, where one may work on in comfort. On market days the little square is filled with covered booths and all manner of interesting folk. Women with their snow-white caps, men in blue blouses, and all the usual paraphernalia of the market in a country town is there. You meet the Priest, the Sister of Mercy, the processions of funeral or festival, with clergy and choristers, cross-bearers and banners, making up scenes full of pathos from whatever point of view they may be considered.

The approach from the station (a short distance from the heart of the town) is at first sight anything but promising; it is only when you turn away from this modern part and penetrate into the old town that you feel repaid for your trouble. A new feeling is at once awakened, and, leaving behind the first impressions—so depressing to the enthusiastic student—you are more than satisfied with the wealth of subjects. As you leisurely walk through the place the old-world character and mediæval associations fill the mind, until after a short time you are only too anxious to settle down in some quiet spot and to begin work.

It is almost invidious to attempt to mention even the chief features. But in the rue de la Boucherie there is the fine stone house of the Knights Templar—a relic of earlier work—in very good preservation, with its great projecting gargoyles and its arched windows filled with bold tracery; the imposing timber houses with deep overhanging eaves on either side of the narrow street as well as along the stream flowing through to the Seine. And in the rue de la Cordonnerie are also many old and picturesque houses. Some of these are seen in the drawings by Mr. W. H. Charlton

RUE DE LA CORDONNERIE, CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX
BY FLORENCE LEWIS

THE MARKET-PLACE, CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX. BY W. H. CHARLTON



OLD HOUSES AT CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX. BY W. H. CHARLTON

RUE DE LA CORDONNERIE, CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX. BY W. H. CHARLTON

THE SEINE NEAR CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX. BY W. H. CHARLTON

NEAR CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX
BY W. H. CHARLTON

"THE TILED HOUSE," CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX
BY RUTH COBB

PLACE D'ARMES, CAUDEBEC-EN-CAUX
BY RUIH COBB

and Miss Florence Lewis, reproduced here.

The country round on every side abounds in objects of interest and points of view. The delightful prospect of the town from the higher ground as you leave the place, the winding river—a busy highway between Havre and Paris—the well-wooded country, together with the whole surroundings, far and near, give such an impression as few places can offer.

Caudebec-en-Caux is easily approached by way of Newhaven, Dieppe and Rouen, it is about halfway between the latter town and Havre. The two principal hotels are on the quay facing the river, in a convenient position, and the charges in each case are moderate. JAS. WILLIAMS.

AVIGNON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

AVIGNON AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

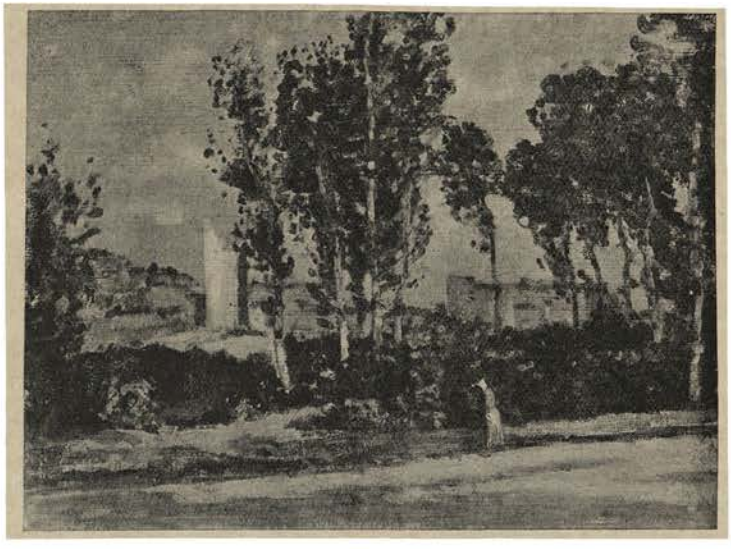
DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY H. HUGHES-STANTON.

AMONG the many beautiful places I have visited in France, Avignon and its surrounding neighbourhood is, I think, one of the most paintable and picturesque. It is in Provence and is the capital of the department of Vaucluse. It is situated on the left bank of the Rhone, from which rises a rocky eminence surmounted by a great pile of magnificent buildings—the former Palace of the Popes, the Cathedral and, higher still, the Promenade du Rocher des Doms which terminates abruptly three hundred feet above the Rhone. It is from this spot that a wonderful panorama of the Rhone Valley can be obtained. Mount Ventoux stands a majestic feature on the sky-line, and a view is also obtained of the Cevennes and the Alpines.

It is just here at Avignon that the Rhone is intersected by a large long island, richly wooded with poplars and various other trees, where the painter may find many beautiful close subjects. Corot, Harpignies and many modern French painters have found on this island material for well-known works. On the right hand side you can look across one portion of the river on to the ancient and picturesque town of Villeneuve, and on the left on to the commanding and impressive city of Avignon.

There is good material for architectural subjects in Avignon, its ancient 14th-century walls being almost intact, and many of the machicolated towers and battlements still remain, also the Pont d'Avignon, the old ruined bridge with its

VIEW OF THE RHONE FROM AVIGNON BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



AVIGNON FROM THE ISLAND BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

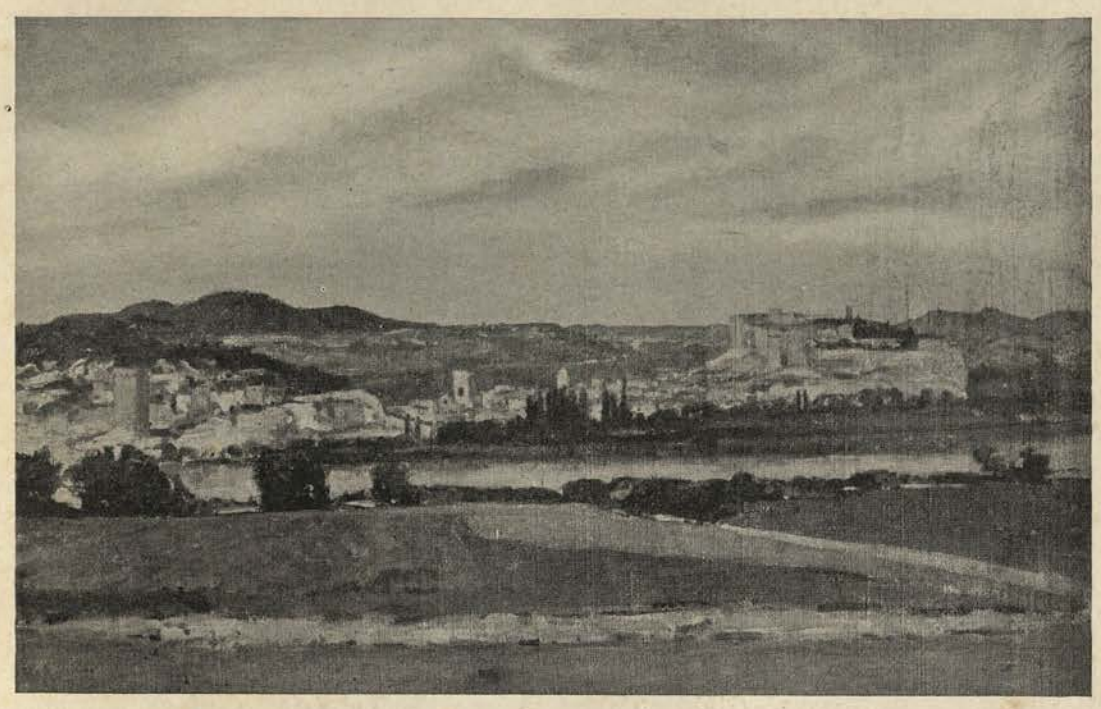
chapel to St. Nicholas. Again, for subject and figure work there abound the fine old houses, the market scenes in the town and villages round, and the picturesque peasants in their quaint attire.

Crossing the Rhone by either of the two bridges you come to Villeneuve, the old town which forms such a prominent feature of the landscape in the views of the Rhone from Avignon. It is a most classic and imposing town standing on fine broken ground and rock, with its Tour of Phillipe le Bel, its grand Fort St. André, and its ruins of the Chartreuse du Val de Benediction (14th century), amongst which are beautiful fountains, courtyards and cloisters. The peasants make their homes in some of these ruins, using others also as stables and barns. This side of the Rhone is well cultivated and fertile, with, in parts, the ground broken and quarried, and from the ancient Fort St. André beautiful views of Avignon and the whole valley can be obtained.

Looking south over Provence one sees the Alpines and the once powerful and great township of Les Baux, which is situated on a pinnacle of these mountains towards Arles. The country along this valley is thickly wooded, and very rich and deep in colouring, the land being fertile and well watered by mountainous streams and inlets from the great river. It abounds in subjects; there are numerous villages with their ruined castles or churches, always on some rocky spur, to give a finer character and romance to

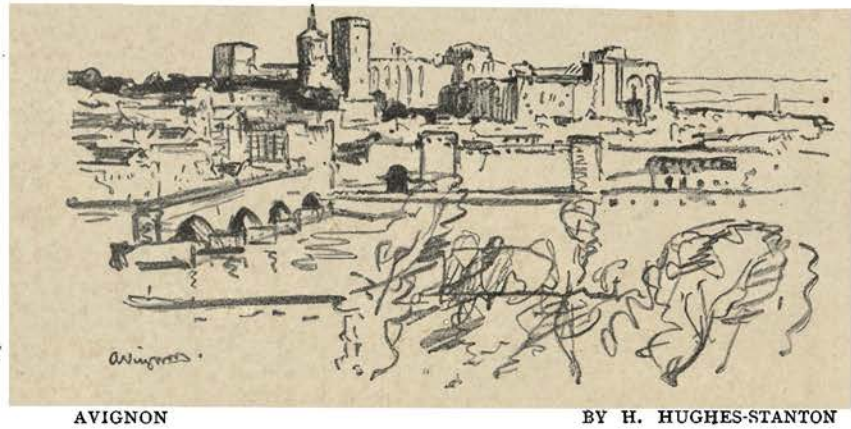
NEAR AVIGNON BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

THE PALACE, AVIGNON. BY H. HUGHES-STANTON.



FORT ST. ANDRÉ, VILLENEUVE — BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

LES BAUX — BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



AVIGNON BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

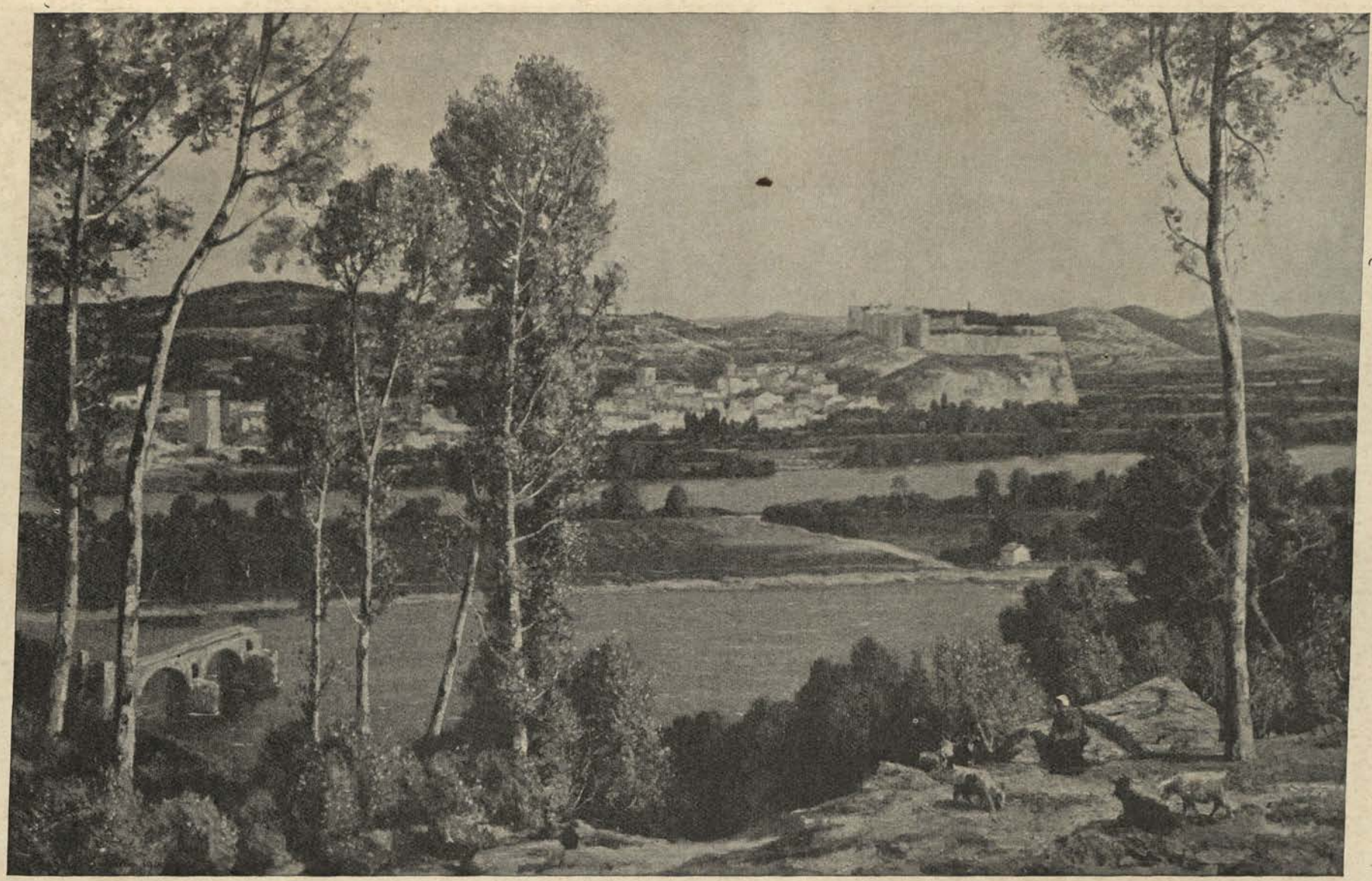
the landscape features of the scene.

St. Remy is picturesque, but by far the most ideal spot for the painter or draughtsman is Les Baux. Here we have an almost tragic place, the weird aspect of a valley of rock caves piled high one on the other and often most peculiar in form, many standing like great sentinels. Commanding this valley is a rock-hewn city now inhabited by less than a hundred people, but in its day a great and most powerful citadel, which was finally destroyed by Louis XIII. It has been thought by French writers that this valley suggested to Dante the architecture of the Inferno, and well it might be so. It was in this huge castle, cut from the natural rock of the mountains, that the famous Court of Love held its sway, for its Counts were lords of many towns, one of them being at one time Titular Emperor of Constantinople. The fortress, churches and mansions in ruins of this mediæval township, offer fine subjects to the painter, and the town being as it is situated on the crest of the mountains, commands fine views and overlooks the great plains and what is known as Le desert which stretches away to the sea. The ruins of Mont-Major and the classic city of Arles, which one can see from here, form fine features on the great plain through which the Rhone now runs, breaking itself up into many arms, winding in and out until it finally casts itself into the sea. Some twenty-three miles away we see Marseilles, that great city looking as nothing in comparison with the immensity of the scene.

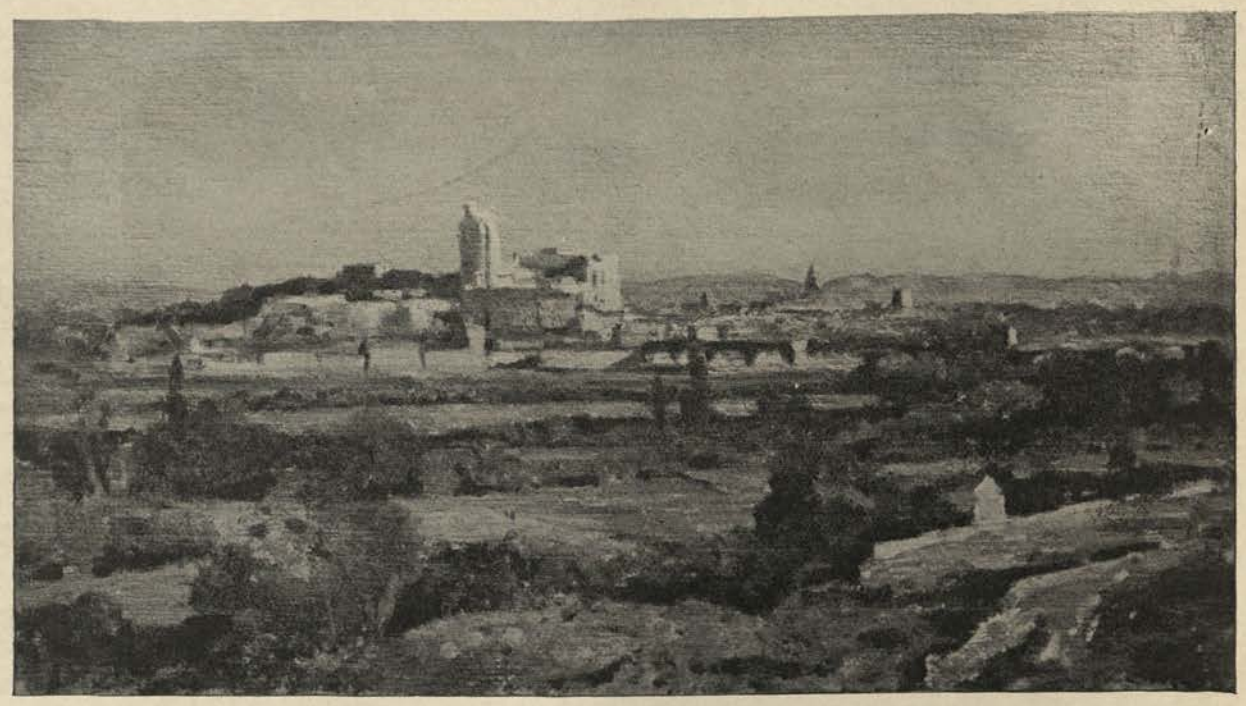
In this city of rocks, Les Baux, one can feel real romance and see nature in her sublime and most impressive mood. To the poet and the painter it is truly moving; but those who go to stay at the little hotel must be ready to put up with very simple fare, content if they can but obtain the intense spirit and grandeur of this truly remarkable and beautiful place.

H. HUGHES-STANTON.

LES BAUX BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



VILLENEUVE-LES-AVIGNON.
BY H. HUGHES-STANTON



AVIGNON FROM VILLENEUVE — BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

TOUR PHILLIPE LE BEL, FROM ISLAND, AVIGNON — BY H. HUGHES-STANTON

BORMES-LES-MIMOSAS.

BORMES-LES-MIMOSAS—A WINTER SKETCHING GROUND.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DONNE.

THE south of France suggests winter sunshine and warmth, conditions which are important at any time when choosing a sketching ground, and particularly so when one wishes to work out-of-doors during the winter months. Bormes-les-Mimosas is for these and other reasons an ideal winter place for the painter. The fact that mimosa abounds is sufficient to suggest a southern latitude, but the tropical luxuriance quite surpasses one's imagination. Situated on the littoral, 12 miles east of Hyères, about 800 feet above the sea, approached by a winding road, the town bears distinct traces of Moorish occupation. It is renowned as one of the warmest and most sheltered spots—the proprietor of the hotel (perhaps naturally) claims that it is many degrees warmer at Bormes than at any other place on the coast. One need not rely on such claims or on tables of temperatures, etc., it is sufficient to see for oneself the appearance of summer in mid-winter, when the roses, violets, and orange-blossom are in bloom; cacti, date palms, and a variety of exotic flowers are to be seen in the open country during December, January and February.

The town, built on the side of the Montagnes des Maures, has a step-like appearance, with its masses of grey-red tiled roofs; these, together with a glimpse of a church or the sides and fronts of houses (indicating a street or an open

BORMES-LES-MIMOSAS BY WALTER DONNE

NEAR THE OLD SALT MARSHES BY WALTER DONNE

place), and here and there patches of vine, make a very interesting study. On every hand one sees signs of the principal industry, the manufacture of corks. Above the town employment is found by stripping the bark of cork trees (*Chênes liéges*), an evergreen oak, from which the bark is taken every twelve or thirteen years, leaving the trunks of the trees a bright red. This is a curious sight, producing a not inharmonious scheme of colouring, the bright red gradually disappearing and becoming grey as the bark re-forms.

The houses are typical of the south of France or Italy, built frequently on arches, connected by arches to the houses on the opposite side of the street, forming at intervals tunnels; these, with so many examples of fine wrought-iron work, distinctly show Moorish influence. The houses are tall, often dirty, with nearly flat roofs, picturesque green shutters and verandahs. There are several primitive churches of the 11th and 12th centuries, and the remains of a large castle (Château des Seigneurs du Foz), dating from the 12th century, dominate the town.

It is claimed by many painters, and I think with reason, that in this part of the Riviera and on towards Marseilles the sun's rays are of extraordinary brilliance, and that the wonderfully luminous reflected lights are unknown in any other part of France, and are not nearly so pronounced even in Southern Italy. One expects great brilliance of sunlight in the summer in such a latitude, but the remarkable reflected lights in the winter are truly astonishing.

For subject matter there is enough, apparently, for all tastes—the tops of the mountains, with their fringe of snow, the lower heights, richly covered with forests, and, lower again, thousands upon thousands

"BRINGING HOME THE GOATS" BY WALTER DONNE

THE NEW ROAD FROM BORMES TO THE PLAIN. BY WALTER DONNE

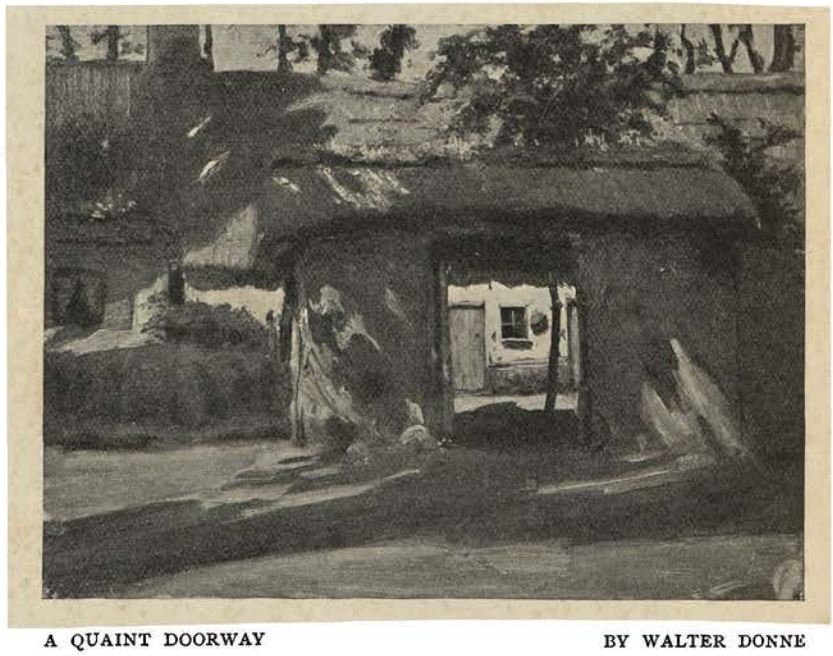
"THE GOSSIP CORNER" BY WALTER DONNE

of goats. Keeping goats appears to be nearly every man's business, and the painter need only be up at sunrise to find a wealth of subjects, as the goats, with their picturesque herdsmen, emerge from curious small doorways in the town, wending their way, often in single file, through the narrow streets up and up to spend the days on the hills, and returning again at sundown.

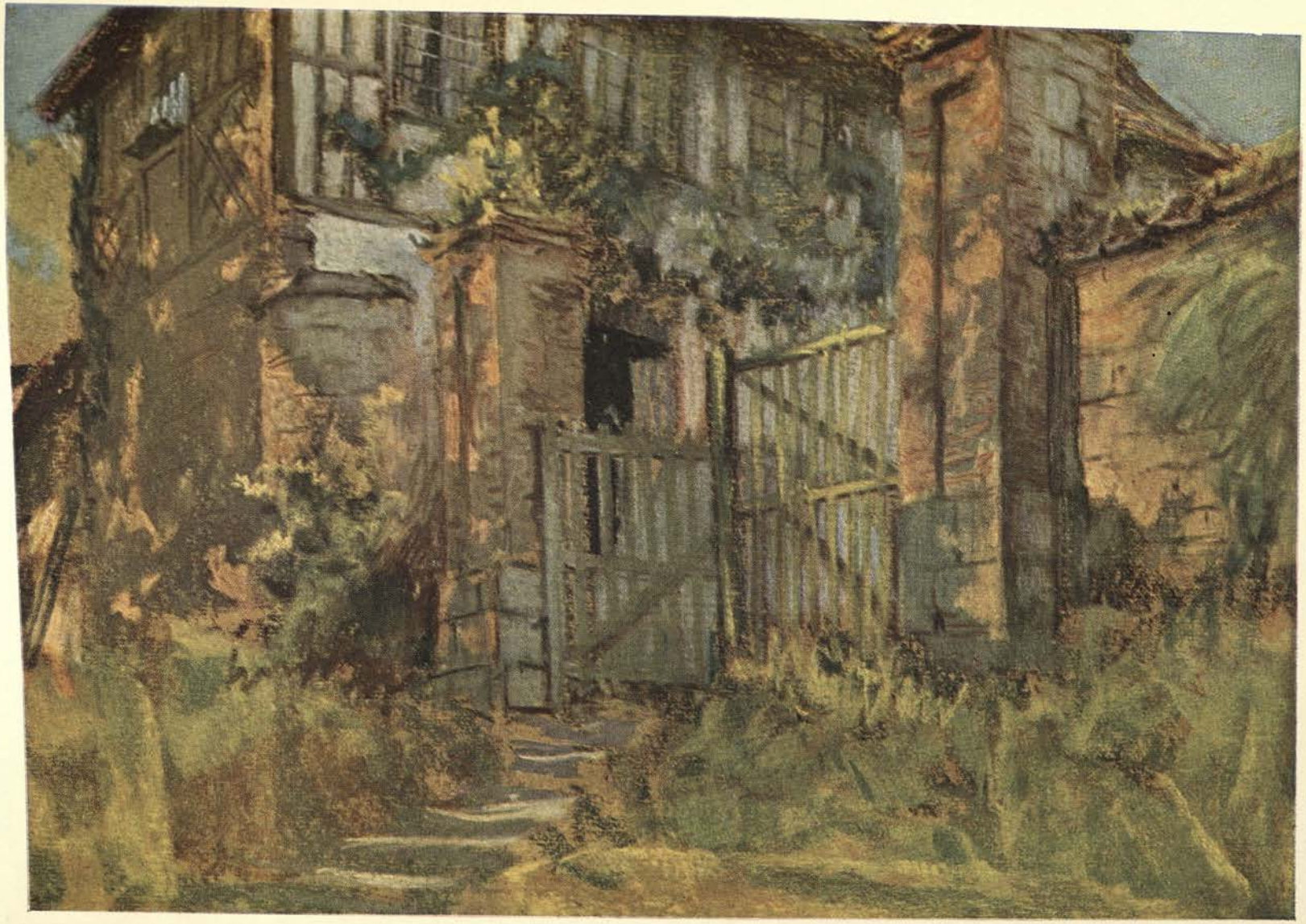
About 600 feet above the town is a chapel, the hermitage of Nôtre Dame de Constance, from which there is a magnificent view; to the east are seen the mountains, the Mediterranean, Corsica and Italy; to the west, Les Iles d'Or, Toulon, and, on a clear day, a glimpse of Marseilles. The path to this chapel is by an almost interminable number of steps, with occasional stone seats and shrines dedicated to the Virgin. One should not omit to mention the many sweet-scented herbs to be found on the higher levels.

In the plain below a totally different class of subject presents itself. The land, which was formerly covered by the sea, is most fertile, and is studded with grape-vines, the town and the hills forming a fine background. Here, also, are rapid-flowing water-courses, bringing down the ice-cold water from the mountains. In addition to the cork trees there are the olives, with their beautiful grey-green foliage, and groups of eucalyptus trees, easily distinguished by the strong scent, by the heavy, dark, spear-shaped leaves and very pale trunks, the bark of which is continually peeling off. There is no dearth of foreground material, but the large cacti and the barbary figs, or *semelles du pape*, frequently appear out of scale.

One word as to the country surrounding Bormes, which includes La Londe, within



A QUAINT DOORWAY BY WALTER DONNE



THE CONVENT, BORMES-LES-MIMOSAS. BY WALTER DONNE.

LOOKING NORTH FROM BORMES-LES-MIMOSAS — BY WALTER DONNE

GASSIN—WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE ALPES MARITIMES — BY WALTER DONNE

six miles, where large quantities of roses, violets, daffodils, and narcissi are grown for the London market; Salins d'Hyères where salt is obtained by the evaporation of sea water; Bormettes, with its lead mines; and Le Lavandou (so called from the enormous areas of wild lavender found there), a small fishing village immediately below Bormes, where, in addition to the usual subjects at the water's edge, there are red rocks, and the ever-changing colour of the Mediterranean, from the opalescent greys looking towards the sun, to the deep blue turquoise of the sea when the sun is behind the spectator. Le Dattier, famous for its fine date palms, is within a few miles, and a little further on, Gassin, a Moorish village on the top of a promontory, gives a fine view over the bay of St. Tropez to Fréjus and St. Raphael.

Near Gassin are to be found two other Moorish towns, Cogolin and Grimaud, both situated on prominences, and at the latter place the remains of a fine castle, formerly the residence of the Grimaldi family. All these places are easily reached by a narrow-gauge railway skirting the coast, running from Hyères to St. Raphael—a part of the country seldom seen by travellers to Mentone, Monte Carlo and Italy.

While in the neighbourhood one should not omit to visit Les Isles d'Or, within a short sea journey. These islands are sparsely populated, but afford subjects for wild landscapes and rugged coast effects. In the winter it is much colder on the islands than on the mainland, while in the summer there is a freshness contrasting pleasantly with the almost stifling heat at and near Bormes.

To sum up the points of attraction which Bormes-les-Mimosas offers, there are the fine, warm climate, complete shelter from the mistral, the really remarkable luminous quality of the light, the variety of subjects, and a sympathetic people.

WALTER DONNE.

LA CHAPELLE SAINT FRANÇOIS BY WALTER DONNE

THE PYRENEES.

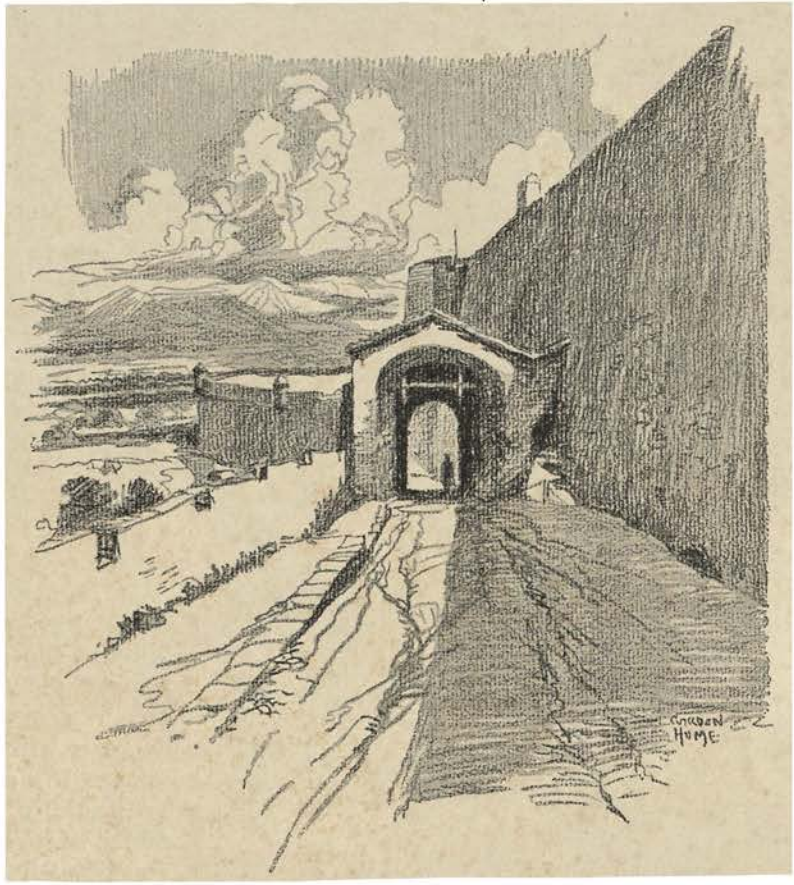
THE PYRENEES.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON HOME.

THOSE who are fortunate enough to journey southwards towards Bayonne on a clear and sunny day obtain their first view of the Pyrenees as a snow-clad range of such majestic unreality that such an original impression is deeper and more lasting than any others at a closer range. Not far south of the old town of Tartas, where the road ascends to a fair height, there suddenly appears on the south western horizon a vision of snowy peaks, so pale and ethereal in the delicacy of their silvery blue shadows that one is at first inclined to regard them as clouds. Further south they become less elusive and often, when framed by pines with a slope of golden gorse near at hand, they form the most beautiful of pictures.

Wherever one wanders all the way from Bayonne to Carcassonne, that most romantic of ancient towns, the Pyrenees form a vast barrier of gleaming white peaks completely cutting off the wanderer from going southwards until the snow has melted in the passes. There is, however, a wonderful road from the Spanish frontier village of Behobie that is clear of snow as early as the month of March. It winds up the valley of the Bidasoa and reaches the lofty pass of Velate, descending by an easy gradient to Pamplona, the capital of Navarre. For carriages, bicycles or motors the road is quite good, leaving one free to choose one's means of progression. The villages are strung together closely at one part of the journey and nearly all of them are full of detail and colour. Great overhanging gables shade curious balconies, often painted green, and the ends of beams are richly carved. Most of the houses have a coat of arms with supporters in carved stone let into the front wall to proclaim the antiquity and dignity of the owner's lineage. Bullocks draw the most primitive of carts with solid wooden wheels and the clean shaven men have almost invariably that natural charm and dignity one always associates with Spaniards without dreaming of obtaining so complete a realisation.

Picturesque stone bridges, half grown over with ivy, cross the mountain streams at most of the villages, and the steep slopes of the valleys are generally clothed with a



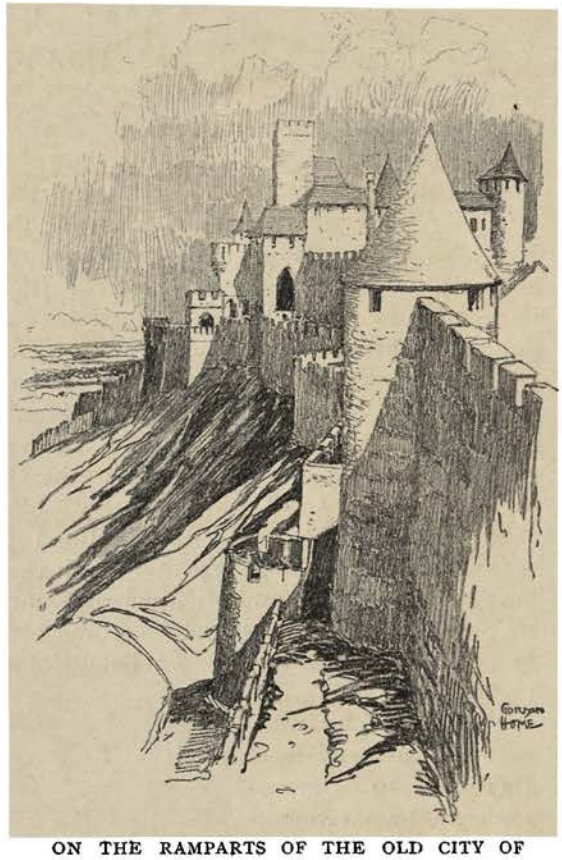
ON THE WALLS OF PAMPLONA, NAVARRE BY GORDON HOME

dense growth of box trees. The contrast of this dark green with a cottage whose walls are gleaming white, with the red stone only showing in the invariable coigning at the angles and round the windows and doors, is wonderful.

The interiors are always whitewashed and very bare indeed, the few chairs and chests or tables standing out conspicuously against the cool unadorned background.

Groups of peasants in brightly coloured shirts digging in a row with the oddest two-pronged forks, which are driven into the ground simultaneously, are frequently to be seen. Sometimes as many as half a dozen men and women of different ages will be seen digging with very great speed, turning over the soil almost as rapidly as a plough would make a furrow.

Pamplona, where there is a good hotel, is a city of bells scarcely to be equalled anywhere. They are all cracked, and they are all rung every quarter of an hour day and night! A huge double set of walls



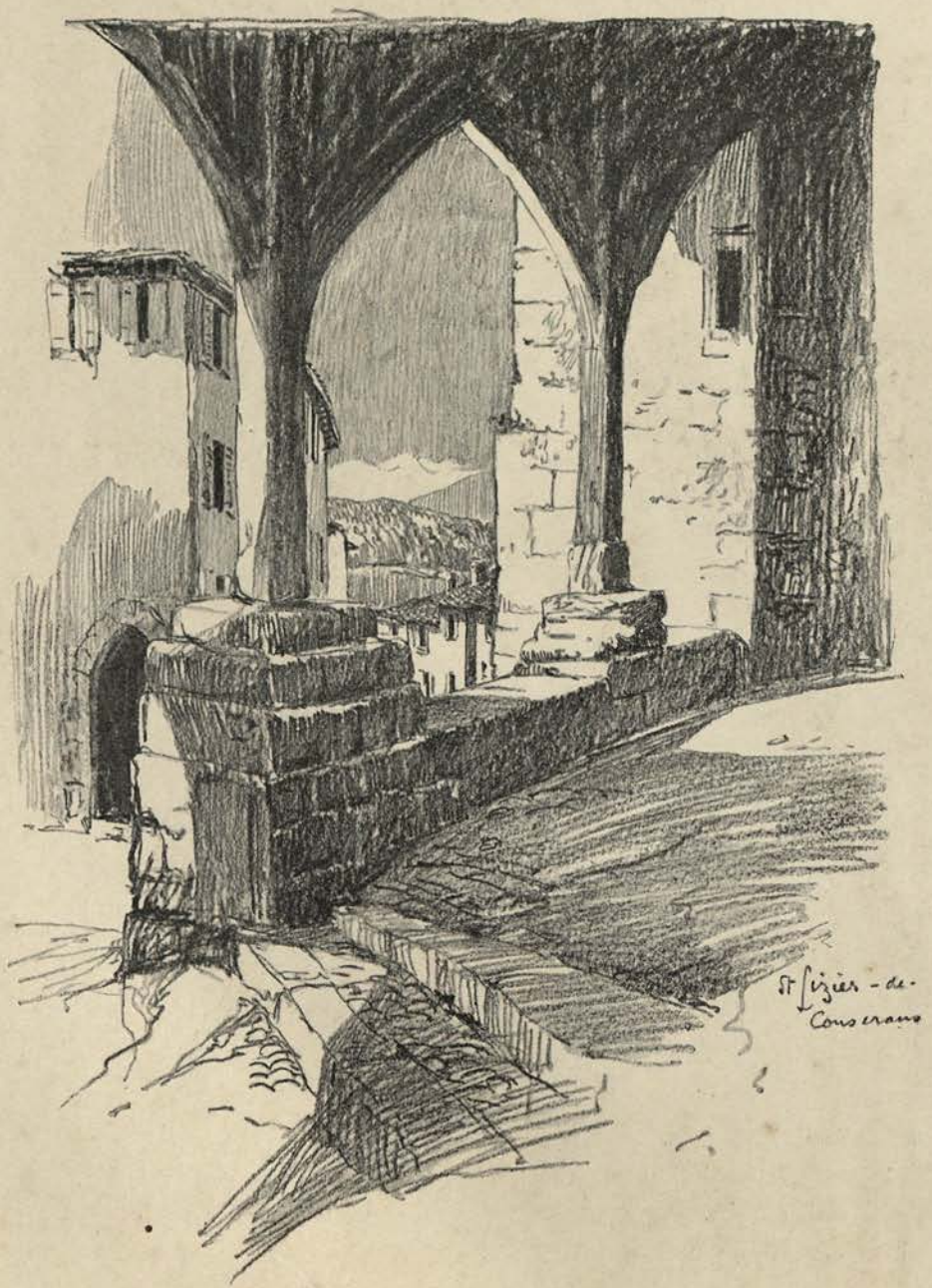
ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE OLD CITY OF CARCASSONNE. BY GORDON HOME

surrounds the city, and bastions project beyond them, so that from outside, with its church towers rising above the ramparts, and blue-grey mountains beyond, Pamplona is exceedingly picturesque, making up for its lack of antiquity within. On the way to the coast at San Sebastian the villages are not quite so picturesque as those between Behobie and Almandos and the Pass of Velate, but the mountainous scenery is exceedingly fine, in one place the road having to pass through the great defile illustrated in these pages. Heather, gorse, beech, oak, poplar and running streams tone down the gaunt sterility of the gorges, and here and there the most picturesque groupings appear. Between steep slopes wooded or flaming with gorse with a brawling torrent at the bottom, will stand out a rugged mountain ridge partially covered with pale blue or dazzling white snow.

Tolosa, with its narrow, shady streets, its wide eaves and its very ornate church, is

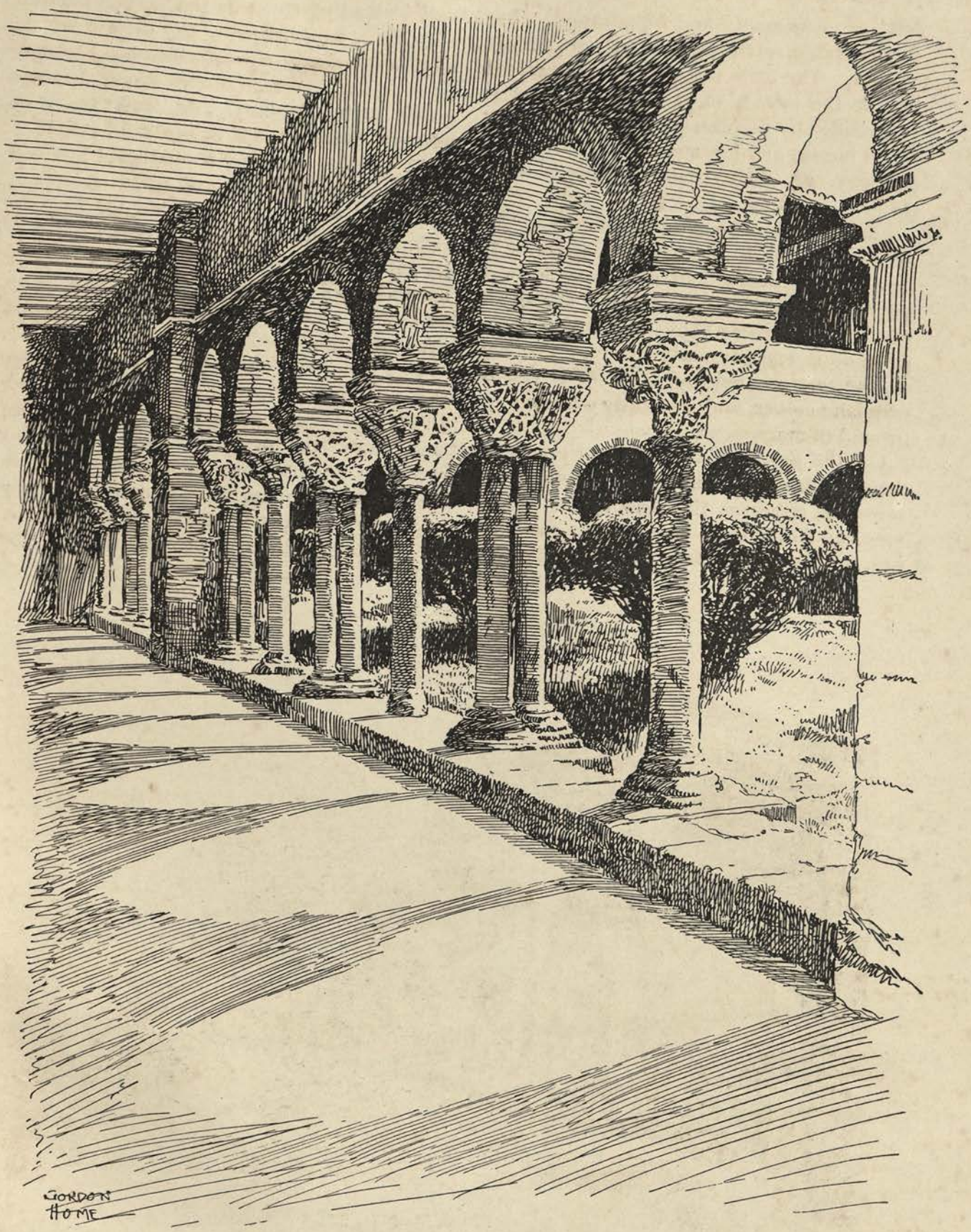
FORTIFIED BRIDGE AT ORTHEZ, BASSES PYRENEES. BY GORDON HOME

A GORGE IN THE PYRENEES ON THE ROAD TO PAMPLONA. BY GORDON HOME



ST. LIZIER-DE-CONSERANS BY GORDON HOME

ARCADED HOUSES AT MIREPOIX BY GORDON HOME



THE CLOISTERS AT ST. LIZIER
BY GORDON HOME

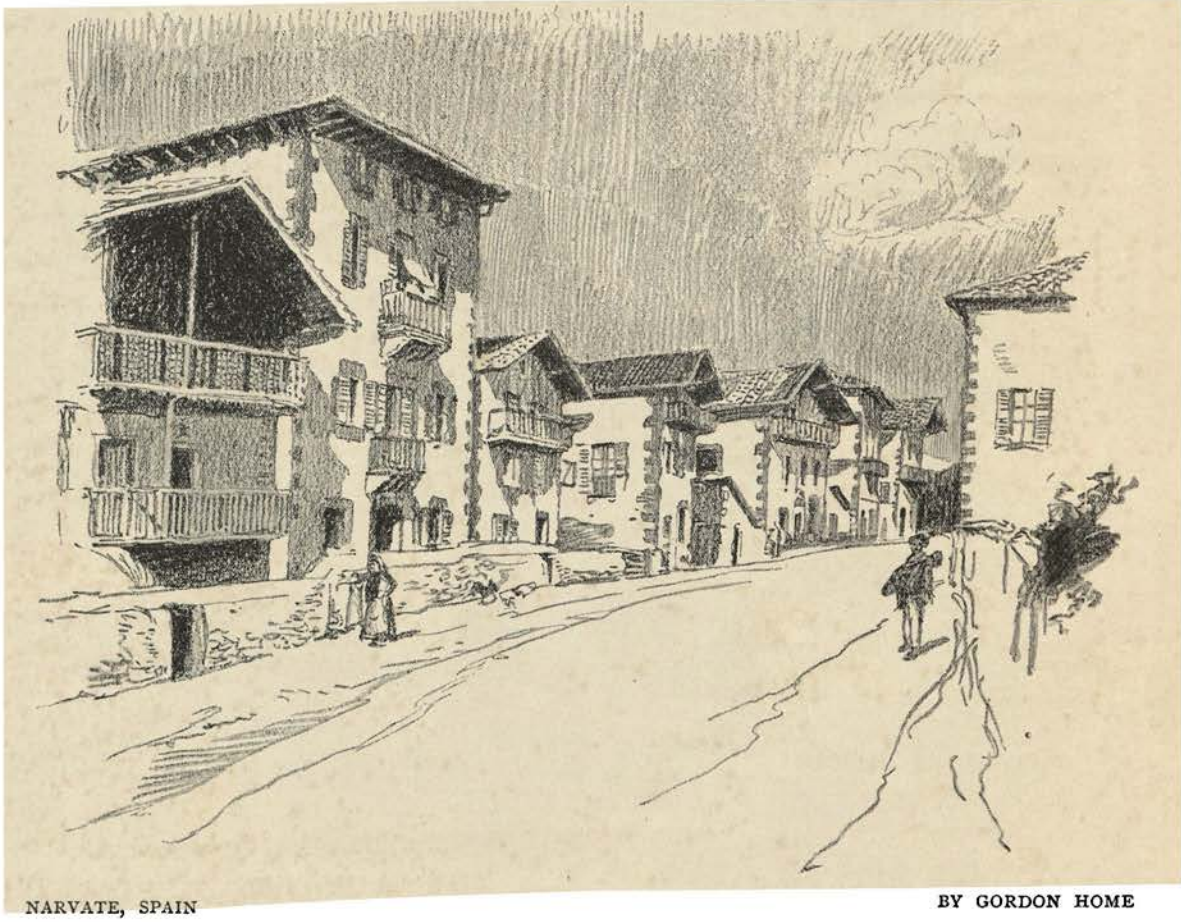
full of contrasts and quaintness, but Fuenterrabia, on the frontier, has much more to offer. The little town stands on a raised site at the mouth of the Bidassoa and is surrounded by picturesque walls. It is full of old houses and has a seventeenth-century gateway, an early castle, and paintable subjects on every side.

For magnificent waves, the shore in the neighbourhood of Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz is remarkable, and the coast scenery generally, with its softly tinted amethyst, mauve and pearly-grey mountain backgrounds is exceptionally lovely. The bay on the western side of Biarritz is full of exquisite colour, and generally offers a foreground of magnificent waves.

On the northern side of the Pyrenees a most profitable journey can be made, terminating either at Carcassonne or Nîmes. One can either keep to the main road and rail, or penetrate into the innumerable valleys leading towards the jagged horizon of peaks. In the Spring the distant woods have a tendency towards beautiful purple tones, often contrasted with some delicate green near at hand, or fruit trees in blossom, standing out in beautiful relief.

At Orthez there is a mediæval fortified bridge across the deep and rocky river Pau, and the district is remarkable for its tidy villages and the almost English aspect of its pastures and parks. The umbrella pine becomes less and less rare as one goes eastwards, and the curved browny-red tiles are exchanged for thatch and slate.

Pau has a fine old castle and magnificent views of the mountains. East of Tarbes there are high, heathery wastes, with here and there belts of gorse, often contrasted with the mountainous background. Close to St. Girons is the ancient and eminently picturesque little decayed town of St. Lizier, perched on a steep hill over the



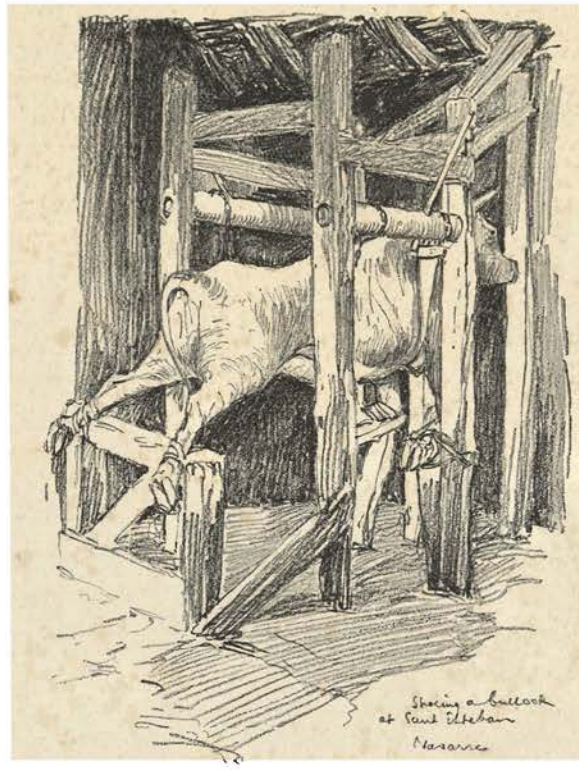
NARVATE, SPAIN

BY GORDON HOME

THE PYRENEES FROM NEAR FANJEAUX. BY GORDON HOME.

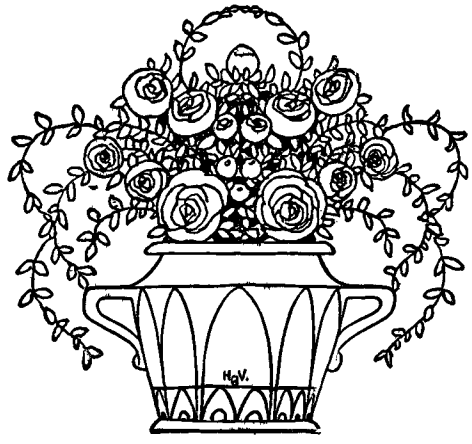
rushing river Salat. It is not very clean, but its partially Roman towers, its quaint streets with timber-framed houses, and its Romanesque church and beautiful cloisters are all very paintable. Foix, with its Château on a great rock set in magnificent scenery, is a place that should not be missed, and Mirepoix, to the north-east, with its wonderful arcaded square, might be passed by if one were to rely upon guide-books. Between Mirepoix and Carcassonne is the spectacularly situated village of Fanjeaux, which stands out over a great sweep of rolling country. It is picturesque at all times, but when its windmills and towers are backed by a crimson sunset, it is seen at its best.

Montréal, the next village—it is almost a town—is another place where an artist can linger, but his proximity to Carcassonne will, perhaps, incline him to press on to that most fantastic of mediæval survivals, where, if restoration has been rather wholesale, there is still such an abundance of rich antiquity that one is almost overwhelmed by its completeness. Many of the walls and towers of the old city are Roman below, then Visigoth, and above these 11th or 12th century, and for any one seeking for material for a mediæval subject or background, Carcassonne is a Mecca for which the journey is well repaid. GORDON HOME.



SHOEING A BULLOCK BY GORDON HOME

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY



VENICE.

VENICE.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

I CAN hardly claim to have discovered Venice as a painting ground, considering that so far back as the 15th century Gentile Bellini depicted St. Mark's Place as a background in one of his panels. Carpaccio, in the next century, gave us the Rialto bridge, which, by the way, was a wooden structure, not the grand stone bridge that now stands, and was painted, probably many times, by Canaletto in the 17th century. In the 19th century Turner did some of his finest work in Venice, and his example has since been followed by many masters from many lands who have taken this city of the sea as their theme.

Venice has changed but little during the last two centuries—far less than most large cities; naturally certain improvements have been made in the dwellings of the poor, but the splendid old palaces still remain, and are probably quite as, if not more, picturesque than at the time they were built. On the other hand, the motor-boats that rush about the canals do not help to take one's mind back to the days of the Doges, nor do the huge grey battleships that lie off the Public Gardens, ousting the truly picturesque fishing craft that used to be grouped there.

The Grand Canal, with its vine-clad traghettos and many gondolas, is very fine; but to my mind the smaller canals, with their narrow winding ways, are much more fascinating, overhung as they are with fretted stone balconies, from which are draped rich-coloured carpeting. Then there are the multi-tinted shutters, and, in the poorer quarters, gay-coloured clothing hanging out to catch the sunlight; at every turn of these canals comes a most charming little bridge, either of stone, stone and red brick, or stone and plaster—all of them weather-worn and a joy to the eye. The large old doorways that give on to the canals, with their mysterious depths of gloom are delightful, so too is the colour of the deep green slimy wall uncovered at low tide; add to all this the elusive beauty of the reflections, brilliant when the sunlit

VENICE FROM THE GIUDECCA BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

ON THE LAGOONS BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

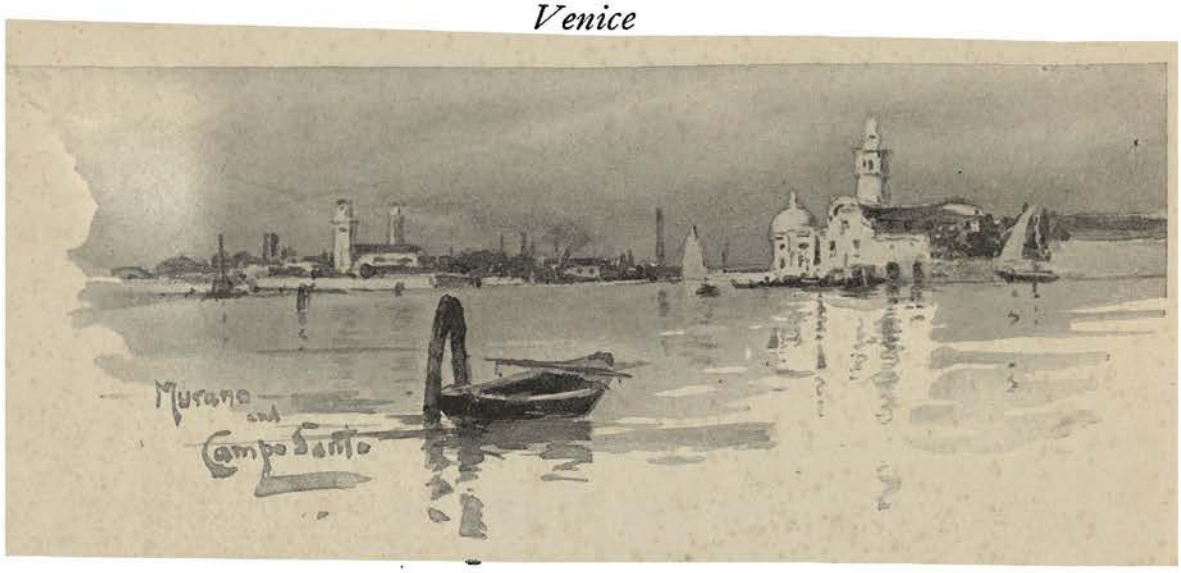
wall is mirrored in the canal, and a lovely grey-green in the shadows.

Amongst the many charms of Venice are its lagoons, stretching for miles away southwards to Chioggia, and northwards to Torcello. To form an idea of the waterways easily, it is good to take the steamer to Chioggia, which threads its course — marked out by an apparently never-ending line of large wooden posts, sometimes in groups, and often picturesque. Here are met a motley straggling line of trading and fishing craft, with their delightfully coloured sails all ablaze with every shade of yellow and red, with a scanty use of blue. Most of these sails have seen plenty of weather, and the effect of slightly blurred colour is quite charming. The devices on the sails, too, are very quaint and varied; they include such designs as a star, a horse rampant, a crescent moon, a balloon, a crowing cock, &c. These are usually painted in red on a yellow ground, but not infrequently in black; they are often quite grotesque, from the very prehistoric style of draughtsmanship employed.

PALESTRINA BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

On a still morning the reflections of the sails in the water are a joy in themselves. Soon after leaving Venice the campanile and village of Malamocco come into sight—just a delightfully grey mass against a pearly sky. Later on, Palestrina, another village on the lagoon, is passed, with its congeries of old houses whose broken plaster, with remnants of yellow or pink distemper still adhering where the red brickwork has not yet forced its way through; green shutters of every

PIAZZETTA DI SAN MARCO
BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.



MURANO AND CAMPO SANTO BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

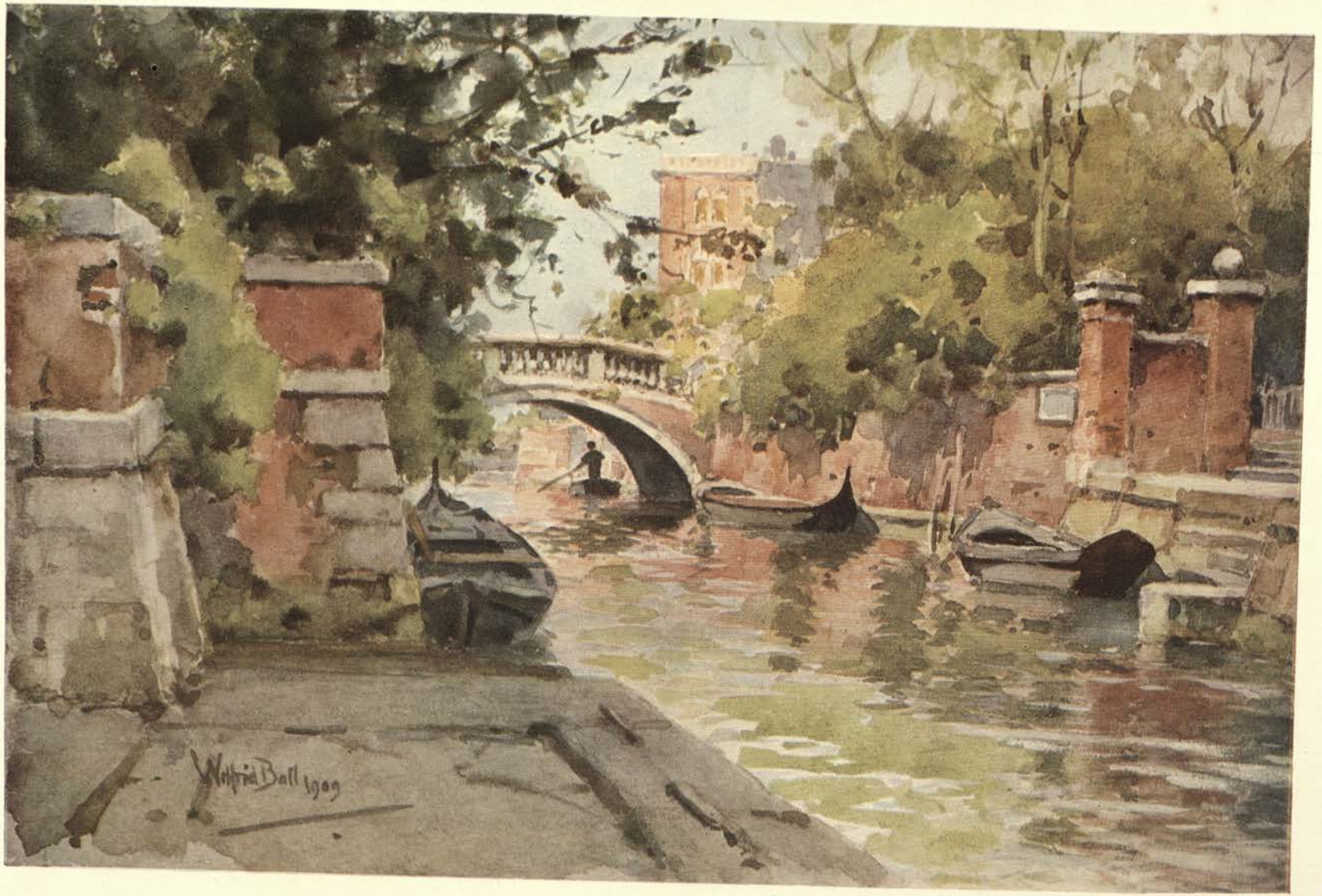
shade — some bright, others in the last stage of decrepitude—where the sun and wind have done their work right well and left a splendid opportunity for a painter to make the most of a good subject.

Vines are grown on rough pergolas between the houses; boat-building goes on wherever there is an available space, whilst the usual campanile dominates the "villaggio." On, past crabbers at work in the water by the mud-banks, and more craft of all sizes, from the sandolo to the large two-masted Istrian wood boats, with their massive prows and red eyes, to Chioggia, in itself a most delightfully picturesque town of fishers.

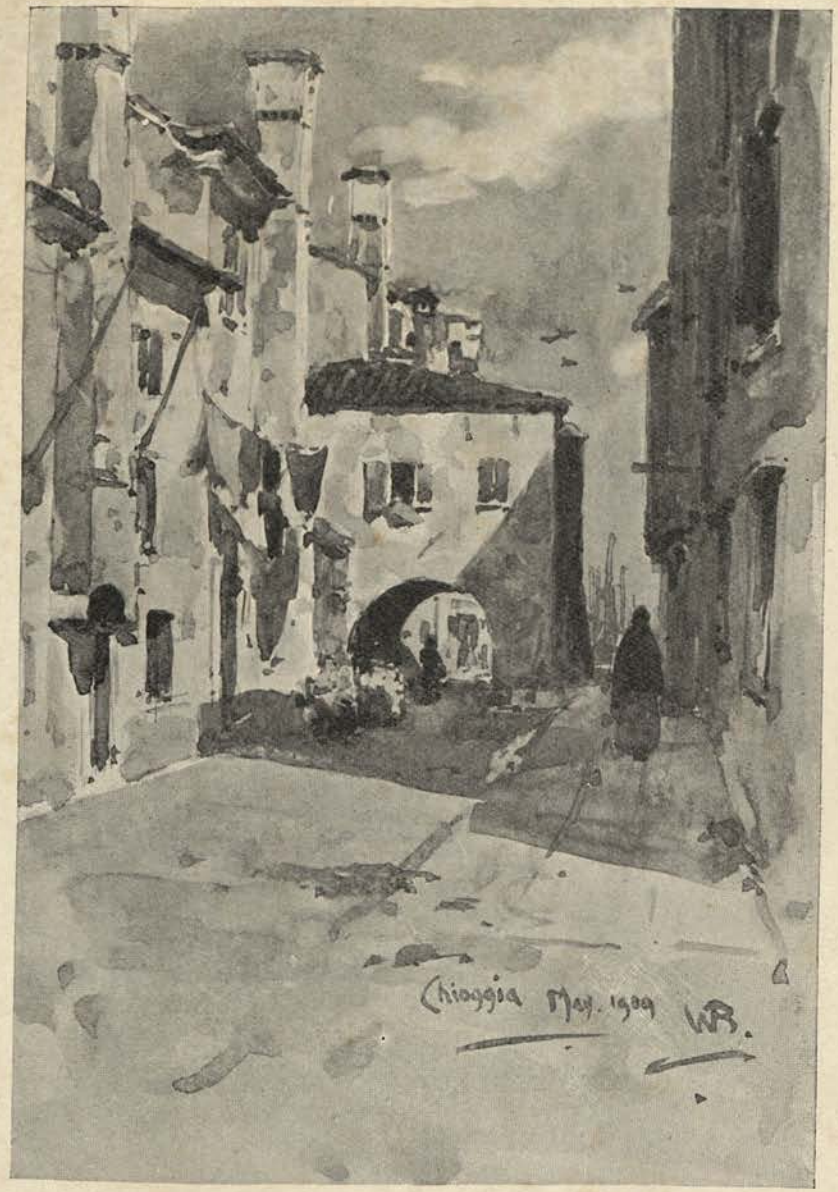
The canal in the centre of Chioggia bears a strong family resemblance to its fellows in Venice, but is better in a way, as it is full, or nearly so, of fishing boats, some with rich purple-brown nets dangling from their masts, others sheltered from the sun with awnings made of faded sails. The fish market by the side of the canal makes an excellent subject for the brush, and, as most of the houses are built on arched arcades, the shadow caused by them is very acceptable.

A very good water-shrine is to be seen between Chioggia and Sottomarina, on the mainland. These water-shrines have diminished in number considerably during the last twenty years, and but very few now remain. Formerly every traghetto in Venice had its shrine, with its little lamps always burning. The first money taken in

A SHRINE BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.



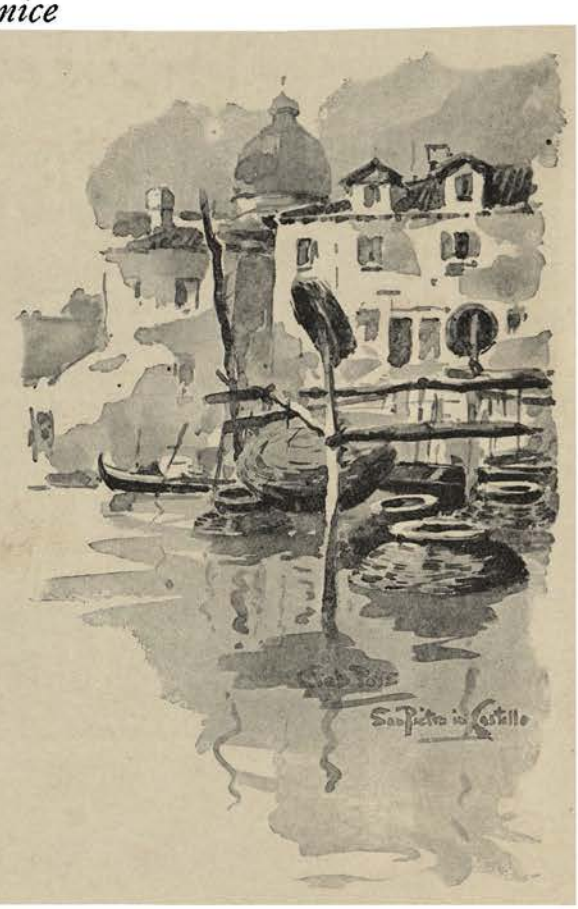
APPROACH TO THE PUBLIC GARDENS, VENICE. BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.



STREET IN CHIOGGIA BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

BY THE CANAL AT CHIOGGIA BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

SAN GIORGIO BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.



CRAB POTS BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

the day by the gondolier was put aside to pay for oil for these lamps. I hear that all this is now changed.

To visit Torcello a gondola with two rowers should be taken from the Fundamenta Nuovo, past smoky Murano with its glass-works, and so to Burano, famed for its lace workers. At the adjacent island of Mazzorbo there still remains, apparently alone in its glory, a simple, dignified but disintegrating campanile with so strong a list that it can hardly last much longer. Another mile up a narrow canal is Torcello, which is an island of market gardens, with nothing but a few picturesque houses and the magnificent Cathedral of Santa Maria, with its campanile.

THE GIUDECCA BY WILFRID BALL, R.E.

I have endeavoured to make myself better known by this brief paper on Venice, and can only hope that I may not incur the obloquy of the old Venetian saw, which runs thus: — "Those that know you little long to know you more; those that know you well despise you."

WILFRID BALL.

CAPRI.

CAPRI.

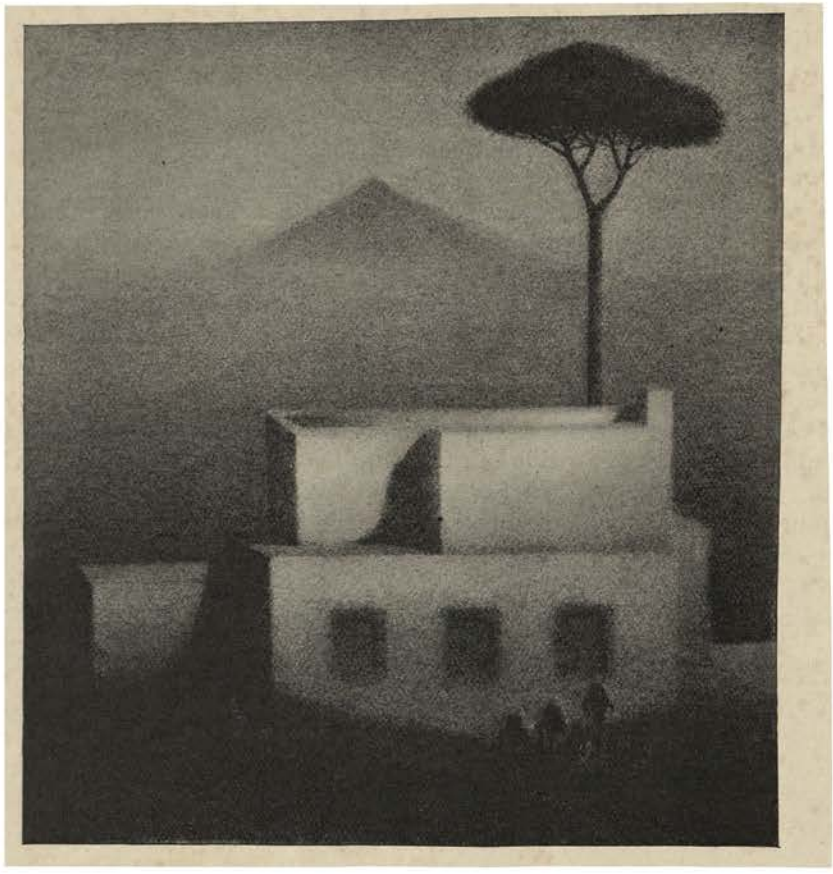
DESCRIBED BY KATHARINE FEDDEN.
ILLUSTRATED BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

FOR many weeks we looked across to Capri from the Sorrento hills. For many weeks we delayed our going, afraid to break the spell that seemed to hover over the island. No reality we felt could fulfil the promise of that elusive land which lay as if enchanted, now gleaming like an amethyst set in sunset gold, now lost in the haze of early morning. It was one of the islands of our fairy tales, we said, which would fade like a mirage before our bold approach.

Perhaps it was to humour this whim that we took a "barca" at the little harbour of Sorrento one evening instead of crossing by the morning steamboat. And certainly it was the very way to preserve an illusion of unreality. Across the bay Naples was only a shimmering line of light below the slope of Mount Vesuvius; behind us the moon laid a golden pathway back to the shore; before us stretched the calm sea and Capri loomed on our horizon.

Our men bent to their sweeps, their bodies swaying evenly, and there was no sound but the dip of the oars and the drip of water from their blades. We crossed the sea in silence and in silence passed into the real shadow of the real island, into the shadow, too, of past times, under the lee of the great cliff which falls sheer from the Timberio, where peasants have danced for centuries above the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces. A chill was there that seemed not all of the night and the sea. We slipped again into the moonlight, rounded the sentinel rocks, the Faraglioni, skirted the island's western shore and beached our boat at the Piccola Marina. There a handful of fishermen's huts slept in darkness, but the moonlight falling across the low ridge in the middle of the island struck the cliff of Monte Solaro on our left and gleamed upon the walls of houses at its

CAPRI BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.



NIGHT—CAPRI BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

foot, leaving the rocky steeps of Castiglione on our right in deep shadow.

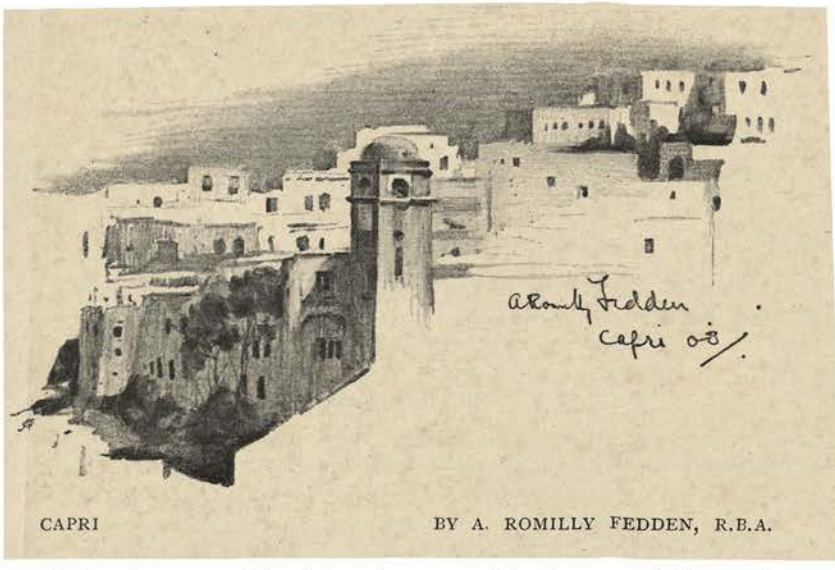
We climbed the white road from the Marina to the top of the ridge which joins the heights of Monte Solaro and Anacapri at the north with that of Timberio at the south—there we paused. Below us a white house, guarded by a stone pine, shone in the moonlight against the smooth sea, and Vesuvius rose beyond, purple through a luminous mist.

Such was the way of our coming, yet the morning did not lessen the wonder of that first impression and time only confirmed it: For since the days when the Emperor Augustus built his marble palace above the great sea-road where his Roman galleys passed homeward laden with Egyptian grain, down to our own time, Capri has given the seeker after beauty a satisfaction so perfect that it cannot be laid only to the brightness of its sun and the blueness of its water, but rather to that intangible, indefinable, but truly recognisable charm which we call "spirit of place," and which the artist has named "atmosphere." Capri first beguiles, then casts its spell upon you. You are happy if you can yield to that spell and dream out your life on the island as many and many another has done, and happier if you can sense the spirit of the place, become subject to its inspiration, work with your might, and come away.

Painters have done both. Many well-known names linger in the artistic traditions of the island, and a host of lesser men have at one time or another worked there. Yet, though this is so, while youth remains to interpret her, the last word will not be spoken on Capri.

Nowhere out of the Orient can there be such wonderful effects. Such blazing sunsets on orange-tawny cliffs reflected in the sea; such water, turquoise-blue, peacock-blue, ultramarine, the blue of the Virgin's robe in Murillo's Prado pictures; such vivid living light, and such intense shadow. Every season offers its especial feast of colour. In the spring the little wood under San Michele flaunts armies of lavender crocus down the path beneath the chestnut trees; the cliffs at Anacapri are fringed with fragrant narcissi; hillsides are ablow with vivid anemones, and these are the prelude to a burst of blossom—of peach, almond and cherry—which envelops the island in a mist of white and rose colour. Then come the roses which last all summer, sheets of scarlet poppies, fields of pink and crimson clover and of yellow colza. Autumn gives you hillsides in the fulness

THE CERTOSA, CAPRI.
BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.



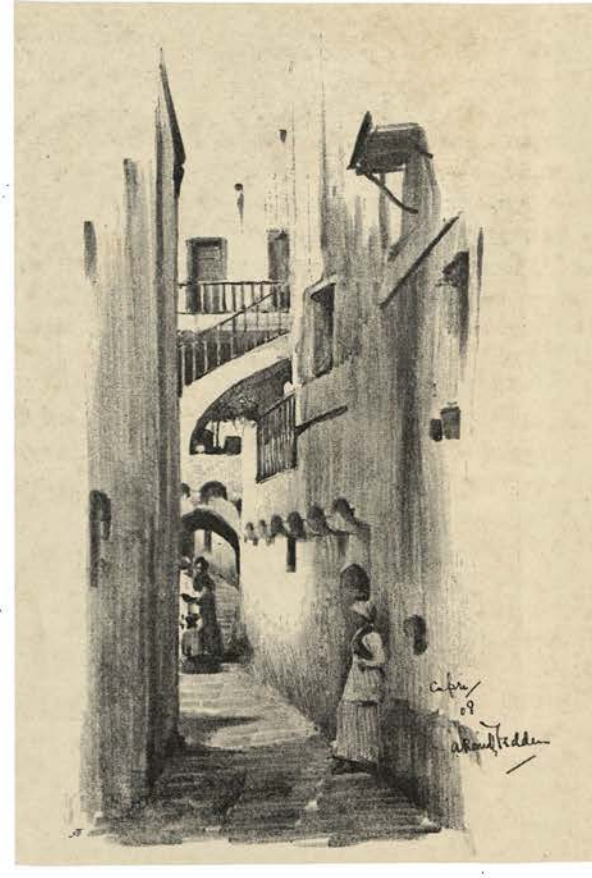
CAPRI BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

of the vintage. The island runs with the juice of the grape. Flat baskets piled high with white and purple bunches are borne through the vineyards on the heads of women, until in October, the vines robbed of their fruit turn to crimson and gold. That is to many the most beautiful time of the year in Capri.

But beyond all this splendour of colour which dazzles one at first, Capri holds many phases of beauty less known. The beauty of the fading day, of after-sunset skies seen through quiet olive trees, of early evening along the wet sands of the Marina, of moonlight on cliff and houses. At night, indeed, the island gains a simplicity and breadth of feeling which it lacks by day. The moonlight here holds an especially luminous quality of negative colour, more entrancing in its subtlety than the positive effects of the sunshine. The silent cloisters and deserted courts of the old Carthusian monastery acquire an interest then which is wanting in daylight; so also do the narrow steep streets whose white walls sing out beyond the mystery of dark arched doorways. Under the moon, here as elsewhere, disquieting obtrusive detail is lost, and the whole becomes big and harmonious.

The festas in Capri offer subjects of wide range to the painter, from the impressive procession on Good Friday night of black robed and cowled figures carrying candles and swinging lanterns, to the bright feast of San Costanzo in May, when the silver image of the patron saint is carried in procession from the church in the piazza down the white winding road to the beach at the Grande Marina. Between orange groves and garden walls overflowing with roses you catch glimpses of the long waving line of girls in white with floating blue veils, of the gorgeous vestments of bishops, priests and acolytes, and then of the relieving black of following women.

But it is not only in festa that the Capri peasants interest the painter. Theirs is a



A STREET IN CAPRI
BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

PROCESSION OF SAN COSTANZO.
BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

"THROUGH THE OLIVE TREES"—CAPRI BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

type which possesses much distinction, and which is quite unlike the debased type of the mainland. The women are tall, have fine eyes and hair, carry themselves with a certain nobleness, and bear in their well-set heads and regular features more than a trace of the Greek blood which has come down to them from the ancient settlers on the island. At Anacapri both people and buildings show the influence of the later Moorish occupation. To hear them treading down the mud roof of a new house on a warm summer night, their feet keeping time to a weird reiterated cadence reminiscent of the East, is to believe oneselt in Tunis.

In their everyday employments, at every turn of road or pathway, the peasants fall into poses of unconscious grace. You find not only the Academic type and subject—the woman with the water jug at the fountain, the girl bearing on her head a burden, the beggar of picturesque tatters, the handsome grizzled head under a scarlet beret which floods the haunts of tourists in Southern Italy, or the togged-out dancers of the Tarantella—you find these, if you want them, but you find unhackneyed types as well—men and women in field, in vineyard, in olive and orange grove, on the bare slopes of Monte Solaro, and fishermen and children at the Marina among the black or gaily-painted boats along that interesting street of low-browed houses with flat roofs and deep arched doorways which fronts the sea, and from whose narrow iron balconies the women rain showers of flower petals upon the processions that pass along the water-side to an altar at the end of the beach.

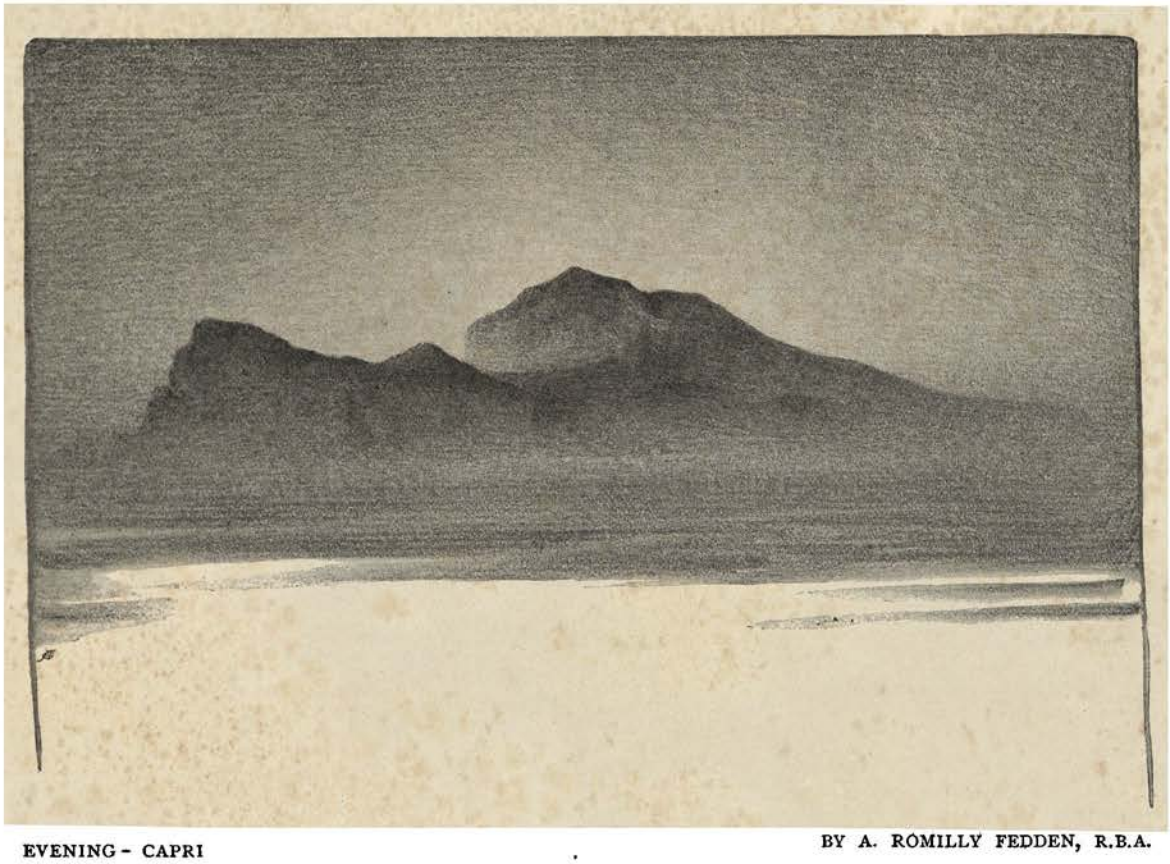
It is true that when the tourist comes the painter goes, and that there are many tourists in these days in Capri. But the tourist season is short, and the painter can

THE CLIFFS OF CAPRI. BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.

work all the year round for a part of the day in the open. Even in January, it is possible to eat the mid-day meal in the sun, out-of-doors. Besides, there are good studios to be obtained for winter work, both at Capri and at Anacapri, and good models too. Lodgings and small villas may be had to suit all purses, and living, in a country where wine and fruit, flowers, fish and vegetables are cheap, need not be uninteresting if it has to be economical. The food of the country, too, for those who prefer to keep house with native servants or try native restaurants, will provide some new and appetizing dishes; what can be better than gnochi à la Milanaise, a frittura of artichokes, or a risotto eaten on the terrace, helped by a bottle of Capri wine?

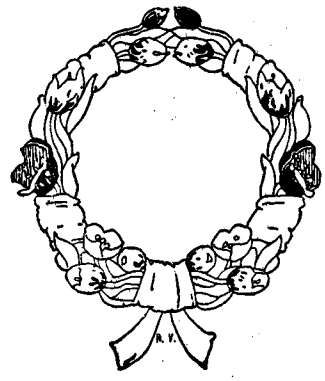
A pleasanter place for life and work than Capri can hardly be found. But, like every person or place of great individuality, it has the defects of its good qualities. It is a lotus land, where many have gone for a day and have remained for a lifetime, lulled finally to sleep beneath the pointed cypress trees upon the hill. When you go, it is safer to take your return ticket.

KATHARINE FEDDEN.



EVENING - CAPRI

BY A. ROMILLY FEDDEN, R.B.A.



THE WACHAU.

THE WACHAU.

DESCRIBED BY A. S. LEVETUS.

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV BAMBERGER, OSWALD GRILL, ALOIS HAEINISCH, LUIGI KASIMIR, RICHARD LUX, ANTON NOVAK, EMIL STRECKER, MAX SUPPANTSCHITSCH AND EDUARD ZETSCHE.

TO the artist in search of secluded nooks and places hidden from the great world, where the step of the ordinary tourist or globe-trotter is practically unknown, the Wachau offers rare opportunities as a sketching ground. It lies between Linz and Vienna, and is the general name given to the district of the Danube immediately between the two ancient cities of Krems and Melk. At one of these two places you must take ship, for at present the Wachau is undefiled by railway, though its invasion is threatened in the near future. Or the journey may be made by steamer from Passau, the route being one of singular beauty—"Charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, and ruins of castles," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her sister in 1717.

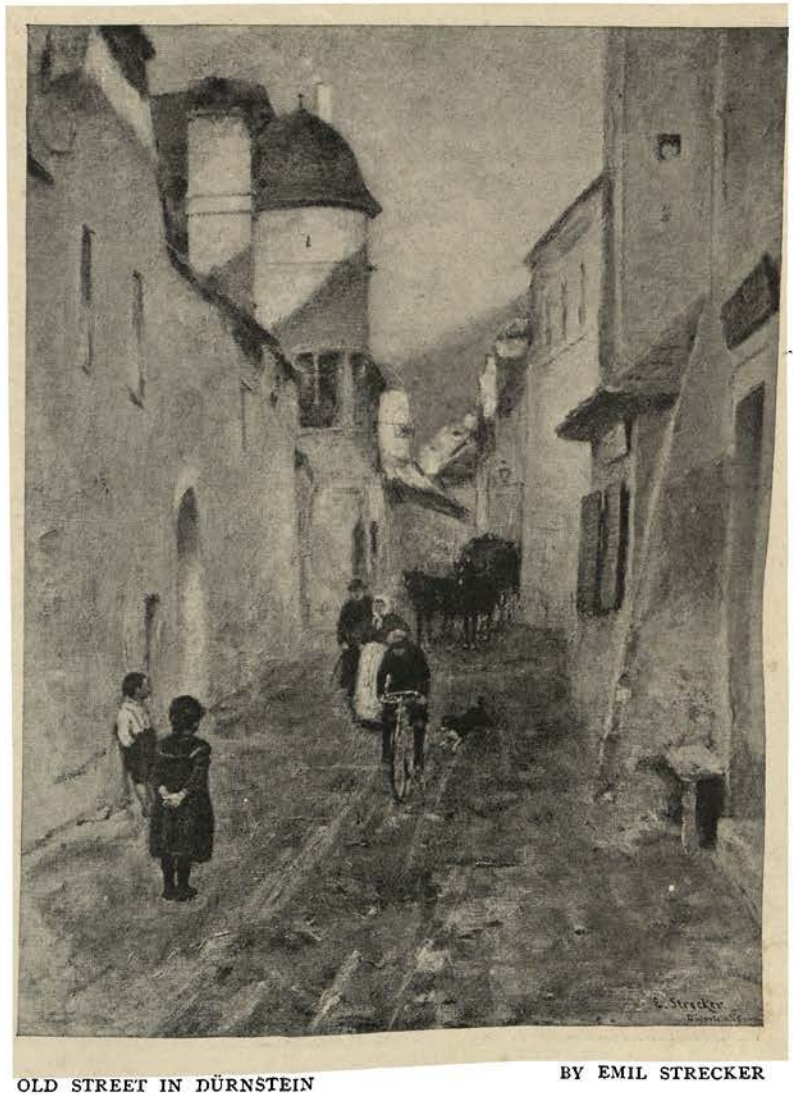
But these beauties are not revealed at once, for the Danube can boast of no broad sweep such as her sister the Rhine possesses between Bingen and Bonn. But in its place are lovely languorous windings and bendings, unveiling scenes of indescribable loveliness which linger in the memory, recalling poetic visions of a bygone age, for modern civilisation has till now refrained from laying her heavy hand on the ancient

DÜRNSTEIN, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF THE CASTLE BY ANTON NOVAK

culture. Low down on the water's edge old towns arise, these in their turn interspersed with villages, Gothic churches whose warlike corner towers and old walls remind one of a time when the Houses of God were also strongholds against the enemy, for the Wachau was in former times the centre of attack. Behind and around the churches, at once to protect and be protected, are the old "Bürgen," once the homes of the patricians who laid down their lives in defence of their country, now inhabited by peasants, but whose wonderful old courtyards and ancient buildings still tell a tale of past glory. Avar, Hun, Swede and French have at times besieged the shores, only to be repulsed with terrible loss. The Wachau, too, played a part in the Thirty Years' War, for here was the seat of Protestantism in Austria. Behind the "Bürgen" rise the ruins of the old castles—Aggstein, Kŭenringe and Dürnstein. In the latter, tradition says, Richard I. languished for three months; "no fetters were laid upon him, but knights with drawn swords watched him night and day." And here came Blondel to ease his master's heart and finally set him at liberty.

Between these castles, and over-topping the mountains, are the monasteries of Melk and Göttweih, towers of strength watching o'er the valley. From these points of vantage may be seen smiling valleys, orchards filled with peach, apple, plum, pear and apricot, fields of shimmering corn, hills covered with vines arranged in terraces, and around them and between them always the Danube winding its way, its colour varying with the season, now grey, now grey-green, and later of a brilliant emerald hue, but never blue.

The colouring of the Wachau will make a deep impression on the artist; there is something of poetic sadness in it, the soft brown reds of the roofs or the greys of the old walls, the harmonious tones, telling of centuries of life in this lovely corner of the earth which the hand of profanation has left untouched. He will find inspiration in bits of old frescoes, in the traces of the Roman occupation—for here



OLD STREET IN DÜRNSTEIN BY EMIL STRECKER

DÜRNSTEIN.
BY ANTON NOVAK

THE DANUBE AT THE WACHAU — BY RICHARD LUX

was a Roman colony under Marcus Aurelius, in the variety of architecture offered to him —the earlier and later gothic periods, the renaissance, and the barock, of which two of the finest existing specimens are to be found in the monastery of Melk and the church at Dürnstein, both built by the same architect, one Jacob Prandauer, of St. Pölten. His interest will be aroused, too, by the variety of chimneys, for no two are alike, and each little town and village has its own peculiar, ever-varying form, all being in harmony and enhancing the beauties of the landscape; or by the graceful roofs of the houses, with their overhanging eaves, guiltless of water-spouts or gutters. The queer paddle-boats which will take him across the river will attract his attention, for they, too, are of ancient form; or the white post-steamers making their way gracefully along the Danube will perhaps recall him to the present. This, however,

THE DANUBE AT DÜRNSTEIN
BY OSWALD GRILL

VIEW FROM THE HILLS BEHIND DÜRNSTEIN
BY OSWALD GRILL

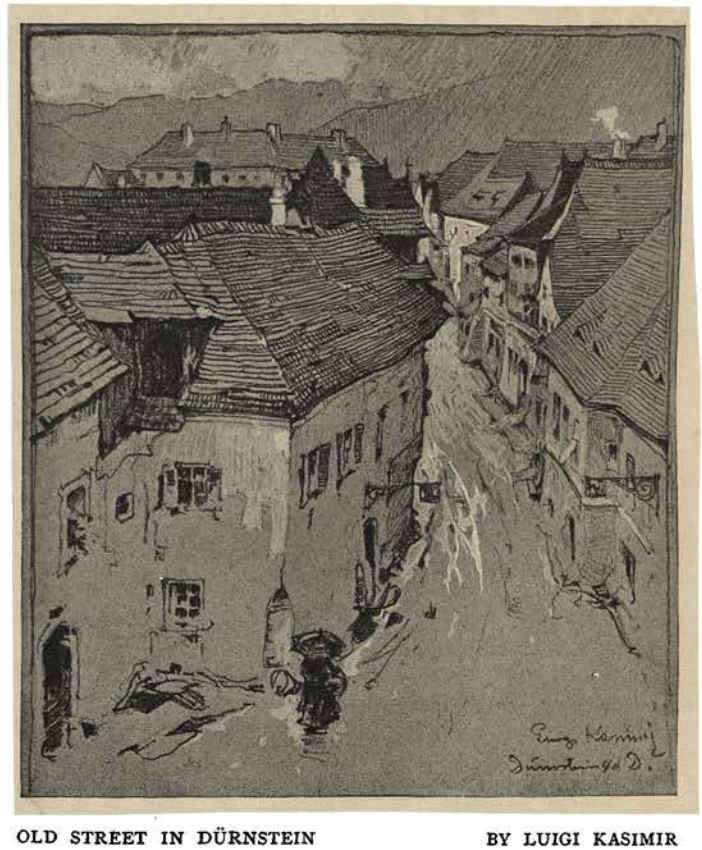
KREMS ON THE DANUBE.
BY GUSTAV BAMBERGER

AGGSTEIN ON THE DANUBE BY LUIGI KASIMIR

will be quickly forgotten again in watching the rafts, bound for Vienna, laden with wood brought from the Waldviertel, or salt from Gmunden by way of the Traun, a tributary of the Danube. He will find amusement and even delight by spending a night on a fishing boat lit up with faggots to attract the *Salmo hucho*, a kind of trout caught in the Danube. In autumn he will gaze pensively on the primitive boats laden with fruit, innocent of all packing, to be taken to the capital and sold on the banks of the river.

Each season offers opportunities to the painter. The Vienna artists prefer spring and autumn, when the colouring is of an exquisite delicacy, such as appeals perhaps more to the etcher and painter in water-colours and tempera than the one who prefers oils as his medium; while the sketcher will always be able to discover material such as he can find nowhere else. In winter the temperature is mild, there is very little snow, for though the mountains be covered there is practically none in the valleys, even though the Danube be frozen and the traveller compelled to go from village to village either on foot or by carriage; but the distances are short.

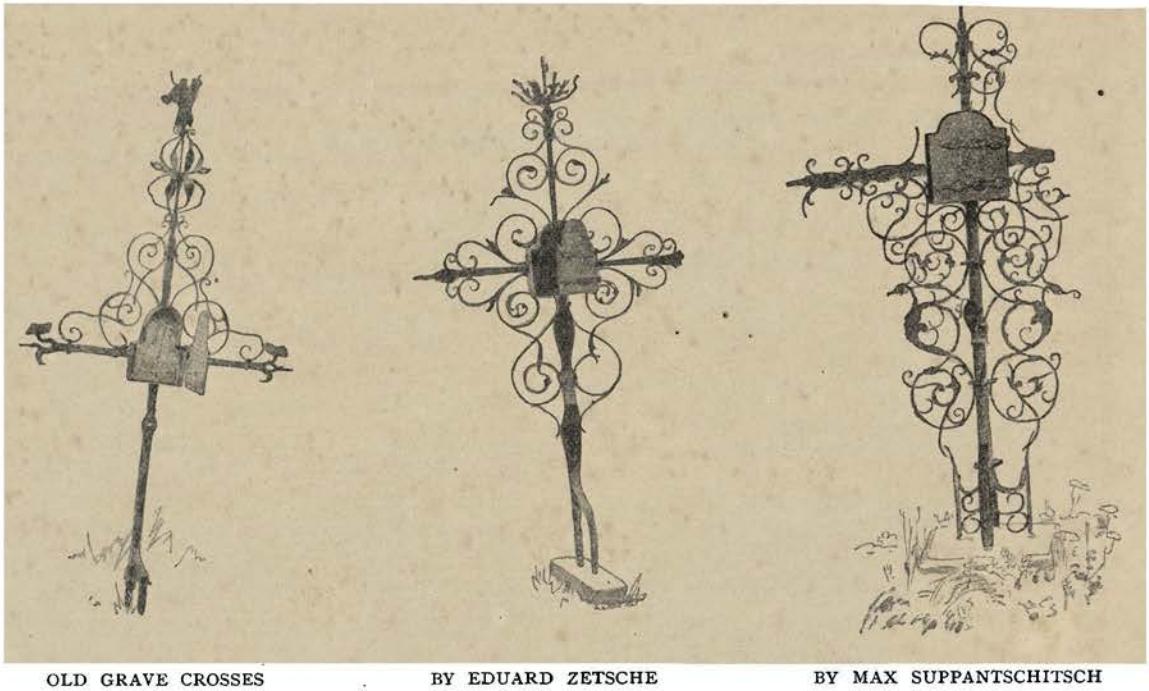
The best places to stay in for any length of time are Dürnstein or Spitz; the accommodation is good, rooms costing about two shillings a day,



OLD STREET IN DÜRNSTEIN BY LUIGI KASIMIR

MELK ABBEY
BY ALOIS HAEINISCH

(*By permission of the Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst*)



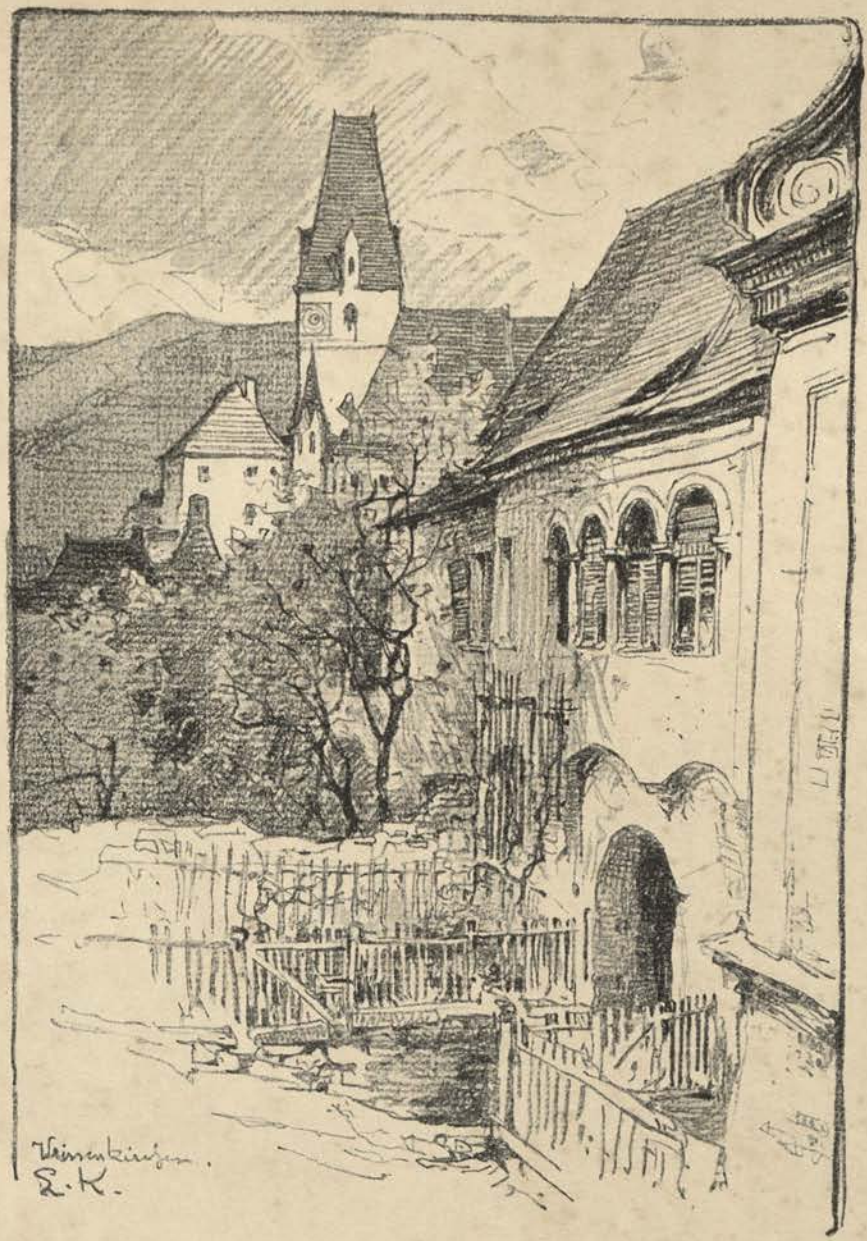
OLD GRAVE CROSSES BY EDUARD ZETSCHE BY MAX SUPPANTSCHITSCH

or even less, and the food is excellent in quality and moderate in price. The coffee is an elixir, the wine nectar, and the water ambrosia.

The artists gather at Thierry's Gasthaus zum Löwenherz. This was formerly a nunnery, built nearly a thousand years ago; to reach it you ascend the same stone steps, hewn in the rocks, which the nuns climbed; you will dine in their refectory; everything savours of past centuries, except the bedrooms, which are large and comfortably furnished. At Spitz you can stay at Heitzenberger's. Weissenkirchen is the loveliest of all the places in the Wachau, and the modest will be satisfied with Saloman's inn.

OLD KREMS BY GUSTAV BAMBERGER

If nothing has been said about the legends attached to the Wachau and of the many other attractions offered, it is simply because here is not the place to speak of them, but they exist, needless to say, in abundance. Both sides of the river offer splendid opportunities to the artist.



WEISSENKIRCHEN. BY LUIGI KASIMIR

There is no need to mention the names of villages which he may visit. When he has exhausted what he thinks suitable for his purpose he will go farther afield, to Melk or Krems—an old fortified town; all ways are open to him, for from either town he is but two hours from Vienna. He may visit Maria-Zell or Maria-Taferl—two places of pilgrimages of great interest frequented by the Austrians—Pöchlarn, Purgstall or Scheibbs—where there is some ancient architecture—wonderful old "Bürgen", or, still further west, Salzburg and the Salzkammergut; or, by means of the Tauern Tunnel, opened a few weeks ago, he can get to the Southern Provinces of Austria, all of which are interesting. Then he can extend his tour to Italy, without any trouble, for Melk leads to everywhere.

But if he simply stays in the Wachau he will be amply rewarded—one single visit, even for a protracted time, will not exhaust its beauties or its interest, for, return as often as he may, he will always find new fascinations in this little, unknown corner of the earth. A. S. LEVETUS.

OLD COURTYARD IN WEISSENKIRCHEN BY EDUARD ZETSCHE

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

IT is only within the last twenty-five years that Holland has been seriously taken up by painters. The all-pervading spirit of trimness, the low horizons and the absence of vaporous mystery, were formerly looked upon as prejudicial to romantic aspiration. Ruskin complained that he felt imprisoned amidst scenery so "resolutely level"—a landscape so wanting in rich hues of purple and violet and ultramarine. Furthermore, there are no fine gothic cathedrals to detain the wayfarer. According to Fergusson, the prosaic Dutchman built his churches for utilitarian purposes, and without any desire to create an effect. And yet Holland in the autumn is a land of rich mellow tones; the green trees bordering the canals change to russet brown and hold in harmonious balance the tawny sails of the barges and the lustrous dark red brickwork of the houses. The brightness of spring does not become this country so well as the softer autumn skies; moreover, there are fewer tourists during the later months of the year.

Over all the towns and villages of Holland, Dordrecht reigns supreme in its "calm dignity among the waters." From Groningen to Zeeland, there is no such varied scenery to be found in any one place as in this town, beyond whose walls the great Rhine meets the sea at last. Here are wide harbours, alive with craft of every kind; cool, tree-shaded avenues fringe the smooth canals, and the calm water mirrors the tall houses, built of red brick, deep-toned and admirably laid. Outside the town stretch the open waters of the

THE INNER HARBOUR, DORDRECHT

BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

Maas, the Waal, and the Merwede, with their ever-moving crowd of sailing vessels, of every build and every colour. Beyond these points, the chief charm of Dordrecht lies in the absence of "lions." There is nothing in particular to be "done," and the artist may therefore consecrate every hour of the day to his work.

POTATO MARKET AT DORDRECHT BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

Amsterdam, which is said just to miss being the most picturesque city in Europe, ranks high in the favour of artists, both for its own sake, and because it is in close touch with such places as Haarlem, Hoorn, Alkmaar, Enkhuisen and Volendam, any of which may be easily visited for a day's sketching. Good central quarters are to be found at the Hotel Victoria, which is conveniently near to the railway station and the steamboat piers. It is also close to some of the finest of the old water-fronted houses, many of which date from the sixteenth century. Eastwards along the quay are the Harbour-master's house, a picturesque tower with a conical roof, and the beautiful Montalbaan's Tower in the Oude Schaus. Near at hand stands the old Weigh House, with its attendant market-place, and beyond is a small haven surrounded by many coloured houses, reflected in the water like fluttering ribands and over whose roofs rises the tower of the Oude Kerk. These are a few examples of the picturesque staple of Amsterdam.

Forty minutes' run by train brings the traveller to Haarlem, famous for its Franz Hals. Here the chief glories lie in the Cathedral and market-place; but in addition to these a sufficient number of "subjects" will be found amongst the canals. There is one especially good view from the Terrein de Phœnix, on the banks of the Spaarne, near the railway station; and another south of the town on the broad quay of the Turf Market, where fine trees and rich-coloured barges, a busy market crowd,

THE WATER TOWER AT HOORN BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

THE PORT OF DORDRECHT
BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

ENKHUISEN — BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

and the Cathedral shadowing the whole, make an effective picture.

To the north of Amsterdam lie the famous "Dead Cities" of the Zuyder Zee. They exist more in name than in reality, but to this name attaches a certain romance, lending to the cities an atmosphere of sentiment, which, in these days of hard prose, it would be neither kind nor desirable to dispel. Hoorn is the most important of these towns, and should certainly be visited. It possesses a Weigh House, in the market place, built of stone, with a high-pitched roof of green slate and picturesque dormer windows. A very beautiful old Water Tower protects the harbour, and under its shadow lie a few fishing boats; while on the quay sailors move sleepily about in wide trousers and heavy boots, waiting for the sluggish tide to carry them out to their nightly toil.

Enkhuisen is another dead city which has undergone resurrection. From this port the boats run across the Zuyder Zee to Stavoren and Friesland. The harbour is guarded, as at Hoorn, by a tower, called here the Dromedaris Tower, and there is also a small inner harbour, used chiefly for ship-building and repairing. From the tower a line of old cottages runs seawards, with varied roofs of purple and orange red. The fishing life is very brisk and busy when the fleet is in port. Groups of fisherfolk await the incoming boats at the foot of the wooden lighthouse, and spread their nets on the sides of the high dyke which forms the sea-wall.

An early start should be made from Amsterdam to see the celebrated Friday cheese-market, at Alkmaar. The real excitement does not begin until about 10.30 a.m., but for many hours before, the market-carts rattle in with their loads of red and orange cheeses, which are then laid out in squares on the ground, and covered with white or green cloths. They are tossed one by one out of the carts to a man standing in the market, who catches them and spreads them on beds of straw; and the dexterous certainty with which the

SCHEVENINGEN. BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

MONTALBAAN'S TOWER, AMSTERDAM
BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

CANAL AT AMSTERDAM BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

ALKMAAR BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

The main street runs along a high dyke, on one side of which the brightly painted cottages of the fishermen nestle for protection against the storms of the Zuyder Zee. On the other side of the protecting dyke lies the harbour, which is at times so closely packed that a circuit might almost be made by stepping from ship to ship. Volendam is essentially a town for figure painters; and there is none of the picturesque posing and consciousness of admiration which prevails so strongly in the neighbouring island of Marken.

There still remain many places of great artistic merit which can only be enumerated in a short article. In the neighbourhood of Amsterdam there are Scheveningen, Zaandam and Gouda; to the north-east, Harlingen, Sneek, Deventer, Zwolle and Kampen; in mid-Holland, Arnhem and Nymwegen, and to the south, Middleburg, Goes and Veere.

HERBERT MARSHALL.

greasy slippery things are thrown and caught, might afford a useful object lesson to many cricketers.

A steam tram runs from Amsterdam to Volendam, the "paradise of quaint costumes and gay prettinesses," and here all wants, both artistic and material, are satisfied by the kind and enterprising host of the Hotel Spaander, who lays himself out for the cult of the painter.

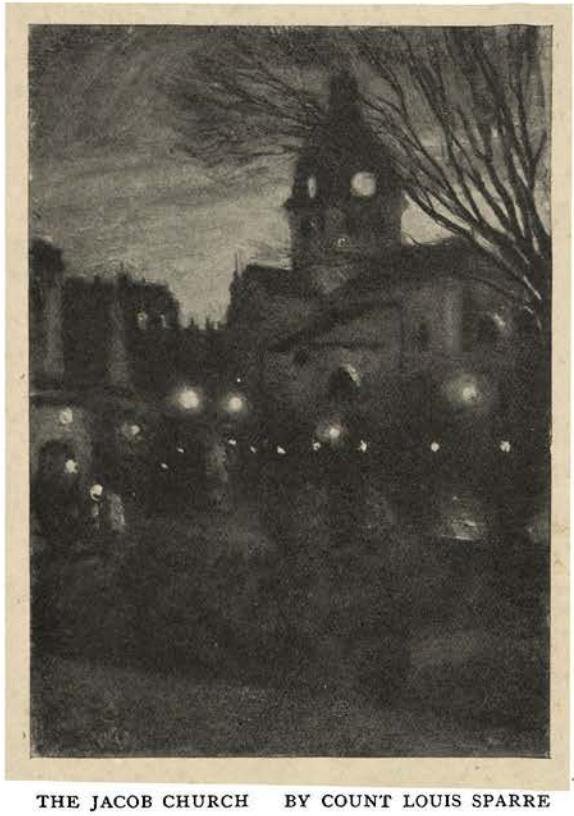
VOLENDAM BY HERBERT MARSHALL, R.W.S.

STOCKHOLM.

STOCKHOLM.

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE.

WITHOUT any doubt, Stockholm is one of the most beautiful and picturesque towns in the world. From its exceptional situation, surrounded by water, having Lake Mälar on one side and the sea, with its fine archipelago, on the other, the town offers many characteristics calculated to appeal to artists. The numerous ports and quays present to the marine painter subjects which are dear to him, sailing ships or steamboats loading or unloading their cargoes in a hazy and smoky atmosphere. The landscapist will find close to the town, in the fine old parks—whether in winter, when the dazzling whiteness of the snow holds sway, or in summer during the long romantic evenings—a rich treasure from which to draw at will many and varied inspirations. The painter of the life of the town will find at Stockholm pleasing lines of streets, restful public gardens, most intricate effects of light—especially the spring twilight—and the varied types of the gay crowd of a great town.

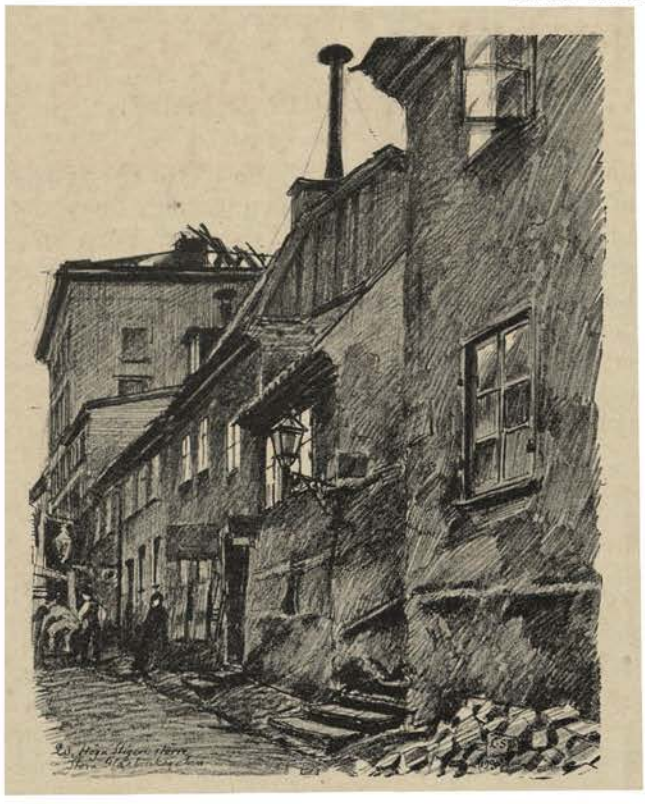


THE JACOB CHURCH BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

But Stockholm has an intimate side enveloped in an historic atmosphere, and stamped with that sympathetic dignity which ages past and gone gives to old houses and old towns. It is the old quarters which especially attract the artist to Stockholm—quarters, of which a great number, and these the most interesting, are on the point of disappearing. These localities, with their narrow winding streets and alleys, hide an inexhaustible treasure of subjects.

The south side of the town, in Swedish *Södermalm*, was built on the summit of steep rocks, at the foot of which flow the waters of the port. There the little streets climb over the hills or wind in the valleys, and communication with the quays is established by means of wooden

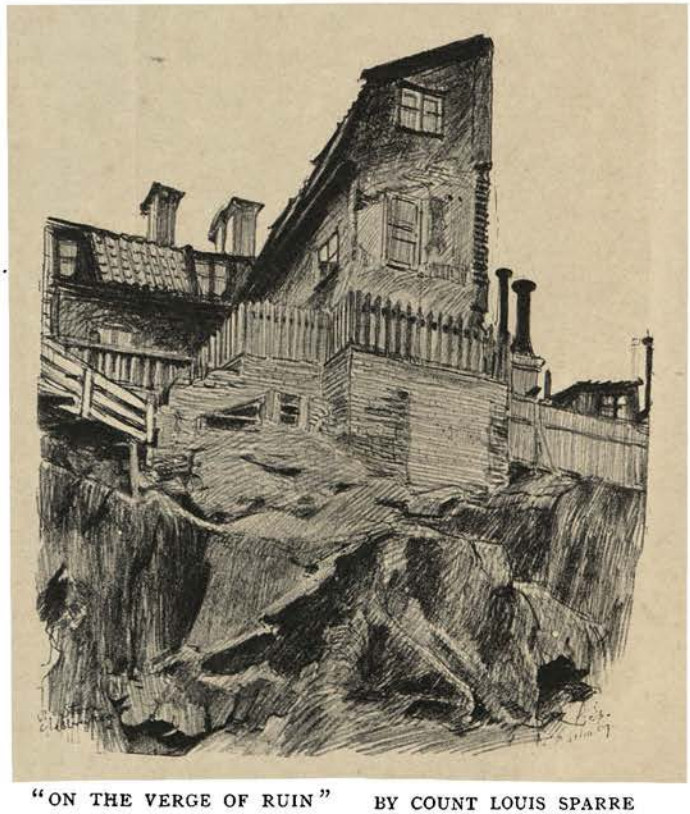
AN OLD STREET BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE



AN OLD STREET BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

among the wooden maisonnettes, towards the heights whence the whole town is spread out to the view, displaying in the sun an enchanting picture with its broken lines, its houses old and new along the numerous quays. Here and there in the haze rise the graceful silhouettes of church spires, and the great square mass, severe and dignified, of the royal castle, attracts the eye by its beautiful proportions and its dignified reserve of style.

The best preserved quarter of Old Stockholm is that part called "the city between the bridges." This is the kernel around which has gradually grown the capital of Sweden. This old quarter is built on an island, washed on one side by the waters of Lake Mälar and on the other by the sea. Situated on this island is the royal castle, and close to the castle is the principal church of the town, the Great Church. On this little island is a labyrinth of narrow streets ladders rising perpendicularly and set in the granite. From this lofty side of the town one may enjoy one of the most beautiful views in the world. At the present time all this picturesque quarter is being dismantled by the pickaxe of the house-breaker, and dynamite is undermining the rock. Wide monotonous modern avenues are engulfing the by-ways; little wooden maisonnettes painted green, yellow or red, with their roofs broken by the gay colours of the old tiles, are falling in one by one, while modern houses are rising in their place, huge, high, hideous, and all in different and doubtful styles. Here and there, however, there remain, forgotten in the midst of the rising tide of all this architecture, so devoid of romance, a few groups of old garrets, with their medley of colour and worm-eaten staircases, insinuating themselves, as if ashamed,



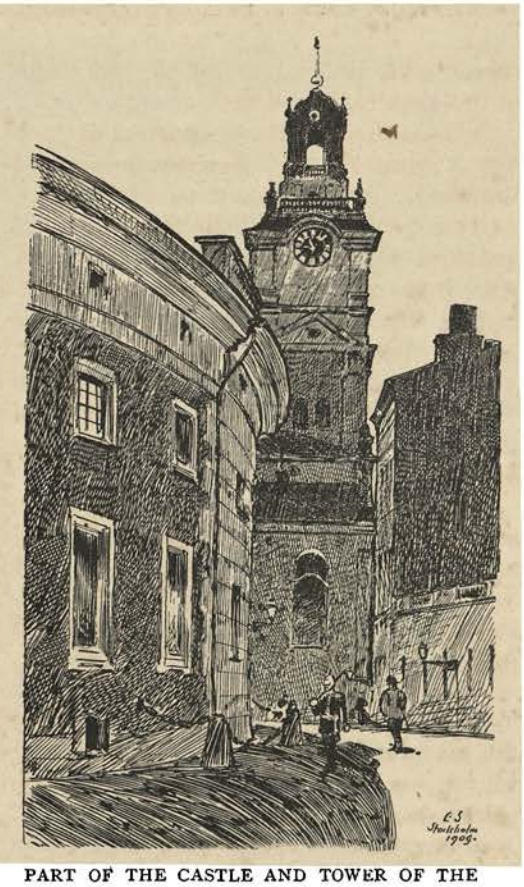
"ON THE VERGE OF RUIN" BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

OLD 17TH CENTURY LOG-HOUSE
BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

OLD COTTAGE ON THE SOUTH HILLS
BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

with high houses whose age is reckoned in centuries. Some of the intersecting alleys, which often begin under an overhanging arch of the unbroken façade of a principal street, are extremely narrow and recall in many points Toledo and other old Spanish towns. Some of the houses have fine gable-ends, with a very graceful slope on the street. Old doors are often seen with frames of carved stone which are real masterpieces and invite the passer-by to explore the interior of the house, in which he often thus discovers very curious stair-cases, arches of picturesque effect, and

BROAD LANE BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE



PART OF THE CASTLE AND TOWER OF THE GREAT CHURCH BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

16TH CENTURY HOUSES BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

OLD BRICK BUILDING BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

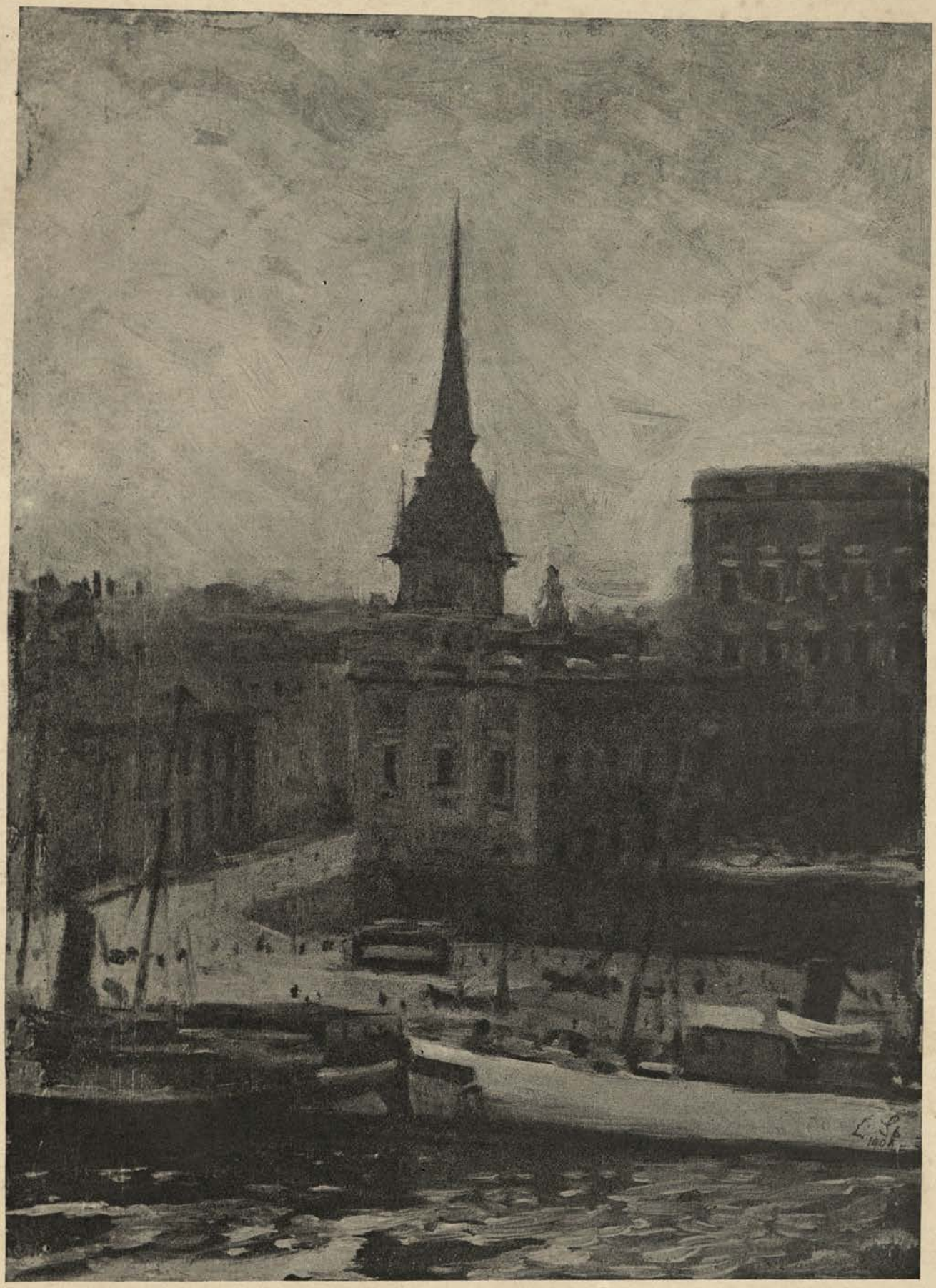
rooms with decorative mural paintings of the greatest interest.

A stroll through these quarters at dusk fills a winter evening with dreams of the past. A heavy sky overhangs the narrow cutting formed by the yellowish walls of the high and ancient houses, with little windows and dormers reflecting in the higher storeys the cold grey of the winter light. On the lower floors are seen here and there in the purple shadows of the little alleys a faint red glow proceeding from the humble light of some small low-ceilinged house.

Far below stands the ancient gate, surmounted by the shield of an old noble family, flanked by two lions with scornful, aristocratic faces. In the distance flickers the poor light of a street lamp.

All this quarter has remained almost intact. The artist who is charmed by the picturesque with a history has only to fix his easel at the first corner he comes to. Subjects abound everywhere. It is nevertheless astonishing that so few artists should depict this romantic portion of the town; and they must hasten,

DOORWAY OF AN OLD HOUSE
BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE



THE CASTLE HILL, STOCKHOLM
BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

for the wind of destruction already howls around these venerable roofs. Plans for modernization exist—which only await the decision of a well-intentioned municipal council—to demolish this highly interesting open-air museum, and to submit it to the same fate which has already befallen some of the fascinating quarters of the ancient capital of Sweden.

LOUIS SPARRE.

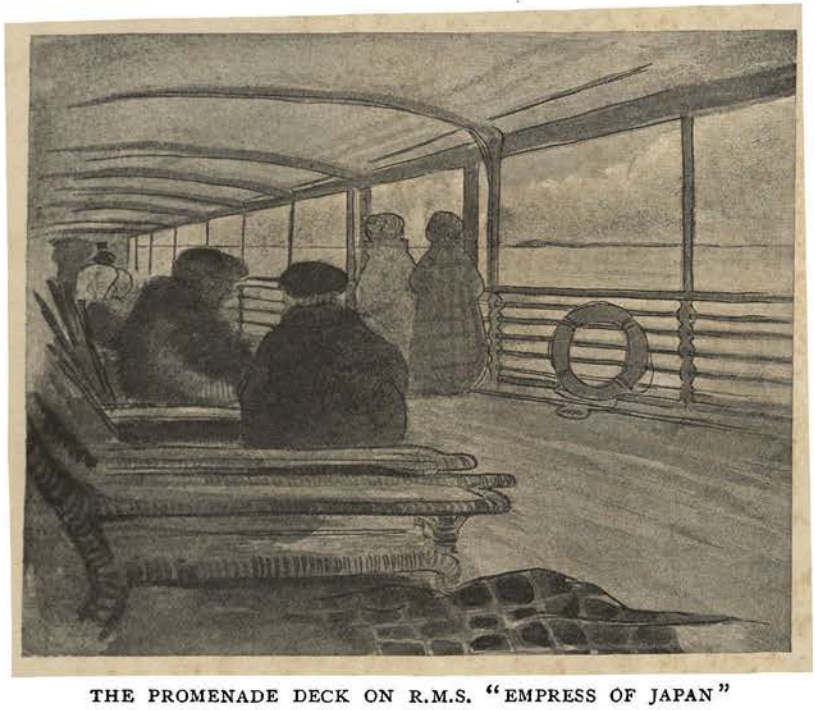
THE OLD GREEN HOUSE BY COUNT LOUIS SPARRE

BOARDSHIP AS A SKETCHING GROUND.

BOARDSHIP AS A SKETCHING GROUND.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY HOLME.

TO the artist the deck of a liner usually suggests but few possibilities, unless he be a marine painter, in which case it offers him opportunities to devote himself to the study of the everchanging ocean. He may observe it in storm or in calm, under grey skies or blue skies, and he will find interest in all its varying aspects. To the artist who also studies his fellows, life on boardship presents much good material for his pencil, especially if he be gifted with a sense of humour; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a gathering of people which would prove more fruitful in good subjects for the humorous draughtsman.



THE PROMENADE DECK ON R.M.S. "EMPRESS OF JAPAN"

The particular conditions which pertain to life on a liner are peculiar. Here one finds a motley collection of human beings, who have usually never met before, thrown together in the closest social intimacy, often for a long period. Except that they are fellow passengers they may have nothing in common, yet they are condemned to spend some days, weeks, or even months in each other's company, with practically no possibility of escape. The prospects seem sufficiently alarming, yet to the student of human character and its little idiosyncrasies, they offer many possibilities, and ample scope for indulging his talent as a humorous artist.

We have already said that nowhere has one such excellent opportunities of observing the peculiarities of one's fellow-creatures as on a long voyage, for it is remarkable how, after a day or two "out," the various characteristics of the passengers begin to reveal themselves, and then the artist can select his "specimens."

First there is the elderly spinster as seen in the sketch on this page. She is usually a much-travelled person, but you will find that though she has visited many countries she possesses but a limited knowledge of any. She always travels under the wing of Cook's, or some other well-known tourist's organisation, and spends most of her time reading guide-books. She has a curious habit of volunteering obvious remarks, such as "We are getting

"A TOURIST"

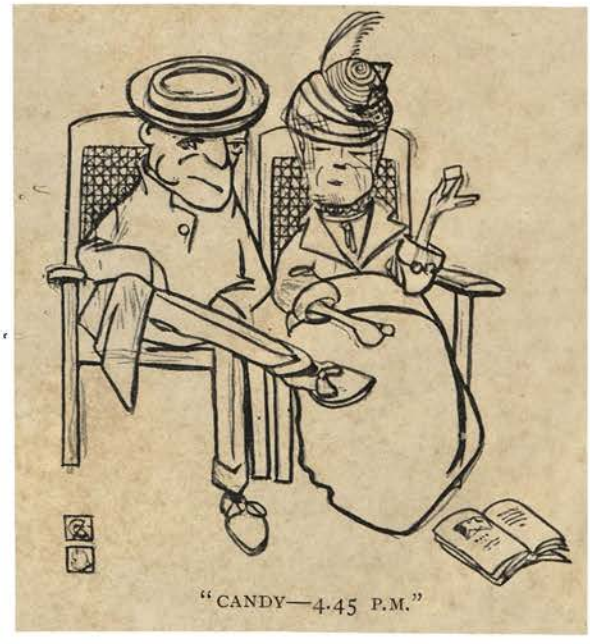
"THE STORYTELLER"

Storyteller." Usually he has, or professes to have travelled extensively, and possesses a rare stock of anecdotes, and if some of his tales require the proverbial grain of salt, they are always welcome *pour passer le temps*. He spends most of his time in the smoking saloon, and one of his peculiarities is that he is usually the last to turn in for the night, indeed he never retires until the last of his audience has departed. At the end of a voyage one leaves him with some regret, and on reflection one cannot help feeling that, but for him, the long journey would have seemed still longer.

There are often times during a sea voyage, especially in its early stages, when some of us prefer to be alone—solitude and not sympathy is what we chiefly desire—but it is not always easy to make the cheerful passenger realise this. The feelings of the suffering traveller in the sketch "The Comforter" are not difficult to read, but the beaming countenance of his companion forbids protest. Similarly inopportune on such occasions are the attentions of the steward who insists on bringing you tempting (?) beverages (page 251).

The entertainment and sports are responsible for many amusing incidents in the life on boardship. Types such as we see in the pale and persistent songster depicted in one of the sketches, and the enthusiastic player of deck-quoits in another one invariably finds. Though these well-meaning people are always ignorant of the fact, they never fail to add to the humorous enjoyment of the voyage. Such strenuous field-games as hockey are hardly suited to the restricted space usually available on board, with the result that those who indulge in them must be prepared for some hard knocks. It is curious to see quite elderly folk take part in these games, who would not dream of doing so under any other conditions. They are generally compelled to retire to their cabin and remain there for some days to recover from their exertions.

"SONGS OF ARABY"

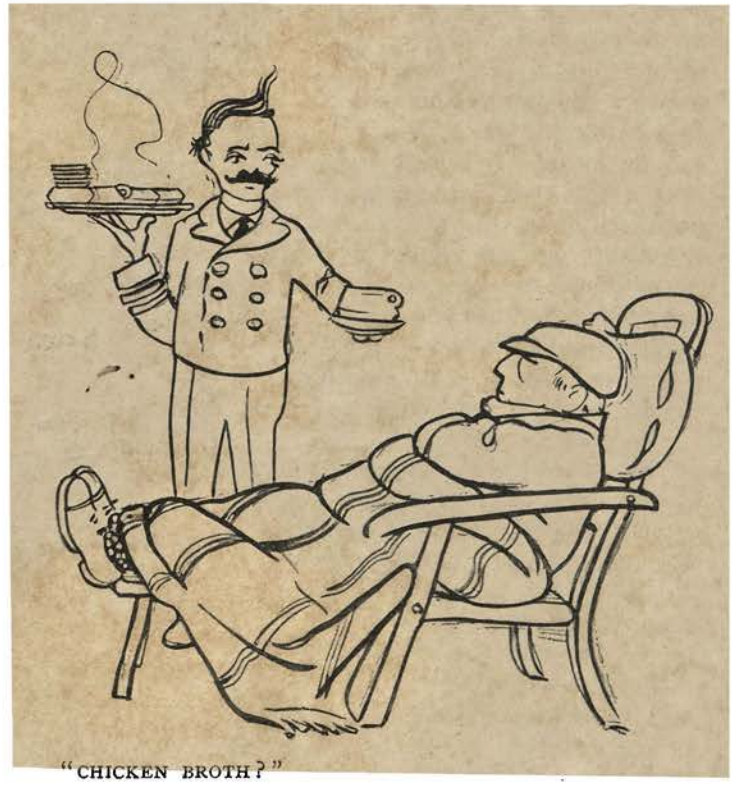


"CANDY—4.45 P.M."

"THE COMFORTER"

Rough weather will often add to the fun of the games. One recalls Mark Twain's graphic description of "horse-billiards" in his *Innocents Abroad*. He says: "Horse-billiards is a fine game. It affords good, active exercise, hilarity and consuming excitement. It is a mixture of hop-scotch and shuffle-board played with a crutch. A large hop-scotch diagram is marked out on the deck with chalk, and each compartment numbered. You stand off three or four steps, with some broad wooden disks before you on the deck, and these you send forward with a vigorous thrust of a long crutch. If a disk stops on a chalk line it does not count anything. If it stops in division No. 7 it counts 7; in 5 it counts 5; and so on. The game is 100, and four can play at a time. The game would be very simple played on a stationary floor, but with us, to play it well required science. We had to allow for the reeling of the ship to the right or the left. Very often one made calculations for a reel to the right and the ship did not go that way. The consequence was that that disk missed the whole hop-scotch plan a yard or two, and then there was humiliation on one side and laughter on the other."

But apart from the games it is very difficult to obtain the necessary exercise to counteract the effects of the continuous feeding which is such a feature of the daily routine on boardship. Skipping in the early morning, though excellent in its way, does not commend itself to those of a more restful temperament, besides being objectionable to one's immediate neighbours. The only exercise which can be followed with reasonable convenience is the daily "constitutional" round and round the deck, and it is remarkable how contagious this particular form of exercise is. Two people will start walking round the deck at a good pace, such as we see in the sketch on the next page. Immediately two more



"CHICKEN BROTH?"

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL"

low their example, and then others, until you find a regular column of passengers pursuing one another as if competing for a wager.

Many means are resorted to for whiling away the tedious hours of a long voyage. Some passengers energetically write journals; others, like the couple in the sketch on page 250, sit steadily chewing candy, this being believed by some, whether rightly or not it is impossible to say, to be a sure preventive of *mal-de-mer*. Some merely sit or lie still and apparently think, about what no man can say. These are to be found day after day in the same spot looking as if they had never moved from it.

Not the least amusing feature of life on boardship is the variety and originality of the costumes one sees. With some people it appears to be an axiom that, when going on a long voyage, they should include in their wardrobe the weirdest clothes they can obtain, such as no power on earth would induce them to don elsewhere. Some deem it an opportunity for reviving their oldest garments, while some will go to the other extreme and bedeck themselves in their finest array. One man displays a pretty fancy in waistcoats, another in boots, while a third shows a penchant for curious hats. All are amusing, and provide excellent material for the humorous sketcher.

Sometimes the officers and crew will produce a few good subjects, and if lascars are employed, many picturesque figures and groups will be found.

"DECK-QUOITS"

"DECK-HOCKEY"

Enough has been said to show that the artist need not despair of finding plenty of humorous subjects when travelling by sea, and if he takes advantage of his opportunities he will soon fill his sketch-book.

G. H.

00063724

O
742
Hol/ske
63724
Holme, Charles, ed.
sketching grounds.
1909
B 22/3/75 4/6/75
DIGITIZED
6 MAY 2017

Digitized with financial assistance from
Observer Research Foundation
on 17 May, 2019